THE
NEW ACADEMY
OF COMPLEMENTS

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ERECTED

For Ladies, Gentlewomen, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Scholars, Souldiers, Citizens, Country-men, and all persons of what degree soever, of both Sexes.

Stored with variety of Courtly and Civil Complements, Eloquent Letters of Love and Friendship.

WITH

An Exact Collection

Of the Newest and Choicest

SONGS *a la Mode.*

Both Amorous and Jovial.

COMPILED

By L. B. *Sir* C. S. *Sir* W. D. *and others, the most refined Wits of this Age.*

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TO THE READER.

IF thou a Freſo-man art, and thorough bent,
To bear Loves Arms and follow Cupids Tent,
Find whom to love; The next thing you muſt do,
Learn how to ſpeak her fair, to write and woe.
Laſt having woo thy Miſtriſs to thy Lure,
I'le teach the how to make her love endure.
This is my Aim, I'le keep within this place,
And in this Roade my Chariot-wheel I'le trace.
Whilſt thou doſt live, and art a Batchelor,
The love of one above the reſt prefer.
To whom thy Soul ſays, thou alone content me,
But ſuch a one ſhall not from Heaven be ſent the.
Such are not dropt down from the Azure Skie,
But thou muſt ſeek her out with huſie eye.
Well knows the Huntſman where his toy's to ſet,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet.
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his Gun,
The Fiſher knows what Pool the Fiſh are in.
And thou that ſtudies to become a Lover,
Learn in what place moſt Virgins to diſcover.
Which having done, make one thy ſole delight,
Then thou muſt ſtudy to diſſemble right.

Swear by her Beauty, seemingly be loath
To break the bond of such a sacred Oath:
Sigh When she sighs, and what thou seest her do,
By imitation strive to do so too.
Gaze on her eyes, and when thou seest her sip,
Kiss thou the glass where she shall place her lip.
But I'le no longer keep thee at the door.
Peruse the Book, for that will teach thee more.

Com-

Complemental Expreſſions towards Men,
LEADING TO
The ART of Courtſhip.

SIR, your Goodneſs is as boundleſs, as my deſires to ſerve you.

Sir, Your Vertues are the Load-ſtones that draw even your enemies to love and to admire you.

Sir, It is my profeſſion to appear in all places a ſervant to your Merits.

Sir, I have nouriſht in my ſelf a continual care of ſeeking oportunities to do you ſervice.

Sir, you have ſo purſued me with your favours, that I am capable of no other pleaſure, but to entertain them.

Sir, Such is your deſerts and my neceſſity, that I want both words and ſervices to expreſs how unfeignedly I honour you.

Sir, your bounties have been ſhowr'd upon me with ſuch exceſs, that I am uncapable of a Complement.

Sir, I ſhall deſire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience.

Sir, When I have finiſhed your deſires, I ſhould intreat you to reſerve ſome new commands, ſo great a pleaſure I take in being yours.

Sir, You have deſerved more ſervices from me, than my life is able to perform.

Sir, Such is the exceſs of my affection, that all my paſſions do but wait upon your good fortunes.

Sir, I confeſs I never merited the effects of ſuch

nobleneſs, as that you ſhall account of me as an object of your vertuous inclinations.

Sir; The pleaſure I entertain to conſider your goodneſs, is more ſatisfaction to me, than my advancement.

Sir, ſhould I not render you thanks for your many favours, I ſhould die of a deep impatience.

Sir, your goodneſs hath forced me to a ſilence that I am not able to render you ſufficient thanks for ſo great a favour.

Sir, you are ſo highly generous, that I am altogether ſenceleſs.

Sir, With the ſame Joy that I formerly embraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happy marriage; and ſhall love you with the ſame paſſions as before.

Sir, I have made a vow to honour you all my life, and not to remit one point of the paſſion I have to do you ſervice.

Sir, I am daily in diſquiet, and ſhall be, till ſome occaſion be offered me ſuddenly wherein I may appear to you to be more than verbal.

Sir, This tyranny of your humour or inclination, is too great a puniſhment for me to groan under.

Sir, 'Tis my ambition to conſerve the honour I have obtained of being your ſervant.

Sir, you are ſo noble in all reſpects, that I have learned to love, as well as to admire you.

Sir, I am grown jealous of your generoſity, your favours come ſo faſt on me, that I ſhall be forced to ſeem ingrateful.

Sir, your paſſions are mine; Nor can I live more in freedom, than when I am bound to you in the bonds of Friendſhip.

Sir, you are the riſing Sun which I adore.

Sir, I wear you in my heart.

Sir

Sir, you are the Star I reach at.

Sir, you are the Miracle of friendſhip.

Sir, your goodneſs wants a Preſident.

Sir, you have the power to ſway me as you pleaſe.

Sir, be pleaſed to inſtruct me how I may thank your love.

Sir, I am your friend, and that word ſpeakes me wholly yours.

Sir, you have ſo far ingaged me, that I know not what I can do, that is not at your command.

Sir, When I would admire you, you wrap me up in wonder.

Sir, My zeal is ſo fervent towards you, that I am ſick with paſſion.

Sir, if you have not caſt off the name of Friend, make me companion of your cares.

Sir, I take ſo much pleaſure in ſerving you, that I am proud to pleaſe you.

Sir, you are the only Anchor of my hopes.

Sir, I ſhall ſtudy to chronicle your Vertues.

Sir, Fear no dangers, my arms ſhall be your Sanctuary.

Sir, you are ſo full of fair deſert, that I have no faculty but what is yours.

Sir, you are ſo highly noble, that your purſe is my Exchequer.

Sir, I am a captive to your Honour, and your fair example ſteers me.

Sir, your Complements call your faith in queſtion.

Sir, you tell me ſtories, midnight would bluſh to hear.

Sir, the Ocean's not more boundleſs than your Favours.

Sir, be confident of my affection, while I have room to lodge you in my boſome.

Sir, I am ſick till I ſee you, whoſe preſence is my reſtorative.

Sir, Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle..

Sir, You have the power to steer me as you please.

Sir, I am in so great an Extasie for your safety, that passion, like midnight, sits upon my thoughts.

Sir, to be obedient to your Commands, is a duty I am proud of.

Sir, The blessing of your Mistriss fall upon you.

Sir, I'le rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

Sir, My want of power to pay those debts I owe to you and honour, makes me accuse my fortunes.

Sir, I yield my self to your direction, manage me at your pleasure.

Sir, Your Accomplishments speaks you the Muses Darling; you have suckt the Marrow of the Court.

Sir, you are amarous as the youthful *May*.

Sir, I'le be Just to you as Heaven to truth.

Sir, I'le out-wait a Bayliff to attend you.

Sir, you value my weak deserts with too much partiality.

Sir, Necessity hath neither law nor shame; for contrary to my nature, I am forced to become an humble and an earnest Suiter to you.

Sir, you have over-run the world in honours race.

Sir, I am honour'd im this Acknowledgment.

Sir, I shall inform the Lady of your zeal in her Commendation.

Sir, Be pleased to instruct me how I may requite your love.

Sir, you have power to oblige my soul.

Sir, I must die, or live to be ungrateful.

Sir, Let me beg the trouble of a pardon if I have omitted those honours due to your deserts.

Sir, without a Complement, I am your Friend, and that one word speaks me wholly yours.

Sir,

Sir, Pray admit this ſtranger to your knowledg, his deſerts will requite your trouble.

Sir, Since I muſt be conquered by your courteſies, 'tis my glory to be your ſlave.

Sir, Having your favour I am rich, without it none ſo miſerable.

Sir, I ſhall not be more importunate than mannerly.

Sir, This viſit is as welcome, as the greateſt honour you could do me.

Sir, May your own vertues be your Guard.

Sir, I congratulate your happy preſence.

Sir, May this meeting create a laſting League of Amity betwixt us.

Sir, I ſhould be entirely happy, ſhould I find an occaſion to imprint the Characters of your vertues in my breaſts, by a more firm acquaintance.

Sir, Your civilities have endear'd you to me; you ſhall rule as a Planet in the Orb of my affections.

Sir, May your love be fortunate, that delights may ſtream into your boſom.

Sir, the pleaſures of the morning wait upon you.

Sir, your Vertue and Eloquence make you immortal upon earth.

Sir, From the firſt time that I beheld you, I have made it my zeal to expreſs my ſelf your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, if you love, as you ſay you do, you will have patience: True love will laſt a ſiege.

Sir, it is the deſign of my ambition to be paſſionately your moſt faithful ſervant.

Sir, The pleaſure I have in your love, and the aſſurance of my own innocency, hath cauſed me to give this new remembrance of my being wholly yours.

Sir, Rather then loſe your company, I would compaſs the utmoſt bounds of the Terreſtrial Globe.

Sir, I am yours, and will be ſo, though fate & death forbid.

Sir, I am in earneſt, 'tis not my humour to treat my friends with dreams.

Sir, This your Barbarity to your friend, ſhall not make me forget you nor my own duty; for though the ſtrongeſt love oftentimes degenerates into the greateſt hate, yet I am reſolved to live and die yours.

Sir, your ſuit is an impertinent trouble to us both; for be aſſured, it is as poſſible for the Stars to forget their courſe, as for me to love you.

Sir, nothing ſhall rob my heart of the fair image of your vertues, but Death it ſelf.

Sir, your bounty exceeds the ſmall ſtock of my Merits, that durſt not have entertained ſuch an ungrateful thought, as to be worthy of thoſe favours you afford me.

Sir, It is by your bounty I am enabled to make a preſent, accept therefore of this ſmall one, that the world may teſtifie how much I glory to proclaim the firſt Founders of my eſtate.

Sir, I have found you ſo much my faithful friend hitherto, that I doubt not but you will appear ſo hereafter, if need require.

Sir, Fortune is now propitious, and hath ſent you this grateful acknowledgment for all your favours.

Sir, your mind contains a ſpring of vertue, each day affords me a freſh Character of your friendſhip.

Sir, your reality hath gained my affection, and I want nothing more, than an occaſion to teſtifie my acknowledgments.

Sir, Fortune is now turn'd Strumpet, and extorts from me an intereſt for the Sum of favours ſhe formerly did truſt me with.

Sir, Fortune I thank her, hath now brought me acquainted with neceſſity; for this is my oportunity of embracing ſo rich a Treaſure as your ſelf.

Sir, Be wiſe, and as the Proverb ſaith, *Look before*

you leap, he is happy that can withſtand a temptation with a noble reſolution.

Sir, Should I twine my arms to Cable, ſit up all night like a Watching candle, and dull my Brains through my Eye-lids, yet I muſt love you; I then loving you and you me, who is the third perſon ſhall hinder us.

Sir, you ſeem to be a man of much reading, you talk of nothing but warbling Rhapſodies.

Sir, you underſtand your authority over me; I dare not deny my endeavours to perform whatſoever you ſhall pleaſe to command.

Sir, Heaven which hears and anſwers prayers, give a bleſſing to all your vertuous deſires.

Sir, The late courteſies you did me are borrowed, and like an honeſt Tenant, I ſhall provide my Rent againſt the time of your demand.

Sir, I would adviſe you to be careful of your honour, but I doubt you were never yet right worſhipful.

Sir, Let this ſuffice, I am ſatisfied, your innocency hath cleared my jealouſie.

Sir, I am ignorant wherein I am guilty of any thing may prompt you to ſuſpect either my love or duty.

Sir, I cannot be ſo tedious in the performance of your commands, as you are to employ me.

Sir, Farewell, you are grown rude, I dare not hear you further.

Sir, I hate your baſe deſires, you and your luſt continue, till ſhame work an amendment.

Sir, Sin is a brave Orator, you give your luſt the golden titles of pleaſure and delight, but forget what bitterneſs attends the end.

Sir, I ſubmit to your Cenſure either to approve or to condemn, you are the Oracle of the Court.

Sir, Be not daunted, Love and Fortune joyn with the Couragious.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your Vertue, whose glory it is to vanquish all deceits.

Sir, Such is my interest in your prosperity, that I will never condemn fortune, while she makes you her Darling.

Sir, Pardon me, if my presumption hath run beyond the rules of good manners.

Sir, Adieu, may pleasures be your attendance, whilst I court your return.

Sir, In all your dangers, let my bosom be your religious sanctuary.

Sir, your bounty hath added so many feathers to my wings, that I am in haste to do you service.

Sir, may we from this day date our immortal friendship.

Sir, I cannot stoop too low in my observance to your desires.

Sir, your fortunes are your own, but your fate is mine.

Sir, you humble your self in exalting me.

Sir, I would beg a favour of you, but my modesty bids me stay.

Sir, I am ready to obey, no man can be more proud of your commands.

Sir, let me beg your acceptance of a trifle, only the earnest of my gratitude.

Sir, 'tis your presence that compleats our joys.

Sir, my blessings are derived from you.

Sir, pursue your pleasures, my life shall be engaged to your interest.

Sir, I would thank you for the honour you have done me, but shame and my fearful blushes teach me a farther duty.

Sir, I must blushing leave you, having nothing to requite you with but words.

Sir, you are kind in this friendly visit, your welcome, and my thanks are infinite. Sir,

Sir, Let us embrace as friends, and not as Courtiers.

Sir, ſleep is not more welcom to the wearied Traveller, than you are to my houſe.

Sir, my entertainment ſpeaks me moſt freely welcom.

Sir, let me know your ground for this ſuſpition.

Sir, how have my actions rendered me ſuſpected.

Sir, envy hath no power to hurt your fame.

Sir, malice can never blemiſh your deſerts.

Sir, my ſubmiſſion waits upon your pardon.

Sir, nothing is wanting, but my all, your preſence.

Sir, one that deſires to ſerve you, ſends this paper to ſalute your hands.

Sir, you beſtow too great an honour on him that is your creature.

Sir, Teach me to be graetful, I dare preſume my ſoul would be apt to learn any thing that might tend to your ſervice.

Sir, My thanks and the endeavours of my life are a debt I owe to you.

Sir, I ſhall be your debtor, if you keep me in your mind.

Sir, I have one ſuit, and ſhall dare to beg no more.

Sir, I flatter my own diſcretion in nothing more than in loving you.

Sir, I am proud when a kind oportunity makes me yours.

Sir, Underſtand your own worth, and then know I can have no power to ſlight any occaſion of ſerving you.

Sir, Your love is the Exchequer of my wealth.

Sir, The rough humors of your age, are unfit to be compelled with the ſmooth brows of youth.

Si

Sir, I beſeech you be more ſparing of your courteſies, leſt the world take you for a prodigal.

Sir, Be not ſo inconſtant in your affection, leſt in the concluſion you appear too much like the Marygold, to open at the Sun-ſhine of proſperity, and to ſhrink before the Clouds of adverſities.

Sir, by your ſingular Character the Lady ſeems to be ſo rarely accompliſhed, that to her only, I commit the treaſures of my life and fortunes.

Sir, My late confidence hath this excuſe, that neither Fate nor Fortune delighteth in a coward.

Sir, I will rather hazard my reputation, than be negligent of your commands.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your grace and courteſies, with an unwearied conſtancy in the roads of vertue.

Sir, Let me be ſtill a ſharer in your favours, ſo ſhall I grow proud of my own fortunes.

Sir, This part of the world ſhares in your proſperity, ſince you were born to ſerve your Prince, and to command his people.

Sir, My only glory in your ſervice, is to be humble and to obey.

Sir, Your Endowments ſhine beyond the degree of brightneſs.

Sir, your inventing new fables, ſpeaks you a good Poet, and me a good Subject for your Romantick fancy.

Sir, your good Fortune, and noble Reſolutions ſhine ſo clear in all employments, that it appears Nature made all things to honour you.

Sir, your vertues are ſo well known, you cannot think I flatter.

Sir, I never had thoſe ambitious thoughts to think you could affect ſo imperfect a creature as my ſelf.

Sir, your vertue may give a luſtre to a Prince.

Sir,

Sir, Without you, the States neceſſities encreaſe.

Sir, I could not allot more moderate limits to my Ambition, than to do you ſervice.

Sir, you can never die, ſucceeding Chron'cles will give a life to your Heroick acts.

Sir, If you command, I will deſpiſe the worſt of fate or bow to the infidelities of cruel fortune

Sir, My appetite is ſick, for want of a capacity to oblige ſt your favours.

Sir, Whatſoever your deſigns are, let your reputation continue fair.

Sir, He that tramples on your fame, ſtamps upon the reputation of the whole Court.

Sir, Your vows have ſo amaz'd me, I know how to anſwer.

Sir, In all ſhapes and under the moſt fearful aſpects that can appear, I am yours.

Sir, I will forbear commending you, ſince all that I can ſay is diſhonourable to your deſerts.

Sir, the chief objects of my thoughts hath been the glory of your name.

Sir, I proſtrate my preſumption at your feet, I ſhall loſe happineſs if you forſake me.

Sir, My very thoughts are yours, you have an intereſt in them as well as me.

Sir, All my ackowledgements come far ſhort of the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, you miſtake my diſpoſitions, if you Judge I affect praiſes, Heaven never made me ſo intemperate.

Sir, Should my friendſhip appear on any occaſion to ſerve you, it would remain as a recluſe.

Sir, The world would be ſo unpeopled, and nature would loſe her pride, were there no ſuch men as you to maintain their honours.

Sir, your vertue can be recorded by none but by your ſelf. Sir,

Sir, Though you injure me, my humility ſhall make me ſilent.

Sir, Though your anger ſeems to thunder, I can forbear no longer,

Sir, Your favours came ſo faſt, they will neither ſuffer me to be miſerable, nor to ſeem ſo.

Sir, Your actions are ſo vertuous, they carry an authority always with them.

Sir, Build not too much on your confidence, leſt you tire him whom you have ſo often injured.

Sir, If you alledge excuſes for ſo poor a trifle, you make your ſelf a ſtranger to my love.

Sir, You fetch your conceits too far, they tranſcend the Subject on which you do beſtow them,

Sir, Your fortunes are fair, but your Judgment may be admir'd.

Sir, Your excellent qualities might become the preſence of a Prince.

Sir, It is by your contents or diſcontents, that I meaſure the neceſſities and fatalities of this world.

Sir, Your favours have raiſed me ſo high, that I ſeem to ſtand upon a precipice, and to diſcern my fall with the greater terrour.

Sir, I have long ſince learnt, a lovers religion is to ſwear and forſwear.

Sir, I have a new life in being yours, your goodneſs gives me a new creation.

Sir, Futurity ſhall crown the relicks of your honoured aſhes with Palms and Laurels.

Sir, I ſhall not hold my ſelf abſent from you, whilſt I retain any room in your heart and memory.

Sir, You are the heir of a rich inheritance, the evidence of your vertue entitles you to Heaven.

Sir, 'Tis no wonder there is ſo little goodneſs in the world, ſince by the rich ſtock of vertue that reſts in you, others are become bankrupts.

Sir,

Sir, I owe my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

Sir, My wishes go along with your endeavours, may your desires be happily performed.

Sir, I should prove cruel to my self, should I neglect one that nobly loves me.

Sir, Forbear your hasty protestations, I do believe your soul's without a blemish, and I glory in my choice.

Sir, Leave your superfluous language, I am none of those Ladies that are enamoured with flattering Acrosticks; or to have their names so dis-joyned in an Anagram, 'twolud puzzel ten Magicians to set them together again.

Sir, You have a good smack at Poetry, and I grant you too, Love and Poesie are divine, commonly infused together, yet 'tis ordinarily tyed to rules of flattery.

Sir. Your Oratory makes me suspect your faith, let it suffice I love you; Nor shall it be long ere *Hymen* shall seal the contract.

Your very servant Sir.

Complements towards Ladies, Gentlewomen, Maids, &c.

MAdam, It is a vain illusion, if you dream that ever you can gain a reputation by my ruin.

Madam, The grace of eloquence is seated on your lips.

Madam, Your beauty is the conquerers of man, who is never to be satisfied with the lustre of your eyes.

Fair

Fair one, your feature and your vertues excell all mortal ſenſe.

Madam, when I ſee you I am in paradice, it is then that my eyes carve me out a feaſt of love.

Madam, Mortal eyes are never to be ſatisfied with the wonders of your beauty.

Madam, your complexion clear as is the skie, was never fram'd but to be ador'd.

: Madam, Though my perſon is removed from you, my purpoſe is not, for I ſtill retain and will till death, the reſolutions of being, Madam, yours.

Madam, I dare be confident you have too much vertue to ſtudy the Art of diſſimulation.

Madam, be faithful to him that dares look on death to preſerve you, or endure all the deſpights of Fortune to defend your reputation.

Madam, your beauty hath ſo bereav'd me of my fear, that I do account it far more poſſible to die, than toforget you.

Faireſt, Take this for a certain truth, I ſhall rather chuſe to abhor my ſelf, than to pitch my affectionate reſolutions on any object but the excellency of your beauty.

Madam, your kindred may be cruel in keeping us aſunder, but my heart ſhall never ſtray from the duty it bears to your vertues.

Madam, I ſhall ever ſacrifice the beſt of my endeavours to the favour of your affections.

: Madam, It was not through a conceit of my own deſerts, that I have ſhot at ſo fair a mark as your vertuous and innocent fair ſelf, my preſumption hath only this excuſe, it was directed by love, and I may well ſtray, when my guide is blind.

Madam, you have vanquiſhed me, I am an eternal priſoner to your beauty.

Faireſt,

Faireſt, your beauty is Loves Copy to read wonders on.

Madam your ſoul is ſo divinely bright, that what is otherwiſe dare not approach to you, leſt it ſees its own deformity.

Madam, you have my prayers at all times, though you go hence, we cannot be abſent from one another ſince I have placed you in the ſecret Cabinet of my heart.

Oh Madam, If the thoughts of your departure make me melancholly, the real abſence will be a miſery worſe than death.

Fair Madam, It is cruelty to frown at parting, that cloud bids me expect a ſtorm, but oh what bliſs I find in this deceit; you ſeem angry by your frowns, and yet each brow bidges loves deity within it.

Lady, I did not intend to have written to you, but my affection hath overſwayed my reaſon, be not ſtill cruel leſt you make me ſo deſperate, that I ſhall be no longer either my own or yours.

Madam, Since I want merits to equalize your vertue, I will for ever mourn for my imperfections.

Dear Love, My heart will not ſuffer my tongue to utter that fatal word, farewel, ſince when I leave you, I ſhake hands with my moſt perfect object of Beatitude.

Madam, If you know not how to love, I know not how to live, unleſs in torments.

Madam, be pleaſed to wear this Diamond, which comes with an ambition to recover a greater by your ſmiles.

Madam, Make me poor, or miſerable, uſe your pleaſure with me. ſo you enrich me with your love.

Dear Lady, Muſt I needs part with all my felicities at once, Then adieu fair Sun of my ſoul, and ſuppoſe I am with you: for we cannot part ſince our hearts ſo firmly are united.

Fair

Fair one, Adieu, Be ſtill more fortunate, and leſs cruel, whilſt I, though the moſt unhappy, reſolve to continue conſtant.

Madam, Unleſs you give me your ſelf, it lies not in your art or power to requite that affection wherewith I do adore you.

Madam, I never yet offered my affections to any beauty but your own, ſince then you have the preheminence above all others, be favourable to him that gives it, and with it, himſelf wholly to your diſpoſal.

Madam, Give me but the favour to ſuffer me to diſcover my affections, and then if you ſhall think fit, ſilence me to perpetuity.

Madam, Remember my reſpects when you are gone hence, It will be ſome conſolation to me, though I have not the ſight of your eyes, if I may be aſſured you have me but ſomtimes in your thoughts.

Fair Lady, My whole eſtate is ſumm'd up in your ſmiles.

Madam, What crime of mine hath raiſed your angry frowns.

Madam, To call you fair, is an Epethite beneath your beauty.

Madam, *Cupid* hath fixt himſelf in your eyes, and wounds all that come but near him.

Bluſh fair creature, bluſh; ſince to be coy, is to be cruel, and to be cruel, is to be otherwiſe than what you ſeem, a beauty.

Faireſt, It is now high time to cheriſh my deſires, let them be no longer Priſoners to the ſhades of ſilence.

Dear Madam, your love is the perfection of my deſires.

Faireſt make me ſo happy, as to raiſe my affections to the honour of being yours.

Madam

Madam, Be wise and dote not so much upon your own beauty, the man with the bald pate can so alter physiognomy, that in a short time it shall fright you more then a Judge doth a Thief.

Madam, 'Tis past your art to shun me, I will put a girdle round about the world but I will find you.

Madam, You are the Queen of beauties, your vertues give a commanding power to every mortal.

Fair Lady, 'Tis your beauty is the divinity, which mortals desire to know and to admire.

Lady fine, Your Tyrant-beauty hath but a short reign, you cannot say 'tis yours, for you cannot dispose of it, nor possess it long.

Madam, Tis true you are handsome, but remember Faces are like books, they that study them do best know them, and the truth is they are liked only as they please the Courteous reader.

Madam, Why will you shun me; let me but view my wealth, otherwise where is my comfort more than if I should think to feed my eyes with looking on a Cask of Jewels in the dark.

Dear Lady, I am happy in loving you, but the most unhappy if you deny your love.

Dear Madam, Compleat my Joys, or the Gods themselves will rob me of you.

Madam, I am sick of love, be you my Physician or I shall suddainly expire.

Coy Mistris, Once I loved you, but have learned more wit now than to follow such a blind guide as Cupid.

I faith Widdow, I am in love, and 'tis with you, the untoward boy Cupid has wounded me, 'tis such a busie Urchin no person can be quiet for him, he glides through the Isle of Man in a minute, gets into *Middlesex*,

ſex, and keeps his Chriſtmas there till he's fir'd out with heat and flames.

Scornful Girl, can you imagine you ever did intend to dote, eſpecially on that ſmall ſtock of beauty of yours, which ſerves only to convince me, you are not extreamly ugly.

Excellent Beauty, Painters, Poets, nor Players were ever guilty of half ſo many cruelties. as you (by the darts of your eyes) do exerciſe on thoſe that admire you moſt.

Dear Madam, when I am abſent from you, I am ſick of love, but every viſit gives ſomewhat of conſolation to my paſſion.

Lady, I am wholly yours, it is your beauty that hath taken me from my ſelf.

: Madam, your vertues are my meditations; you and my thoughts are never abſent.

Madam, you are the admiration of the world, like a fair picture you draw all mens eyes to ſee and wonder.

Fair Creature, you are that rich Cabinet wherein nature hath lockt up all her rarities.

Madam, So to uſurp an Authority, is according to neither Law nor Reaſon.

Fair one, This kiſs from your inſpiring hand, will add to my former happineſs.

Madam, This favour, and you Crown your Servant.

Madam, your Beauty hath the art to teach Chriſtians to turn Idolaters.

Madam, Be merciful or I am miſerable, your eyes are as the Ambaſſadors of life or death.

Divine Lady, Could I be one of thoſe wiſe men that rule the Stars, you might then conclude I might be able to govern my own affections.

Madam, If there be a Heaven to reward vertues,

you

your name will be recorded in the Regiſter of Saints.

Madam, your frowns are the emblems of death, but your ſmiles give me a ſecond being.

Madam, To be abſent from your ſervice is a Torment, ſince every of your commands afford me a new Creation.

Madam, I have paſs'd my vows, to confirm them, I give you my heart and hand, to continue yours till death.

Madam, Confirm me in your favour with a ſmile.

Fair, one I'le pay the laſt tribtte of my lips to your fair hands.

Madam, your heart is like pibble, ſmooth, but, ſtony.

Madam, Continue conſtant, and be aſſured, I will rather loſe my life, than part with my reſolutions of ſerving you.

Madam, Since you are born into the world to be admir'd, you ſhall not eclipſe your ſelf from him that can live no longer than he ſerves you.

Moſt Divine Lady, I could live an Age upon thoſe Lips.

Madam, I am real, my love is white as Truth, and innocent as vertue.

Oh Madam, Be like your ſelf, fair and not reſembling *Narciſſus*, benighted with the clouds of ſcorn.

Madam, May Heaven ſmile upon you, farewel and proſper.

Madam, you are all ſweetneſs, and I the admirer of your Vertues, Oh let me fly into your boſom.

Madam, Be not cruel but ſave that creature whoſe life depends on you, whoſe every power owns not himſelf but you.

Madam you are a Deity to whom my heart preſents its devotion.

Madam, My ſoul is in a flame, and remains a Sacrifice

criſice, till you ſhall pleaſe to accept it.

Madam, May I become the ſcorn of time, when I prove ſo monſtrous as to give you the leaſt occaſion to repent your love.

Madam, Oh let me confirm my happineſs upon your Lip, and ſtudy thereby ſome new way of number, to multiply my bliſs.

Madam, The treaſures of Grace and Nature were exhauſted, to accompliſh your perfections.

Madam, My language is as my intention, plain and real, he that makes uſe of golden words, does it only to gild over the corruptions of his ſoul.

Dear madam, I am raviſhed with the well tuned Harmony of your pleaſant voice.

Lady, I return to you all your vows, be free, as the Air you breath in.

Madam, can you be ſo unjuſt as to deem my language feigned? I ſhall ſooner forget to eat than to honour you.

Madam, Far be it from me, to ſpeak a language ſhould diſpleaſe your ear.

Farewel incomparable miſtriſs.

Madam, Had I a hundred hearts I ſhould want room to entertain your love.

Madam, Be aſſured I will either enjoy you, or die a Martyr in your quarrel.

Madam, for your ſweet ſake my meditations are loaded with Metaphors; I am valiant, witty, and will be any thing to be yours.

Miſtris, To be plain with you, I love you, but I want utterance, and that is a good ſign.

Sweet bit of beauty, the delight of mine own ſoul I am come to viſit the, and have brought with me a hundred thouſand ſalutations.

Moſt reſplendent Lady, I am full of the fruits of love, and ſhould be proud if you would be pleaſed to participate.

Dear

Dear morſel of Modeſty, How I love you, and ſo ſincerely, that I proteſt to make you Miſtriſs of my thoughts, Lady of my returns, and commit all my Moveables into your hands, and upon the ſame I give you an earneſt kiſs in the high road to Matrimony.

My dear girl, thou haſt catcht me, my heart thou haſt had before, now here's my hand.

Fair one, ſeal my pardon for my former rudeneſs, and may I forget my love if I loſe my civility hereafter.

Madam, I owe all that I have to your Beauty, it is the ſole Commandreſs of my thoughts.

Dear Madam, the breath of new blown Roſes is not more ſweet than yours, I could kiſs the, till I engender on thy lips.

Madam, By your fair ſelf, I love you with as much true zeal as *Anchorites* do their prayers.

Dear Miſtris I am in paradiſe when I but dream of your perfections.

Fair Lady, A Thouſand *Cupids* call me to kiſs your hands.

Faireſt, By the law of Love and Arms, I may demand a kiſs.

Madam, You are the faireſt, Nature ever did deſign for wonder.

Madam, The perfume of your ſweet breath informs me your mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred you.

Madam, I ſhall be more grateful than to ſlight thoſe benefits you ſhower upon me.

Fair one, You have taught me to deſpiſe my ſelf, I can do nothing but admire your vertues.

If I am void of reaſon, Faireſt creature, ſuffer Love to be my Advocate, that will not allow of limits.

Miſtriſs, Be not angry if I tell you, my love when once abuſed, may turn into fury.

With

Without doubt Madam, if the Gods, as Poets fancy, created Beauty, it was their Master-piece, since they themselves are unable to oppose that force which they ordain'd.

Madam, It is impossible any one should see your beauty and not become a captive.

Madam, I shall forbear to talk of beauty, or of Vertue, unless you are present.

Madam, I should be ignorant of what is rare, did not your vertues instruct my understanding.

Madam, They that diminish your worth or Beauty, dare rob, all that is good; and sin against truth it self.

Madam, it was the spring of your Beauty, that first raised in me those noble desires, which soon after burst into streams.

Dear Madam, Thus I embrace the as my Wealth and Honour.

Fairest, Your absence will be death of him that loves you above all that can be dear or precious; should Armies keep us distant, I would charge through a Grove of Pikes, and encounter with Death himself, but I would gain you.

Madam, Your features bound me in fetters as soon as first I Saw them, and the excellent endowments of your mind hath since retained me not only your prisoner, but your servant.

Madam, You are the Epitome of nature, in whom is comprised all that favours of what is sweet or glorious.

Madam, Give me leave to call you mine, and one day the effect shall be your own.

Dear Madam, Speak once more, Angels will listen to the Musick of your voice.

Madam, You have laid a charm upon my soul, my senses are captivated by the incomparable Harmony of your hand and voice.

Madam,

Madam, the thankful Lute shews how much it does rejoyce to be graced with the touch of your fingers.

Madam, It is the glory of great minds, to forgive great faults, and upon the acknowledgement of my error, you cannot find an object more deserving your compassion.

Madam, may your own vertues attend you ever, that you may continue as faithful to me, as I esteem you dear.

Madam, the chiefest grief I bear with me from this place, is the sence of leaving my heart where I cannot stay my self.

Madam I have a heart, but it is worn in your breast.

Dear Madam, Conceal not your eyes from me, they are the two bright stars by which the Barque of my affections steers to the wish'd for shore of my felicity.

Madam, I court the love of all, but yours I would purchase with my life.

Madam, continue to be good, and hold him still in your memory, whose only felicity it is to hope to be enthrined in so fair a monument.

Madam I have been like a lump of Ice, till of late the heat of your favours revived my besotted spirits, but the darts of your piercing eyes have so altered the whole frame of man in me, that I am become a perfect flame, which nothing can quench out but the pleasant streams of your love.

Madam, the Magnetick stone observes not the summons of the North-star with more activity, than I do your commands.

Madam, When I want a will to continue yours, may I no longer be my own.

Madam, You are already the most accomplished

Lady in the world, may Heaven compleat its bounty in making you as happy as you are fair.

Madam, This kiss to your fair hand.

Madam, Be assured, my love and loyalty shall be inseparable, while I have life to retain any affections for your beauty.

Fairest Virgin, Such is my zeal for your divine vertues, that though it is my ambition to live and love you, yet should an oportunity be offered, the constancy of my dying heart should manifest how much I am yours in death.

Madam, I will be stedfast as inviolated faith, immoveable as a rock; and till death will glory in my constancy as the chiefest Jewel of my life.

Madam, my desires lye captiv'd at your feet; but one glance from your sparkling eyes, will enliven them again, and add a fresh Vigour to your languishing Prostrate.

Dear Madam, desire but my Content, let me but have your wishes, and I will be in a continual thirst to do you service.

Madam, My inclination binds me as much to please you, as my duty does to serve.

Madam, 'Tis my misfortune to be but half made: Heaven hath given me desires, but not deserts.

Madam, I should be simple and unworthy, should I imagine this Present worthy your acceptance, since what we think are rarities are not truly so, unless by the character of your esteem.

Madam, I have sent you but a small token, choosing to be thought rather ignorant than ungrateful.

Madam, To abide with you, is to inhabit with the Graces, since nature hath designed you for the storehouse of all her most excellent rarities.

Madam, Imagine me to be yours, and fear not but ere long the effects shall answer your expectations.

Dear

Dear Lady, ſpeake again, Angels will be mute and liſten to your voice.

Madam, I am ſilenced with your breath, each word of yours lays a Charm upon my ſoul.

Madam, You are favourable in this, that you will ſuffer me to make my own Apology.

Madam, You are Miſtris of moſt rare perfections, ſuch as command the world to expreſs abundance of duty, both by admiration and obedience.

Madam, In thoſe ſmiling dimples, *Cupid* hath pitched his Tents.

Madam, You are all Vertue: from your ſweet lip the morning gathers bluſhes,

Letters for all Occaſions.

A Tender of Service to the Kings moſt Excellent Majeſty.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

I Am not ignorant of the great preſumption wherewith at this time I give a trouble to your Majeſty; Nor can my deſerts give me any hopes that the leaſt beam of your love ſhould ſhine on any thing that in me can be thought a merit, ſince I have learned, you may command in all things, and it is contrary to the duty I owe to your excellent Majeſty, to diſobey in any. But that your Majeſty may know, you have a Subject that durſt be Loyal even in diſloyal times, I have now attempted to arrive at the height of my felicities,

which is not only to be honeſt, but to be known to be

Your Majeſties moſt humble ſervant
and obedient ſubject.

2 *A Tender of ſervice to the Queens moſt excellent Majeſty.*

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

THough I am a ſtranger to your Majeſty, yet ſince I bear the glorious title of a loyal Subject, I have hence aſſurance that your Majeſty will vouchſafe to give this boldneſs a favourable aſpect: for indeed I ſhould doubt my own fidelity to my Royal Soveraign, ſhould not your Majeſty countenance my duty with an acceptance of my ſervice; let me now only beg the trouble of a pardon, and I ſhall for ever ſtudy, as in duty bound, to manifeſt my ſelf,

Your Majeſties Loyal Subject
and moſt humble Servant

3. *Reſpects from an Honourable Lady, to the Queen.*

Madam.

IF my paſſion had not over-rul'd my reaſon, I would certainly have kept my Letters from becoming ſo mean an object for your ſacred eyes, till ſome commandment of your own had put them upon occaſion to give them attendance; but the care I have to preſerve my ſelf in the Honour of your memory, and favour, will not ſuffer me to continue any longer ſilent: I therefore moſt humbly pray your Majeſty, to continue your ſelf in aſſurance even from hence, that my devotions are ever aſpiring to your ſervice: which yet I ſhould half ſuſpect to be leſs perfect, if my inclinations might not own as great a part of that ambition, as my obligations, but the one accompanying the other, will eſtabliſh me for ever, in an unchangeable reſolution of being

Madam your Majeſties
moſt humble Servant.

4. *A person of Quality to a worthy Lady, the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholick.*

Madam,

THough a sinner of one Religion, I am come to pay my vows to a Saint of another, for I approach to your presence with as profound a reverence as I am capable of bearing to a creature, when your Ladiship is pleaded to pardon the presumption of your servants, you excel in goodness: but when withal you descend so low as to admit of their poor desires, for real services, you exceed your self: I have but little to say, but my heart would easily tell me of enough to do, if my power to serve you were correspondent to my will, yet howsoever I shall be daily praying that you may be as happy as the world knows you to be worthy; and especially that the expence of so ignorant a life as mine, may one day serve for some straw or stick, towards the erecting of that great building: Till then I am prostrate at your feet & with a fervent zeal shall continue,

Madam, the Adorer of your Vertues, &c.

5. *One Lady to another, with Complements of extream kindness.*

Madam,

WHen neither the place nor the person can make a worthy oblation, that devotion were better mannered which should sacrifice to your memory upon the Altar of silence; But yet so much desire I to live in yours, as that I rather choose to appear in this kind to your trouble, than to suffer any thing like forgetfulness, to seem to entomb those affections of mine to your service; which want not life, howsoever they are deprived of Lustre, wherewith to crown the

eſtimation which your worth hath begotten in my ſoul, and will certainly inhabit there, while there is any ſenſe in

Madam, the moſt affectionate of all your ſervants.

6. A Letter of kindneſs from one friend to another.

Sir,

YOu may imagine I dream or dote, otherwiſe I ſhould not ſpeak thus loud, not thus far off, nor make ſo long a reach to you ſtill, by the arms of my ill-written lines; but I thought once you were near hand, and coming to viſit me, when ſoon after I underſtood you deſign'd your ſelf for other ends, which yet put me into ſuch a valiant choller, as ſome of them know who were neareſt to me, and muſt bear with my humours, leſt I ſhou'd want them, I might be angry with my ſelf; for I can do nothing but in earneſt, though that earneſt proves commonly as true nothing, as if I were in jeſt. Pray let me have an account of your health, and of thoſe affairs wherein you may gueſs my love may ſay I am concerned; for be aſſured you ſhall never be owner of any care whereof I will not have a part, either by taking, if you will give it; or elſe by ſtealing it, if you will not give it, but will needs be the firſt to offend Juſtice ſo far, as to hide it from.

Your moſt real, real friend, &c.

7. From one Friend to another.

Sir,

THe expreſs of your goodneſs hath raiſed me to a degree of happineſs, beyond even my own power of wiſhing: and after ſuch height of good fortune, this only regret can take hold of me, that you did impoſe ſomething upon me as diſagreeable, as this was complying with the very utmoſt of my ambi-

tions

tious desires, that so I might thereby have had the satisfaction of giving you an experience, that I shall ever have an infinite joy in performing any action, which by the difficulty thereof, may the better serve to express my obedience to your commands, as becomes, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

8. *A Lady to a Gentleman, concerning his sick Mistris.*

Sir,

I Was too sensible of those troubles which I left with you, not to enquire whether you are eased of part of them, or not, And therefore I beseech you, send me word how the noble sick Lady doth, whose health I infinitely wish, both for your sake and mine own. Besides that, even the world is concerned, that so excellent a creature, who is so hardly found, may not be so quickly lost. Favour me in this particular, and the Kindness shall make me, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

9. *The Gentlemans Answer to a Lady, concerning his sick Mistris.*

Madam.

I Am infinitely engaged to you for the sense you have of my troubles and the love you bear to the Life of my Life; she is yet extream ill, and yet so good, that I fear Heaven will deprive us of her Vertuous Society. I am so highly sensible of not only yours and my own, but of the concerns of all that knew her, that if there be not health enough in the world for us all, may Heaven give her a liberal portion of it, though it be abated out of mine, so much I owe to her vertues, and not a little to your self, for your care of her, and Madam,

The humblest of your Servants

10. The Lovers first address to his Lady.

Madam,

I *Am indebted to my Friends for the knowledge of your Vertues, and to your self for the Acknowledgements you are pleased to exercise in your remembrance of me; a person who hath nothing to make him considerable, but what your favourable Opinion thinks fit to allow. And the custom whereby I am made over to misfortune, forbids me the hopes of conceiving that ever I can be so happy as to be admitted into the number of your Servants, which is infinitely desired by Dear Madam,*

The Admirer of your worth, &c.

11. *The Lovers Complemental Letter to his Mistris.*

Incomparable Lady,

I Was happy in receiving a command from you, and shall be proud in my performance, since it is the glory of Kings and Princes to be concerned in your Service, let but one accent fall from your divine lips and the very winds are ready to convey it, the melody of your warbling voice can charm the *Syren* to a silence, and compel the *Crocodile* to spare his dissembling sorrows. Dear Madam, the sight of your beauty is sufficient to create fresh blood in withered veins of age, and give a new life to expiring mortals: If you are sad, Angels themselves are so. Pardon my prolixity, Divine Lady, I am in a Labyrinth greater than the Cave that enclosed the Cretan Minotaure. 'Tis easier to eat fire & not be burnt, or to cut Diamond with Glass, than to speak your real praise, O then how happy am I in your love! That love that gives speech to a dumb man, that love that makes Ideots turn Orators. & inspires the Age with such admirable Fancies, that all people become Poets, only out of a duty to your deserts, that they may celebrate your Praises

Prailes, which is a task too great for them, as it is for Excellent Lady,

Your sincere Admirer

12. The Ladies return to her Servants Lines.

Kind Sir,

When I think of you, I am in a maze, insomuch that I suppose you to be every thing that is good: Majesty is placed on your brow, your Tongue, or its eloquence may be Musick for the Gods, your looks are so pleasant and so airy, that Cupid appears there in his best grace, and when you walk, the Earth doth humbly seem to shrink, as being insensible of the weight it bears. But hold, my passion runs beyond the bounds of modesty, Discretion now perswades to give the preheminence to Pallas, not to Cupid, you were pleased to try a Conclusion on my feminine Capacity, and you may believe (upon necessity) I can reverberate accordingly. But, Dear Sir, though I must acknowledge my affection is of a large extent, yet (since I have conversed with the Poets) I cannot but admire at the prodigiousness of your Sex in former times: should I believe all to be told that glisters, I might see my error as well as others have done before: however Sir I dare not apprehend you to be otherwise than Noble, a little more experience may wipe off all my womanish suspition, for such is my high esteem of your worth already, that I want but little of saying how much I am

Yours.

13 *A Ladies forewarning her Friend to another Ladies Society.*

Sir,

Perhaps you may pretend that this procedure of yours is only to awaken me, for the better tryal of my faith and constancy: but believe, it is not

safe to jest with edged tools, or to play with fire, nor is it any ways commendable in you, to associate your self with the wanton Lady. I need not name her, since you know to whom that Epithete belongs. 'Tis true, she is reported to be handsom, there is then the more danger, and wiser men than you have been ensnared with the bewitched alurements of a strange woman: To be merry with a Lady, or to converse & walk, and use language tending to Courtship, with a Lass that delights to hear her self commended is frequent with men, & may be born with when managed with discretion, but to stake your reputation upon so slender an account, as to offer Courtship to that same piece of vanity, argues much fondness, little wit, and less constancy: Let me therefore earnestly desire you, for the sake of your own fair credit, to forbear these extravagancies that you may rid me of that suspition which as yet lies heavy upon my heart, I shall then retain the same opinion of you which I have hitherto had, that you are a man master of your self, and too true a Lover to admit of any other sharers in your affections but my self, since our late Contract, and the Truth of a Gentleman, have laid such a lawful Injunction upon you. Pray if you are minded to cure my distracted thoughts, use some sudden means, lest my distemper grow too violent for a remedy, till then I shall (not rest but) remain,

Yours even in impatience.

14. *One Ladies advice to another, near Marriage.*

Good Soul,

IT is an unruly age we live in, and my love hath occasioned this trouble to you. I understand there is a Gentleman Mr. *A. B.* is extreamly prodigal of his pretences to you, in the way of Love and Marriage: my Caution is only this, that you have an eye to your own wel-

welfare, build not upon empty promiſes, for if you once ſuffer him to pleaſe his humour before he is firmly yours, you will certainly forfeit your own Honour. Conſider, as he is above you in purſe, and the portions of this life, (beauty only excepted, for of that Nature hath given you a bountiful proportion) whether his intentions are real or feigned, make him your own and then if you fall in two, (you may underſtand the phraſe, by obſerving the occaſion) he will be bound by the Laws of God & Nature, to bear a part with you in whatſoe're happens. The truth is, I had not taken upon me to give me this admonition, did not report ſpeak loudly of his paſſion for you, and of his conditional promiſe, to be yours hereafter, if you conſent to be his firſt: Such a Love hath ſubtile limits, and more *Meanders* than a harmleſs maid can diſcover. It is reported too, that you incline ſomewhat to believe him, and are apt to think he means nothing but what is honourable: yet know this from one more experienced in things of this nature than you are, that if he ſhould perform his vows to you after he hath feaſted his appetite, yet ſuch a breach in your reputation will continually admit of ſtrange ſallies, checks and opprobrious terms, as Strumpet, Slut, Light Houſewife, &c. and what did you afford me, that another man might not have had, and when the glaſs is broken, it is not eaſily cemented: Dear Soul, keep Heaven about you, and let good thoughts guard your innocency, ſo ſhall your Honour be unſpotted, and your life happy; which is the earneſt deſire of,

Your Cordial Friend and Servant, &c.

15. *A Lover to his falſe Miſtris Stain to thy Sex.*

HAth modeſty now forſook the, that thou durſt abuſe that affection, that adored the; did I ma-

manifeſt my ſelf a dotard to gain thy love, and having had a multitude of promiſes from the, of conſtancy and firm affection, dareſt thee now to admit of anothers flame. Now thou ſeemeſt more deformed than ever I thought the fair, ſo ugly a monſter is Ingratitude. By this I do perceive thou didſt enjoyn me to ſmother our affections, only that thy new ſervant might not have any occaſion to be jealous, I will hate the for thine own ſake, & him, for robbing me, although but a trifle, & that my revenge may ſoar high enough to reach thy Perjury, I will begin with him, and then proclaim thy levity, and how thou haſt diſſerted me after a long League of Friendſhip, after thou hadſt paſt thy Vows to be none but mine & haſt admitted a ſtronger to thy boſom: was it for this that I delighted daily to be praiſing thee; How did I ſpend my time in making *Encomiums* upon thy Beauty, Vertues, and thy Perſon that I once ſo much admired: I will now ſtudy to contradict my own fond opinion, and ſo decipher the, that thou ſhall ſeem as odious to the world, as thou doſt to me, elſe let fate do ſo and more too,

Baſe Wretch,
Thine once, but now his own.

16. *One ſending a* Book,

Madam,

THat you may perceive I do not forget you, let this poor Preſent inform you, it is the Famous Romance Entituled *Pharamond*, and written by the Author of *Caſſandra* and *Cleopatra*, were it not a piece of great worth I ſhould not have thought it fit for your peruſal: However were it otherwiſe, I dare aſſure my ſelf it would not be unwelcom, ſince to queſtion that were to doubt of your good will to

Madam,
Your faithful ſervant.

17. *A Lady to her discourteous Lover,*

Sir,

THere was a time, and that within your own memory, that you were pleased to flatter me with the glorious Titles of Divine Mistris, Most Accomplished Lady, and what not: yet to manifest the frailty of all these expressions, and how little you meant what you so often reiterated, you were lately pleased to give me a flat denial to my poor request. Certainly Sir, I should have been commanded by you in concerns of higher moment, and not so, but that your slighting of me may be more apparent, you have not bestowed your Visits as you use to do: If I have given you any occasion thus to estrange your self, I should not think you so blame worthy as at present I take you to be: But that you may see I am not quite void neither of good nature nor affection, I must needs confess I do somewhat doubt my own deserts, as well as your disposition, and am resolved to continue, till you shall totally renounce me,

Wholly yours.

18. *A Brother, on the occasion of his Brothers not writing.*

Dear Brother,

THough your occasion enforce you to turn tenant to your own time, yet I had thoughts that such a trifle as my self might be admited into your memory, at some interval or other. It is now four or five Letters you are indebted to me for, however I confess my self so much engaged to you on other accounts, that I fear you would think your self too great a loser, should be but quit scores. Dear Brother, cast an eye upon your Books, when perhaps I appear amongst your Debtors, you will make more of me than a Blank or Cypher: Which that you may

do,

do I will ſtill bear the badge of your obligations, and when I appear falſe, let me be caſt aſide as none of your Coyn, but as a Counterfeit: in the mean time, Sir, call me what you pleaſe, ſo you pardon the Errors of this trouble; which I concluded might be more fitly offered than my acknowledgements ſhould be concealed, but I ſhall ſin no further againſt your patience, only believe me to be, as formerly,

Your affectionate Brother to command

19. *A Gentleman to a Lady, in his Friends behalf.*

Madam,

THrough an ardent deſire to become your debtor, I have attempted to crave a favour of you in behalf of a friend, whoſe deſerts when once known, will ſpeak both his thanks & commendations; I am advertiſed by him that there is a Lady, to whoſe young beauty you have no ſmall relation, and he having a paſſion for her, knows not how to gain the favourable opportunity to kiſs her hands; 'Tis therefore my requeſt, that remember me when you ſee him, and if you can further his reſolutions, be aſſured the acknowledgment ſhall be great, as your civility, and with all obſervance paid by, Madam,

Your real Friend and Servant.

20. *Another to the ſame purpoſe.*

Madam,

PArdon me if I tell you, you cannot be juſt, if you ſpare your civilities to me, ſince my affection is ſuch to your ſervice, that I ſhall ever eſteem it the glory of my life, to be employed by your commands; ſince therefore neceſſity doth compel you, receive this Gentleman as my Friend, that I may honour your merits, and endeavour to get ſome for my ſelf, that I

may

may be the more capable of performing those duties which shall become due from, Madam,

Your very Servant, &c.

21. *A Letter of Complements from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

YOu have so well studied the Art how to oblige, & withal how to express your favours, that for my part I am ignorant how to proclaim either my thanks or services without a blush, for putting so harmless a creature in so ill a habit; nor indeed shall I ever be able to satisfie my self therein, unless I could tell with a safe conscience how to play the thief, & steal your words & actions from your self. Let me now only adventure to tell you, that it is a kind of tyranny in you, to make me so much your servant by force, who was walking so fast that way, upon the feet of mine own free will. We have here nothing note-worthy, but that we all live so fairly in friendship, as if faction were a stranger to our train; as for my self, if I were any thing, the love I bear you would multiply it, and the favours which I receive by you, would dignifie it; and howsoever, the honour of your commands, if I may hope for them, will give me such a being, as with immodesty I will boast of to the universe; nor shall any soul be found more faithful to any ones commands, than mine to *Yours,*

22. *An Answer to the former Letter,*

Sir,

I Have been in your debt too long for your last Letter, the words whereof were delivered by your own choice hands, as so many fair pictures drawn by an experienced Artist, only let me tell you, I can discover a little daubing here and there, but as you are my

my friend, I dare not doubt your ingenuity. Indeed I do not think it possible for entire affection to be more generously expres'd, I can but return thanks to you, or rather indeed such an answer, as may better consist of thoughts than words I must crave your pardon, now I am compel'd to let you know I have scarce time enough allow'd me to say how much I am, Sir,

Your very faithful Servant.

23. *The Lover to his deliberating Mistris.*

My only Joy,

WHy should strange fancies, and indigested humours create a breach in that affection which hath been so often, and so firmly knit between you and I; if I have offered any occasion for your dislike, let me be unpardonable: but if you will give me slights and neglects for my reall love, it is you must be unjust: for shame let not any dispute be raised now, just now that we are travelling in the way of our felicity: from whence come these suggestions of yours, that things will look hereafter with a worser face, and that your fear your condition will have an ill change. Do you hold intelligence with Heaven, or can you divine, or dive into the hidden mysteries, or secret cabinet of a Deity, pray recollect your thoughts, and remember what affectionate promises, nay firm protestations, did not long since pass between us, then, when we called the little Birds, and the listning silent streams to be witnesses to our Oaths: Remember those silver drops which I so often courted to catch as they then glided from your eyes: if all this shall seem as musick too harsh for your ears, I must take the liberty to exclaim: But I dare not shew so much rigour towards you you who n I so much love and honour. I will rather accuse my own merits, or my fortune, since my only happiness taking wing, and the Life of my Life thinks me

un-

unworthy to be beloved: However, my resolution is fixed, do you study to be unkind, my heart shall nevertheless continue either

Your Servant, or your Sacrifice.

24. Civil complements from one friend to another.

Sir,

TO be Civil is to be Noble, and both these Qualities excel in you, it is therefore needless for me to give you thanks, or acknowledgements for your favours to me, since your generosity will never make me a debtor, for what you paid to your own inclination and vertue: I received your Letter in such a time of solitude, that my heart had it most freely welcome: for your lines did not only pleasure me, but engage me, insomuch that I am hugely desirous to have more such Visitants, after they have taken leave of only your hand, for by those marks I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at your condition, whether in health or not: Since then it will be such a satisfaction to me to hear from you, I beg of you to engage me once more, that I may use my endeavours to contribute somewhat to your content, for it is the chiefest aspiring hopes of, Sir,

Your eternal friend.

25 *A Gentleman to his Lady, whom he fears would make a new choice.*

Dear Soul,

WHat Melody can be sweeter Musick than the Sympathizing of our Loves. I am not able to divine and am apt to believe the point may puzzle your wit, although it be a pregnant one. Then since (at least) I esteem my self in Paradice whilst I am in your favour: wherefore, O wherefore doth report whisper to me, that you (whom I ever took to be firm as truth) should now begin to waver in your thoughts to me, Dear Heart, let me not be forgoten in a moment

ment, let not me whom your Beauty and your Vertue have ravished with admiration, become so vainly expensive of my time, as to lose that Jewel, dear to me as my life. I will not, nor dare I believe you can be so unkind, but shall hereafter tell the erring world you are all goodness, and that there are those Ladies even in this our age, that will not forget their vows, and know how to be constant in the best, or worst of times, as well as, Most worthy Lady,

Yours, in the bonds of true affection.

26. *A rich old Gentleman to a fair young Virgin.*

Young Lady,

LEt not my years be an obstacle to your love, since I have those gifts of fortune, that will not only maintain your affections, and keep the fire of love in a continual flame, but will also afford you all those Ornaments which art hath designed for the adorning such tender and beautiful Buds of nature: Besides, though I come not to you with a powerful Look, or in the mode of a young Gallant, yet know my Girl, my zeal for you can be as hot, and as sincere as the spruceſt pretenders in the world: and if age doth make me seem in your apprehension as a withering tree, yet I have Gold will keep its colour, & it is that which in this world is ones best friend. Pray have me in your thoughts, and I shall watch for an opportune Season, wherein I may make my self farther known to be, Faireſt Lady,

Your most affectionate Servant,

The Answer.

27. *A beautiful young Virgin, to a decrepit rich old Gentleman*

Grave Sir,

YOu are too far distant from me in years to be admitted into my affections, since you are arrived to

to the pitch of Dotage, and I yet ignorant of what is Love; However, I must do you so much Justice as to condemn your discretion, for the fishing with a golden bait; for believe me, next to beauty, I cannot imagine any thing to be more taking among mortals, than the glorious name of Wealth: I could be content to keep my Coaches, my Pages, Lackeys and Maids, but I confess I could never endure the society of a bald pate; How can you think, reverend Sir, that I should love you, when by the temptations which you offer, you clearly manifest your opinion, that if I should marry it must be to your Gold, rather then to you: I confess a Silver Myne is a pretty toy for a thing of my years to dote on, but I have a childish humour peculiar to my self, that is, never to humble my affections so, as that they suffer Treasure, as a Load-stone, to draw them to its beck. 'Tis true, wealth will be welcome to me, to maintain my train, but the person of that more lovely creature, Man, will ever be more welcome to a Maid's Embraces. Can you think me so weak, as to exchange the Flower of my youth, for a bundle of Snow, or rotten dirt? No Sir, Gold with a man is good, admirably good, but it is man that in the School of Love, passes for the principal Verb: For my own part, rather than joyn my self to a meer wedge of Gold, I shall choose to accept of a bundle of Rags, so they have any affinity to a Man.

Old men are grey, old men are grey,
I'me a lusty bonny young Lass,
And I prethe Old man away.

By this time, good Old man, you know my mind; be wise, and wed your self to Heaven, and I shall thank you if in your death you remember to bequeath your Gold to

Your young Adviser.

28. *A Letter of courteſie from Friend to Friend.*

Sir,

I Have no kindneſs for this Letter, for I heartily wiſh it loſt, that you may find me before it perform the ſervice it was ſent for: But you may perceive by its contents (for they are ſhort) that I hope it will not be long ere you make me happy in your company. I am the more eaſily perſwaded it will be ſuddenly, ſince I am informed you are about the Equinoctial of your return to Town, and my earneſt deſire to ſee you, may convince you that I hold you to be as it were a Sun in my Hemiſphere. My occaſions compel me to forſake my uſual Road of being tedious, and muſt conclude with that real truth of being Sir,

Yours, undivided, though at diſtance.

29. *One Gentlewoman to another in behalf of a friend.*

Sir,

ERe I had ſo much good fortune, as to thank you for your former kindneſſes, I am opportuned by an honeſt friend to recommend him to your favour, he hath an humble Suit to you, and as he aſſures me, a very juſt one, and hath omitted other opportunities, only that it might paſs your hands. Sir if you have any good will left for me, pray beſtow part of it on him, & let the reſt plead my excuſe for this Freſh preſumption, which if you pleaſe to interpret as a deſire I have to ſerve you, you will Judge aright of

Your debtor, and humble ſervant.

30. *The forſaken Maid, to her traiterous friend.*

Moſt unkind man,

I' is my exceeding wonder that you ſhould be one to make up the number of thoſe that dare to be wicked; Now do I ſee my folly, when I hugg'd you in my boſom, and believed thoſe Oaths and Proteſtations, which

which you have moſt villanouſly broke: Now can I call to mind the advice my experienced friends gave me, never to truſt to the pretentions of your Sex? Oh! can you ſee me on my knees, with wet and ſwoln eyes, and yet not learn to love me, nor hate your ſelf! Or have you no regard to that innocent lamb, as yet but in my womb, which though of a ſmall volumn, yet it is but your ſelf in a leſſe frame: if you believe, or but think it is not yours, let me be ript up, & then you will perceive each member to bear the true image of your own, and your name is likewiſe near it, for ſince you told me what it ſhould be called, I wrote it in my very heart: I have nothing more to ſay, but only to deſire you to be ſo true to your ſelf and me, as to remember and perform your Vow; if not, be ſo merciful as to rid me of a loathſome life, for if you do neither, my diſgrace will be publick, & rather than live your Strumpet, I ſhould eſteem it a greater happineſs (ſince my misfortunes have brought me to the miſery) to die

Your Sacrifice

31. *The La'y to her importunate Lover.*

Sir

SInce you are reſolved to be troubleſome, I ſhall likewiſe reſolve to be impatient; let me not be any more perplexed with your impertinent pretences, or aſſure your ſelf if my advice be ſlighted, & you continue as vain as formerly, I have ſo much intereſt in thoſe that have worth and honour as to engage them to correct your inſolency, and that not with Fiſt or Cane, but Weapons leſs vulgar, and more dangerous, therefore be adviſed before it be too late, ſince I am deſigned for another, and not likely however to be

Yours

The

The answer.

32. *The Lover to his Threatning Lady.*

Worthy Lady,

CAn you think I can live, and want your love? or can you Imagine I can fear death it self, when I am inspired by the thoughts of you; I will not be so uncivil as to tax you with cruelty, or say your heart is made of Adamant, but be assured who ever dares be so vainly proud as to assault me, I have a Sword as sharp as his, and a Pistol that barks as loud as his; but if I chance to fall in so fair a quarrel, my Soul is so entirely fixt to your vertues, that if any chance afterward to injure you, or defile your honour, it will appear in your defence, for I have made it my resolution to be,

Dear Madam,

Yours living, or in death.

33. *A Letter of Enquiry, from friend to friend.*

My good Friend,

I Am designed now to be troublesom to you, but it is only that I may be satisfied in two points, first I am to tell you, I live as a thing without rest or patience, & shall continue so, till I hear how you escaped in the late accident; for I hold my self concerned in all your dangers, and shall readily enlarge mine, so I may contract yours. But if I may suppose (as well as hope) that you are safe, the next happiness that my ambition aims at, is your society; which if I can obtain, I may perhaps recover my understanding, and shall thereby be the more enabled to render all acknowledgments due from

Your Friend, to love and serve you.

34. *Comfortable advice to a friend on the death of a Son, or other near Relation.*

Dear Sir,

I Am hugely sensible of your great loss, and as great grief, and that is it that hath given wing to my affe-

ctions

tions, thus to advise you, as you are a Christian, not to afflict your self too much, since it was the pleasure of Almighty God to summon his servant to himself, cast your self into the arms of his Mercy, and he will certainly give you a full measure of Comfort; For it is he that is the Fountain of Consolation, nor doth any thing in this poor world happen by chance, but according to his divine Pleasure and Councel, sin only excepted; nor is any thing accidental to him, though they seem so to us, for his wisdom hath ordained all things from all eternity: And if a little Sparrow, or a hair of our head have a share in his Providence, consider then how such an infinite power, which is vested with such an infinite wisdom and goodness can possibly let any thing arrive to any such creature, as for whom he died, which shall not be absolutely good & necessary for him. For *Jesus* sake, Sir, be your self, or rather petition to him, that in this urgent occasion you may be more then so: God make, and keep you ever happy, or make you less miserable then I fear you are now making your self, this is and shall be the desires and prayer of, Sir,

Your cordial well-wisher, and very humble servant.

35. *A Tender of service to a Mistris.*

Divine Lady,

YOu are the first to whom I ever became bound in the bonds of love, and hold it as well my duty as my interest, no longer to conceal how much I honour and admire you. I had thoughts, Madam, divers times to acquaint you herewith before. since it hath been my great happiness to be admited into your fair presence, but durst not take the confidence till now: If my affections have been too powerful for my discretion, and so compelled me to commit an error,

ror, I doubt not your goodneſs will excuſe it, ſince it was purely out of a ſincere zeal to do you ſervice: nor could I diſſemble my ambition any longer. Let it ſuffice Dear Lady, that I am now a priſoner to your beauty, and from the Bar of Love do make it my ſuit, that you pleaſe to honour me with a favourable anſwer to theſe Lines, that you may enable me to make a happy Reply, or otherwiſe ſuch a one as may be too late eſteem unhappy, as bearing the doleful tidings of his fate, that vows to be

Yours, though in death.

The Anſwer.

36. *A diſdainful Lady to her Servant.*

Sir,

I Received your amorous Epiſtle, and cannot, as I am a woman and a Chriſtian, but have ſo much charity as to pity, though I cannot love you, ſince it is a duty I confeſs I conceive to be due to all perſons either Sick or Lunatick: but I confeſs my nature is of another conſtitution, for you are the firſt, to my remembrance, that I ever hated, which now at length I thought good to let you know, becauſe indeed I do not apprehend how you deſerve my diſſimulation; Let it ſuffice, I ſhall ſtudy to revenge this inſolency, but yet ſo, as not to honour you with the knowledge of how, or wherein: and as for the felicity which you think you have, in being able to make a reply, either happy or unhappy, you may chooſe whether it ſhall be made or not: but if it comes to thy hands, it ſhall then be at my choice, whether to be burned, or read, for the ſake of a little laughter. But my advice is, that you ſpare the pains, for it will be but loſt labour upon

Your Friend, if you will be your own

37. *A*

37. A ſick Lady to a Gentleman.

Sir,

THough I want ſtrength to expreſs my ſelf ſo amply as I would, yet this may ſerve to let you ſee I do not forget you, though I am indiſpoſed to think of any: but there is no thanks due from you for this civility, ſince I do it for my own advantage, for I always find ſuch a ſatisfaction in all the reſpects which I pay you, as that I expect, if not an amendment, yet a contentment at the leaſt from the honour which I give my ſelf, of ſaying with abundance of truth, that I am

Exceedingly Yours.

The Anſwer.

38. *A Gentleman to a ſick Lady.*

Madam,

IF I were able to expreſs the Joy which I received from your late Letter, I am confident you wouldnot be ill pleaſed with mine; yet though the Letter was moſt freely welcome, as being your Ambaſſador, I confeſs when its Errand was delivered, whereby I underſtood the condition you were in, I could not forbear ſome paſſionate incivilities to the poor Paper, but I do not deſpair of obtaining your pardon for it: for you ever profeſs to love kindneſs, and I am very believing, that you cannot find more in the heart of any creature than mine: That I may conclude you may in time be brought to think ſo, be pleaſed to follow my advice, be extream careful to preſerve your ſelf this Winter, for the ſeaſon will not eaſily aſſiſt you towards a ſpeedy Recovery, but I hope the prayers of all your friends will, and I want not the conſolation of believing that ſome uſe may be made of his, who is *Madam*,

infinitely ours to ſerve you.

39. *The Lover to his unbelieving Mistris.*

Fairest Lady,

IT is my unhappiness to live, and not to be believed what assurance shall I render to satisfie your credulity, if death or danger may convince you, lay but your commands and then let your experience be the Judge. Is there that wretch that hath offended you, name him, & make me your scourge, or shall I combate with some furious Lion, or try my strength against an angry Bear? These, or what may seem more dreadful shall be eagerly performed, since fortune must needs favour those whom your love inspires, let me but once obtain that, and I shall fear nothing but a surfeit of Joy and Happiness, as being mortal, yet Bright Goddess,

Your humble Votary.

A Lady to her Lover.

Dear Sir,

I *Received your late Epistle, which was not with me before I wished it, but give me leave to tell you, I do observe your affection to be but lukewarm; for (though I do not delight in great Titles, yet) I know it hath been usual, and is still, for Lovers when they have an occasion to expresse their zeal for a Lady, to give all their adornments that the Art or words or memory can add to a deserving Beauty. This I say only to inform you, that I can notifie your neglect in this particular, but I will conclude it was either your bashfulness, or else your subtilty to try my Simplicity and Love; But for the future pray remove all doubts, and assume no more a Counterfeit for Liberty of trying my patience, when you know, I would pull out my own heart did it entertain a thought of alteration; fear not me, but do you your self remember those Protestations you have so solemnly and devoutly made, and thereby enflamed my affection. Let Vertue and constant*

ſtant Love be ſtill your inſeparable Companions, ſo may you conclude, I ſhall eſteem you my treaſure, and will be no leſs

Yours to perpetuity.

41. The Lover to his Miſtris, having gained her affection.

Life of my Love,

BEing overjoyed for the great Treaſure I am lately bleſſed with, I could not contain my ſelf till I had wrote to thee, to aſſure thee once more of the great felicity I enjoy ſince the happy Contract between thy Dear ſelf, and me: I never was really happy till now, I had before but a meer glance of Paradice, but now an abſolute poſſeſſion; now all my joys are become acquainted with my ſence. before I was only made up of Fancies and Airy imaginations: I had then but a glimpſe of thoſe fair flowers, the Roſes and Lillies of thy cheeks, but am now happily arrived too the unimaginable pleaſure of gathering. My ſenſes are much to narrow to entertain their bounteous flowings, they have fed even to a ſurfeit, and I have nothing more to fear, than my happineſs, leſt exceſs ſwell me till I burſt: then will Cupid be more cruel than before, ſince when I was but ſick of love, and dangers were not ſo neat as now; But why do I talk of danger? I will fear nothing whilſt I have thy love to guard me, for by the force of that, I dare promiſe my ſelf not only happineſs and ſafety, but all the bleſſings that can attend a Zealous Lover, as I have been and will be, while I have power to be my Dear

Thine only, and for ever.

42. *A Gentleman to his Lady, upon his urgent occasions of taking a Journey.*

Honoured and Dear Lady,

HAd not Christianity tyed me to a strict Rule, I could even curse the severity of my fate since necessity compels me to be banished from you, and consequently from my self; so let me go never so far distant, my heart will be always in your custody, and the thoughts of your dear self shall be my only consolation. But that I should be thus enjoyned to remove my person from you, in whom consisteth all my comfort and delight, is no small grief to me, especially considering the Life I apprehended in your favour, the Heaven that I discovered in your smiles, and all those *Elizium*-Joys that adorned your countenance: yet since it must be so, be assured, my Dear Dear, I shall not forget the Vows of my Devotion, and I will be proud to publish your virtues to the ignorant world, till I become compleatly happy in an Experience of your Constancy: nor shall I move in any other Sphere than what your influence doth govern, and will sooner languish to the worst of deaths, than love any but your divine self. Thus (my only Joy) leaving my heart in your tuition, I only beseech you to be tender of it, for its own, for yours, or for my sake, and in expectation of my happy Return, I rest

Your faithful, humble Servant.

The Answer.

42. *A Lady to her Lover upon his taking a Journey.*

Dear Sir,

I Would pour forth as many Curses on my fate as you can invent for yours, but that I have an ambition to be like you in all things, especially in what becomes

becomes a Christian, and a Lover. But since, as you say, necessity doth compel you to take a Journey, (and I dare not doubt the least accent of your lips) I must study to be content, & to exercise all that patience Heaven will be pleased to afford my Prayers; and since you have honoured me with the custody of so great a charge as is your most noble Heart, be confident I shall cherish it as the Apple of mine own eye, and as a Hostage for my fidelity and your security I assign you mine, be equally careful of it, as you honour your self or me and I shall be no less studious to declare your worth, than to preserve my own fame, which never can be tainted while I remain, as I have resolved,

Yours ever, in constancy and service.

44. *A cracky Virgin to her deceitful Friend, who hath forsook her for the love of a Strumpet.*

Base Man,

NOw you appear so foul, that nothing can be more monstrous: is this the fruit of your promises, and vows? was it for this that you so often swore you never spoke to me without the thoughts of a pure love, and ambition to be mine, and that you never let fly an Oath in my presence, but when your heart was enflamed by a fire of virtue, and that in all your actions, Worth was the Load-stone that attracted your industry? how comes it then to pass that you forsake me, ruine my Reputation, and leave me to become the Map of Shame and Ignominy; and not only so, but with a wretched confidence glory in your impiety, and think to wipe off all your injurious actions with a flight or careless humour? and this reproach that is like to befall to you as well as me, is occasioned through a lascivious love which you bear to an impudent Woman, nay, a known

Strumpet, whose eyes discover in sparkles the deceitfulness of her heart, and whose very smiles are more ominous than the tears of a dissembling Crocodile; for shame consider, if not for my sake, for your own. What delight or conversation can you enjoy in the company of a lewd Whore, who loves another as well and better than she doth you, or one indeed that hath no real affection for any? I fear the custom of your sinning, hath taken away the sence of your own good, and you are grown deaf, and desperate, otherwise you durst not provoke the divine Vengeance, or expose your self to Vertues curses, & the scorn of good men, for the notorious injuries you have done (perhaps to others but too soon) to

Wicked Wretch
Your friend till you abused her

41. The Lady to her slanderous Servant.

Sir,

WHen you were last with me, there passed some circumstance of affection between us both, but having considered the great affair that we then had under consultation. I must desire your pardon, if I crave Leave to recal my forward fondness. since my fortunes & my happiness lie at stake; not that I do utterly determine to abandon all manner of good will for you; but only for a little time may satisfie me concerning some reports of you that have lately reached my ears. Sir I hope they are false, and in that confidence. I gave neither credit nor countenance to the former: but till I may be convinced they are so, 'tis my request that you shew your love by abstaining from any further visits to

Sir,
Your friend and servant.

The

The Answer.

46. The slandered Lover to his Lady.

Most Worthy Lady,

I *Know not how to render you sufficient thanks for that noble favour so glorious, and therefore like your self, neither to count mine my accuser, nor condemn me till you had heard my answers; Honoured Lady, it is not unknown to you, that I dare not do any thing of injustice to you, and that I have been ready, and will be so, to lay my life at the feet of your service, so far I am from fastning a fashood on your fair Honour, that the proudest he that durst do it, shall know I will be ambitious to justifie you, and correct him: and that I speak truth, there need no greater argument than my zeal for you, when I would not allow of the least whispering against you, even then when you were most unkind to me: therefore good Madam continue your wonted worth, & those good thoughts you once had of me, and be assured, if I cannot be so happy as to thrive in your estimation, yet through a glory I have to be seen in your service, I will never suffer any to traduce your fame, and if I cannot obtain the honour to being your servant, I shall be happy in the title of*

Madam,
Your slave or vassal.

47. The Jealous Lover to his beloved.

Dear Heart,

Y*Ou cannot but understand the extream perplexities that persecute the whole frame of my mind: it is occasioned through a cordial Love, which I bear to you, to you sweet Lady, why then will you be so severe to expose me to the hazards of desperation? if you have any love, pity or reason, give some assurance, at least encouragement, that in time*

I may be happy, otherwise while I consider your excellent virtues, the incomparable endowments of the divine soul, I mistrust my own merits, and you thereby become cruel in setting me upon the torments of suspition: O think not that I can retain the Idea of your Beauty without the hopes of enjoying you, or the absolute ruine and desolation of my self: Dear Soul, it is not the frownings of a Father or Brother, that I value: but if you frown, or storm, or seem angry, you shoot a dart into my bosom: since your sorrow is my suffering, and your complaints are to me an Agony worse than death: therefore divine Lady, be like your self, virtuous, constant, and resolved, give some life to my hopes, remove my jealousie, that I may expect to call you mine, and be master of my own senses, that I may be convinced there shall not need any further expostulation, since I discourse with an understanding Lady, and dare assure the world there are Women in it of worth, virtue, and sincerity that scorn to be disloyal, as much as doth, my only Joy,

Yours only to be commanded.

The Answer.

43. *A Lady to her jealous Lover.*

Suspicious Sir,

WHat occasion have I given you to retain any evil or doubtful thoughts of my love or modesty? It is true, and probably you have heard it a Gentleman lately was pleased to bestow a visit on me, nor could I do less than afford him a civil salutation. Sir, I am not ignorant of the severity the *Italians* exercise, but we are now in *England*, where the practice of humanity acquaints us with the true use of conversation; I know too, that Love is always seasoned with a smack of Jealousie, however your own wisdom,

dom, and the confidence I thought you had of me might inform you, that an uncorrupted heart is Cannon-proof against temptations as well as slanders: But to satisfie you, if you dare rely on my word, there passed not a Syllable between us, which a Divine, or you your self might not have heard, otherwise be confident, if there had been no limits to the bands of respecting you, I should yet have had a regard to my own credit, and neither have given ear to immodest parly, or any undecent carriage. Be from henceforth confident of my Loialty, for in a little time it shall convince you, that I love you truly, and with so sincere a resolution, as to be, Sir,

Yours, not to live without you,

42. Civilities from one Lady to another.

Dear Madam,

MY Ambition is still to continue in your favour, yet that may prove as importunate as it is unjust because I never could deserve it, yet I have no power to frustrate the effect of that whereof you warrant the cause, which occasions my admiring of your worth. And since you have been pleased to assure me of your friendship, and your favour, I can do no less than offer my service, which shall ever be in readiness to attend your commands: I have had some young Gallants with me of late, who promise more Visits, and have sent some Complements, by the next I hope to be better furnished with somewhat new, to accompany what I have so often said, and shall perpetual, that I am, *Madam*,

Yours wholly at your command,

50. *A Gentlemans request (for a sum of Money) to his Friend.*

Sir,

ACcuse me not for my Ambition to be still in your favour, since by that I freely beg what I would not ask, nor care to receive from any body whom I do not only affect, but extreamly honour, the urgency of my occasions have prevailed with me, to send this messenger to you for the sum of, &c. only for one moneths time, at the expiration of which, you shall be certainly paid. Sir, you may well wonder, how I that deserved so little, can so confidently desire so much; but my unwillingness to forfeit my word with one friend, hath put me to engage it to another. This suit if you will please to grant, you will infinitely oblige me, however if you deny me, I should be ungrateful and unworthy should I disown those engagements, which have otherwise made me sufficiently

Your Debtor and your Servant.

51. *A Lady to a Gentleman on his recovery from a fit of Sickness.*

Noble Sir,

BY your favour, which is a great one, I have met with the good news I hoped for, I mean your recovery from those dangers your late sickness was said to threaten: I had the unhappy intelligence from one whom I knew to be just in his reports, and I was therefore bound in Honour as well as Conscience to believe him: But now you are well, I am safe, and not in so much danger of being frighted by the mis-reports of others. Here are now so many about me, and they chatting

ting all at once, that I can with difficulty write one word of ſence, however my heart like a Carriers horſe, trots in the old path and pace, and cannot be diſtracted from reſolving, nor my hand from expreſſing that I am, and ſhall be ever,

Your very Friend and Servant.

52. *The recovered Gentleman, to the aforeſaid Lady.*

Madam,

MY indiſpoſition hath been double, the want of health & your good company, which hath been moſt particularly deſired; ſince my inclination invites me to take a pleaſure in your ſociety, your Letter was extreamly welcome, you may believe me Madam, for you cannot but know with what reſpects I have continually adored your favours, in recompence for all I have received, and what I may not deſpair to hope for, I will ſerve you Madam, if I can, not only from one end of the world to the other, but from this very day, to the laſt of my life, and ſhall defie all your commands, if they ſhall dare to exceed my inclination & reſolution to obey. I will not crave your pardon for not writing till now; ſince the King, if he will be juſt, cannot puniſh me for not performing impoſſibilities, nor will you, I know, be ſo unmerciful, now I want the uſe of my own hand, to deny me any other means. But though I have been his Debtor for it hitherto, I will make hard ſhift to ſubſcribe my ſelf now, and ever, Madam,

Your obſequious Servant.

53. *The*

53. *The lover to his Mistris, upon his fear of her entertaining a new Servant.*

Fairest Lady,

WHat can there be to compose an accomplished mind; that you want? Beauty, Generosity, a noble Birth, Solid Wisdom, affable Demeanour, insomuch Lady, that you are truely the Center where all the Graces meet, and you do not only approach absolute perfection, but enjoy all others to a high and fervent observation; nor can I boast of any respects I do you, since your vertues command more than I am able to with, & it is my glory, & I esteem it the pride of my life to justifie my souls desire to serve you, and an honour to my Bondage, that I may be accepted for your slave. Command me then, most Excellent Lady, but withal remember that your Commands be love; for without love I can have no life, nor do I value death so I may bear your love with me to the grave: Yet my Dearest Lady let me not be mistook, though I am happy in being your Subject, yet like a Soveraign prince I cannot endure a Competitor, the feud being much alike between Rivals for Love, & those for Kingdoms; I have more of man in me, than to brook anothers claim, especially any presumptuous hand to seize my right: Let me beseech you then, for humanity sake and Vertues, for yours and mine, to use a circumspection, lest you betray your vertue to Corruption, or my small stock of valour, to irrecoverable dangers, For be assured, if my hopes are frustrated either by your will, or ignorance, I will defie the world, you, all women for your sake, and my self: but if any daring Arm shall stretch it self out in violence to your Honour, I will in duty force it to retire, or make it perish in the extention, and be extreamly happy, if my lost bloud may be expended in the service, since I have

have vowed to entertain the Reſolution of being, Madam,

None but yours.
and
Yours till death.

54. *A Fair young Virgin, to an old Rich Miſer, whom her Guardian did deſign ſhould Wed her*

Honourable Sir,

FOr I muſt ever acknowledge the truth of that old proverb, that ſays, *Age is honourable*; for all that, give me leave to tell you, though I am under the tuition of another, yet I am Miſtriſs of my own affections; and in truth neither your wiſdom, your gravity, no nor your riches can charm me to affect you; Sir, be ſo much your ſelf as to deſiſt from your ſuit to me; be in charity with the world, and in love with Heaven: build Hoſpitals, that you may merit the prayers of the poor, and ſpend not your precious time in dotage upon a woman: for to be plain with you, I will ſooner wed my ſelf to a Nunnery, or ſome loathſom goal, than become your Bed-fellow, and ſhall ever have a greater eſtimation for a wiſe man in rags, than a fool in his richeſt trappings, if you viſit me, or ſend to me any more. I ſhall conclude you troubleſom & frantick: be adviſed then ſince you know the mind & reſolution of. Sir,

Yours in the way of Friendſhip.

55. *The ingratiating Gentleman to his angry Miſtris.*

Excellent Lady,

I Beſeech you to conſider, I cannot live unleſs you love, then be ſo merciful as to ſave what your frowns are able to deſtroy, if you imagine my Husbandry will be profuſe, your love will teach me to be frugal: Do you miſtruſt incontinency? love will quench thoſe flames: Do you fear I may be guilty of extra-

extravagancies? love will teach me to be ſolid; are you afraid of want? love is content with a little, & ſtudies things that are impoſſible, it overcomes all doubts and intricacies, and facilitates things that are moſt dificult. Be not then ſo credulous to the whiſpers of Calumniators, though theſe ſuggeſtions are buzzed into your ears, yet conſider whether there be any ground for ſuch like Jealouſies, or the ends of thoſe that raiſe them, only to poiſon my reputation and my happineſs, let my honeſt and real aſſertions be weighed in the ballance of your ſerene Judgment, that I may be admitted into your favour, or elſe know my doom, & die quickly, that Fame may do me ſo much honour and juſtice, as to record me, Divine Lady,

Your abuſed Martyr.

56. A Gentleman of good Birth, but ſmall fortune to a worthy Lady, after ſhe had given a denial.

Worthily Honoured Lady,

HAd I not apprehended ſome ſmall ſpark of incouragement, as it ſeemed to iſſue from your gracious acceptance of my affections, I had certainly forborn to have put you to his ſecond trouble; or my ſelf to a freſh preſumption, as knowing ſuch Divine Stars of Beauty are to be beheld with more then an ordinary Veneration. Excellent Lady, I humbly beg of you, not to reflect upon my Confidence, nor ſtartle me with my inequality of Birth, leſt the ſence of loſing you, ſend me to Hell with terror. My preſumption hath this Apology. it is more eaſe to reach to the lofty Bough, then to ſtoop to the humble ſtraw; and when a man attempts things Noble, though he fail in his deſigns, it is a glory to undertake them. And though, Madam, you are truly great as well as good; yet Hiſtories will tell you, there have been Queens, and Perſons of higheſt Honour have caſt their

ſmiles

ſmiles on ſuch whoſe accompliſhments might claim reſpect. For my own part, I may and dare ſay it without oſtentation, my Birth is not baſe nor mean, and my affection nobly Loyal. Oh let not my fears ſuggeſt to me that ſome other by an intruſion will deprive me of my Souls treaſure, your love, a Happineſs that I would purchaſe with any thing more dear than liberty or life; Oh be not then ſo ſevere as to ſay, Honour forbids you to affect me, though you could like my perſon, there is death in every accent of ſuch a ſound; But if you do reſolve for a Servant more meritorious than my ſelf, you will eaſe my torments by giving me to underſtand ſo much, ſince I intend not to trouble you with any more lines, but reſolutely to fall, Celeſtial Lady,

A Sacrifice to love, and you.

57. *A Lover to his Miſtreſs, who had lately entertained another Servant to her boſom, and her bed.*

Madam,

I Am now arrived to that pitch of learning, as to underſtand the Vanity of your Sex, you have incomparably well proved, that though men can put a bridle into the noſtrils of wild Beaſts, out-do the Craft of Serpents, and dive into the moſt hidden ſecrets of Nature, yet the induſtrious thing called woman can out-do him, and confound his noble underſtanding. From henceforth therefore I will ſhun your Sex, as the infectious poiſon of a Peſtilence; Now could I Curſe my Credulity, my ſelf, and all Women for your ſake; Was I not fore-warned by the example of a wicked *Helen*, that occaſioned the deſolation of Famous *Troy*, by that of *Eryphile*, *Cleopatra*, *Meſſelia*, *Pambea*, *Rhodopis*, and many others, but why

ſhould

should I trouble my brain to sum up examples, when each woman is a Plague to her self, to all but those Adulterous Lechers that bear hot houses in their bodies, and stoves in their boiling bloods, I perceive my love was not sufficiently immodest for you, I have been too cold in my Amours, therefore it is you slight me, and entertain some Monster of a more able back; whom (not unlikely) your roving wanton eyes have discovered from your window to bear some heavy weight, and not shrink his well made Joynts under his ponderous load: may you enjoy him, but may you receive the rewards due to your Adultery and Periury: for be assured Heaven hath continual supplies of Vengeance for such abominable offenders: and that it will be just to you, and your deserts, is not only the desire, but the belief of

Your most abused Friend.

The Answer.

58. *The Lady to her Lover, in defence of her own innocency.*

Unkind Sir,

I Do not a little wonder at the frenzy of your crackt brain since you dare thus confidently to call my love and modesty in question, and only for the civil entertainment, which in honour I was obliged to afford a friend: whence come all those dreadful and satyrical expressions that you imagine are now too good for one, that but lately you pretended to love entirely, and spared not vows and imprecations to create a credulity in me? Certainly the Furies were your Dictators when you wrote. I will grant you that a Lover may be allowed to be a little jealous, it is but the overflowings of his affection, but I hold in not fit he should be made ranging mad, as I fear you are. Sir, believe me, your inrelli-

intelligence is falſe, and innocency can with ſafety ſtand all the Aſſaults of a ſlanderous Tongue: Pray recollect your thoughts, and puniſh my accuſer, that my worth may not lie longer under the burthen of a Calumny: Be leſs ſuſpicious, and aſſure your ſelf I ſhall be ever loyal, though now I write in paſſion, ſo far I dare engage, ſince I already find it is my chief content and happineſs to be thought worthy of being Sir,

Yours, though hugely wronged.

59. *A Lady to him whom ſhe affects.*

Sir,

I Should have been happy, if Heaven had given me merits to deſerve your affections, ſince I hold it no great difficulty to afford you mine: But that we may diſcourſe with a little freedom I will borrow ſo much time from my own Affairs, as to meet you at, *&c.* Only I ſhall give you this Cautino, that as I am a Virgin, you will ſhew your ſelf ſo far a Gentleman as not to offer any thing of incivility: pardon me, that I lay ſuch an Injunction on you, it is not that I queſtion you are otherwiſe Noble but only what is commonly expected from a Maiden, that hath a reſpect to her own modeſty and credit, and may therefore very well become. Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Anſwer.

60 *A Lover to his Amorous Lady.*

Dear Madam,

I Do ſo well underſtand my reſpects to you, that (pardon my boldneſs if I ſay) your care was ſomewhat needleſs. Lady, it is you that I adore, and can you then imagine I would injure you, you that I would gladly make my own, and be proud of ſuch a Purchaſe? Again, my Birth is not ſo baſe, as to tyrannize over

over Ladies, especially you, the best of Ladies; when the skie puts on her spangling garments, the glittering Stars I will expect you with all the reverence & submission due to your noble Merits, from divine Lady,

Yours, if you think me worthy.

61. *The affected Lover to his Mistris.*

Glorious Lady,

WE read and understand by the industrious help of History, how stones have danced over *Amphion* to the *Theban* Walls, That the Mountainous *Ossa*, & the lofty *Panchaea* likewise danced to the *Odrissian* Lire, that *Dolphins* forsook their wild natures, when they heard the melody of *Arions* harp humbling their backs of scales to bear him from the violence of *Neptune*, and his angry waves It is then beneath a wonder, if the world stand amazed at your voice; should the fierce *Tyger*, or the raging *Boar* but hear you speak, they would change their unbridled natures into the modesty of devout Adorers. One accent from your delicate and incomparable lips, are sufficient to give life to a dying man, and to revive into Childhood the chill and cold clods of age. One smile of yours can work more miracles than *Esons* Experience found in *Medeas* Bath. How happy am I then in your love? I am nothing beneath the great Monarch of the greatest Empire, and may I fall from all fortunes, to my absolute ruine, when I forget to be, most Honoured Lady,

Your Beauties slave.

The

The Answer.

62. *A Lady to her affected Lover.*

My Happiness and Joy,

YOur Large Commendations, & liberal Expressions towards me do certainly assure me that your affection to me is real; yet though I cannot requite your courtesies with a reprehension, I think I ought in justice to give you this Cautionary Information, that though you may think as you say, others may be of another mind, & some Critick may chance to find those faults in your *Rhetorick*, which you that see with the Multiplying-glass of love cannot perceive. Therefore lest you forfeit your wisdom, forbear these *Hyperbolies* hereafter, since the reciprocal tryals that have passed between us, do sufficiently declare the mutual coherency of our affections: Let me implore you to be more reserved in this point, if you respect my love, or me for what need such lofty lines, that savour so much of flattery, when you know I have made it my resolution to be

Yours, and only yours.

66. *A Lady to her despairing Lover, who had deserted his suit at the first repulse.*

Sir,

I Have expected either to have seen or heard farther from you, but I perceive you are a raw Souldier, and but lately engaged under *Cupids* banner, otherwise you would not have given over the Skirmish for a small Repulse; For though I can afford you a room in my heart, and all the love that is there, is for you and your worth, yet you might well tax me with lenity, or suppose me extream forward, should I yield at the first summons, without having the least experience either of your love, or loyalty; But be confident (for I dare write more than I durst speak, since

since this Paper cannot blush, th ugh I may) I have had a very high respect and honour for you, since the first moment that made me happy with your p. esence; I suppose a word to the wise may be sufficient, if you have a kindness for me you perceive I am ready to go out of the road of a Maidens modesty, only to meet with you: Be not so much like your Sex, as to slight me, now you have that thrown upon you, which with so much ardency you seemed to court before, for *I* can judge of Justice as well as Love: but if you will favour me with your company, or at least a line or two, you will not only give me abundance of satisfaction, but engage me to be Sir,

Yours. for ever.

64. A Gentleman to a fair Lady, whom he accidentally discovered at a window.

Lovely Lady

JUstice and Honour kiss your hands, and so far plead my cause as to tell you, you are obliged to shew me a favour, since for your sake I have undergone the vehement tortures of an expecting Lover: but now being grown impatient, I have taken a resolution to be rather importunate than bashful; for my nature is too high to suffer me to stoop to, or fly from any attempt that hath the countenance of what is Noble: Fairest Lady, my ambition is to visit you, if my love may prevail with you to afford me so great an honour, and question not (since Heaven delights to be loved, and you like one of it's inhabitants journeyed here for a small space, appear Angelical) but you will be in condition as in beauty. For if the divinity of your person lay a charm upon my senses it is but Justice that you endeavour to recover me before my Distemper render me incapable of

of any remedy, however it shall be my glory, if I cannot live your servant, that I can die Lovely Creature.

Your Devout Admirer.

65. *A sick Lady to her Lover enjoyning him to forbear his Visits, she being infected with the Small-Pox or some other Malignant Distemper*

Sir

I *Am now become a Prisoner to my chamber, and though it were charity in you to bestow your visits, yet my own sense of Justice informs me I ought to continue close, since that fate hath befallen me, may else be so frighful as to seize on you: it is a distemper that hath used a violence to my whole body and hath not spared my face: lest therefore I become your wonder, I conjure you by all the love you have, or ever had for me, to absent your self for some time, till you may see me with more safety and convenience. for if you should venture your person, now mine is in some danger, my grief would be augmented, since I know it is more wisdom to hazard the one half of my Estate, than all, and if I must lose my self, I would not have Death to be so triumphant as to possess my second self, and to glory in his Conquests so far as to make me a Bankrupt. You will do well to let me hear from you, at least send your Prayers in my behalf to the Heavenly Throne, for so it becomes a Christian and a Friend, and you will therein do Justice to your self, and Sir,*

Yours in sickness, or in health.

66. *The fearful Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistris.*

Madam,

IT is now most apparent to me, that there is no credit to be given to a Woman, have not you and I con-

confirmed so strong a League and Love and Friendship as was possible to be done, yet you can forget all your Promises, your Vows, and sober Protestations, as if they were but as so much wind, and might be broken as soon as made. This you have most perfidiously done, and under the pretence of fear that your Misfortunes are drawing nigh, as if you had discretion enough to chalk to your self the way to your felicity, or as if you held a Correspondence with Wizards, that could divine what the effects of your love should be; if I must be slighted now at last, when I thought to be most happy, yet at least pray let me not be forgoten, that you may justly say, you were once loved by a real Friend, and if it be my misfortune to be deprived of you, may you meet with one whose affections may be sincere as mine, that would be, Madam,

Yours if you use.

The Answer.

67. *A Lady to her fearful Lover.*

Worthy Sir,

YOur downright railing against our Sex, seems to me, only as the heat of your passion, which I will favour with the construction of your love. But I cannot but extreamly admire what Devil it should be, should enflame you with so much fear and Jealousie: I remember all those Vows and Protestations that passed between us, and you shall know, I dare not to be so wicked as to tempt Heaven and Vengeance, so as to break my least promise to any soul alive, especially with you: be therefore wise, and more resolved, you might have forborn your tainting language of my chalking out a way to my felicities, or holding a correspondence with *Witches*, or of taxing me point blank with perfidiousness, before you heard my answer; such

such usage would tempt many a young Maiden to scorn and forget love: when I see you next, we may discourse farther on this Subject; till then, and ever, be confident, I am, *Yours, if you think fit.*

68. *A Wife to her Extravagant Husband.*

Vain and miserable man,

CAnst thou open thy eyes and not fear least every one that sees the, should revenge those Adulteries and lascivious actions of thine, wherewith thou hast brought upon the the Curses of a chast Wife, with her dear and innocent Babes; doth not thy Conscience tell the there is an everlasting Law-giver sits in Triump against the day of vengeance, to Judge such perverse sinners as thee? Or dost thou imagine that those strict duties (commanded from the beginning) were but matters of policy, or that position of Man and Wife being one flesh, was meerly breath and exhalation? surely it is so esteemed by Atheists and prophane Livers, but I fear to the Eternal horror of thy Soul, thou wilt roar in the pit of everlasting perdition, from whence it is difficult to get Redemption; Therefore be no more foolish, but call to mind how thou hast mispent thy most pr eious time, endeavour to redeem it: and open the eyes of thy understanding, that thou mayest repent, and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto the; consider, the lips of a Whore are sweet as Honey to the taste of Fools, but in her heart is the sting of Scorpions; yea, the Poison of Aspes lie under her lips; wilt thou then adventure the stinging, when there is no Catapsalm for the Sore? wilt thou forget the Vertuous Wife of thy bosom, for a Strumpet that is not only disloyal, but impudent? darest thou despise thy Children, these gifts of the Almighty Providence,

vidence, resembling Olive Branches about thy Table those Buds of the Divine, Blessings promised to the good man? wilt thou run and wallow in the loathsome sink of Lust, and carnal Brutality? thou that mayest trate the fair Walls of Contentment with honest and chast embracings. Oh be more advised. Let the contract of your Nuptial Vows prevail with the, I conjure the return to the pleasant Springs of our Amity, that I may walh thee clean again with the tears and kisses of a loving Wife, that thou mayest see thy children flourish, and that I may no longer be as my present condition renders me,

Thy sorrowful and miserable Wife.

69. *A Lover to his distempered Lady.*

My Joy,

YOu are now more cruel in your Sickness, than I ever found you in your Health, it was a severe Command you sent to me. what though you are sick if I do not see you, I shall be so too, and perhaps may go out of the world before you. I understand your indisposition to be great, and that your Disease hath abused you to your face, but I hope you understand me so well, as to conclude my love doth not consist in outward Forms. I have reason to command my passion, and by that I am perswaded it was a Vertuous *Cassandra*, not a Fair *Hellen* that I courted, a spirit that was truely noble, not the thin skin of a Fair Feature however I am confident the Beauty of your Person as well as that of your Mind, cannot be Subject to a ruin by any Sinister Accident: Time that undertakes to Wrestle with all things Mortal, may give it a Trip hereafter, and then our Soul; shall enjoy a Blisful Union to Eternity: Dear Soul, recal your *Mandate*, and give me leave to be happy once more,

more, for till I ſee you, I am in continual pain, however I have this conſolation, and that I can be

Yours languiſhing.

70. *A Lady to her Servant, that for ſome private reaſons concealed his Birth and Fortunes.*

Honoured Sir,

MY Ambition hath been of ſo long a growth, that now it is become too big to be concealed; therefore I beſeech you, if you have any reſpect for a young Lady, ſatisfie my requeſt, which is only that I may better know you, and be better known to you. You ſeem to be a Gentleman every way compleat if I may receive your Character, though from your own mouth I ſhall believe it as an Oracle, for I perſwade my ſelf you are truly Noble; if your intentions are as I have reaſon to believe, and that you bear any kindneſs towards me, you will not deny this reaſonable civility; nor can it be thought diſcretion, but rather a ſtrange extravagancy in me, to receive your affections, or to pledge my own, unleſs I can have ſome account of your worth, more than what I have read in your viſage, which I confeſs is ſufficient (if our conditions may correſpond) to entitle me, Sir,

Yours, as you ſhall pleaſe.

71. *The abſent Lover, to his ſuppoſed unconſtant Miſtreſs.*

Madam,

I Dare not raſhly condemn you, but pardon my love, if I take upon me to inform and to adviſe you; There are thoſe that whiſper ſtrange things concerning you, as that you afford your ſelf more liberty than is conſiſtent with the modeſty of your Sex; and that at unſeaſonable times you have been

seen to accompany such Persons, whose conversation is sufficient to render you weak and scandalous: I know, Maddam, report is commonly a Tatler and a Liar, nor dare I entertain a loose thought of one whom I so dearly love, I cannot think my self lost to your Memory, but my fears make me apt to hearken to any thing, wherein there is any use made of your name; impute it as I do, to my distraction, not your defects, but withal be so circumspect, that the mouths of slanderous people may be stopped, that envy it self may by seeing your Vertuous disposition, arrive to the same happiness that I enjoy, which is, to love and admire you, which I shall ever do while you have vertue, or I have power to be

Yours.

72. *A Gentlemans advice to his Mistress, how she should blind the eyes of her watchful friends.*

My Lifes Life,

I Perceive thy Guardian, who is no friend of mine, doth not only watch me, and all my words and actions, but hath his Emissaries to do the like, and there are those that do assure me, the Servants are charged to slip behind the hangings, and to watch who they are that shall visit thee; my advice therefore is that alwaies in his presence we seem as strangers, and counterfeit our looks that we may thereby perhaps allay the heat of his Jealousie, but remember, when thou seest my brow full of frowns, as if I had a resolution to be angry, it is but a Copy of my countenance, and that originally. I am as I shall be ever thy happy, and therefore thy most pleasant friend, believe it for a play, not a truth, and if thou dost but act thy part as well as I, it shall not be long e're *Hymen* shall draw the Curtain, and discover to all the world, that in spight of either their care or envy, thou art mine: in

in the interim be assured, I shall in Love and Loyalty continue as an unmoved Rock,

My dearest Dear, thy affectionate Servitor,

73. *A Gentleman to his new Mistress, upon his relinquishing an old one.*

Lovely Lady,

HAving lately had the happiness to see you, I am now withdrawn from my designs of marrying with another, I cannot deny but some treaty was had concerning that affair with, *&c.* but your excellent beauty hath put a stop to my career, and hath made me ambitious of meriting your favour, and that you may not think me wavering, since I have left one that I might find a better; be assured, Madam, I will never enter into the bonds of Matrymony with any but your incomparable self. I had not perhaps took this presumption upon me, if I had not had some incouragements, or if I had not at least fancied as much, when I was lately where you were. I beseech you, Dear Lady, pardon this rudeness, and give me the opportunity to wait upon you, that I may verbally and really give a farther Testimony of the love and honour I have had for you, since I made it my resolution to live and die *Yours.*

74. *A Captious Lover to his Vertuous Lady.*

Mistress, &c.

I Did perswade my self that you were absolutely resolved to be mine, and that no perswasions or allurements could prevail with you to vary from your former thoughts, but I now find you are as changeable as your Sex, and it is easier to hold a slippery Eel by the tail, than to find a woman that is true and constant; had I given you any occasion, you might have had some pretence for your frequenting the company of the young Gallant, or admitting him into

your Society, but my affections have been unspotted, and never had so much as a small flaw, or mote in them till now. Now, that you, like an unjust, and wanton, if not lascivious piece of Vanity, have given occasion to no small number that observed your behaviour, to talk and besmear that fair reputation that you before enjoyed, which was the main motive that spurred me on to conclude our Contract. And since that time I have took you to be mine, and therefore may with the more freedom reprove you and advise you. I shall now say no more, but expect you should satisfie my disturbed thoughts, by giving me an account of what passed between you, and then hoping you will be more reserved for the future, you may still conclude me as before,

Your affectionate real friend.

The Answer.

75. *A Vertuous Lady to her captious Lover.*

Sir,

I Am apt to believe it for a certain truth, that *Cupid* and *Jealousie* are inseparable companions, and true love is oftentimes mixed with suspitious fears, but it is my wonder, that you who are a man of reason, should so flatly condemn me before you know what, my offence hath been. Sir, give me leave to tell you I have now a fair occasion to mistrust your demeanor hereafter. The Gentleman that was in my company deserves rather your acknowledgments for his noble deportment, than your extravagant censure: but perhaps you will absolutely conclude me idle, for being so much as seen with any man, since I was designed to be yours only, however you may do me the justice to consider there were others of my Sex with me, nor had I been in his company, had not the importune treaties of the rest prevailed with me; Besides,

ſides, though I am in election to be your Wife, I hope you do not intend to make me your S'ave. but will allow me a reaſonable converſation with perſons above the reach of a Calumny; I beſeech you Sir, be ſatisfied with this account, and take this for a certain truth, I will hence forward forget the hopes of being a Bride, before I will caſt you into ſuch another hell of tormenting Jealouſies, but ſhall ſtudy to render my ſelf as ſhall become, Sir,

Yours, if it may be.

75. *A Lover in Commendation of his Miſtreſs.*

My Bliſs,

I Was ſufficiently amazed when I beheld your perſon, and the beauty of your out-ward ſhape, inſomuch that I concluded Nature deſigned you for her Store-houſe, wherein all her Rarities and Noveltie's were diſperſed and intruſted; I looked, and as I looked, I admired, but having afterwards attained to underſtand the vertues of your mind; I could not then but clearly perceive what a rich treaſure of precious Jewels were incloſed within the fair Casket. Since which time, I have been proud of mine own judgment, and think the better of my ſelf for fixing upon ſo glorious an object. This is not flattery, but Juſtice, and as you have ſet my affections on a flame, it is as juſt that you ſhould ſtudy ſome way for ſatisfaction, ſince I am in thought, word, and deed.

Madam, yours, wholly at your devotion.

77. *A Ladies thanks to a Gentleman for a civility lately received.*

Worthy Sir,

I Shou'd be a ſtranger to Worth and Honor, ſhould I be ſo far unacquainted with the generoſity of your Nature, as not to underſtand it to be truly Noble

in all things, it ſtudies to do courteſies, and hates to receive acknowledgements, yet I muſt be ſo upright to my ſelf, as to own your late civility for a moſt noble favour, which I confeſs I received with ſome kind of amazement, as being my ſelf ſo much undeſerving; and leſt my ſervices ſhould be beneath my wiſhes, if I can have your acceptance, my endeavours cannot be unrewarded, for that alone will render them conſiderable; and if I can be happy in any thing, it muſt be in proclaiming to the world how much I am, Noble Sir,

Your Honourer, and humble Servant.

78. *A Gentleman to a ſick Lady.*

Madam,

I Am ſo happy as to ſympathize with you in your want of Health, my mind aſſures me, you cannot be diſtempered by any bold Diſeaſe, but I muſt be ſo too, you have this evidence for it, ſince I have had an extream fit of diſcontent from the time I laſt ſaw you: Now I am ſomewhat amended, my indiſpoſition is a little qualified, which gives me encouragement to hope, as I do deſire, that your condition is the ſame, otherwiſe rather than you ſhould want a Companion in your miſery, I would chooſe to be ill again; that I may therefore be forewarned of my own Misfortunes, be pleaſed I beſeech you to let me underſtand how you do, and withal make me happy by receiving ſome Commands from you, ſince it is the glory of my life to appear, Madam,

Yours in occaſions.

The

The Anſwer.

79. *A ſick Lady to a Gentleman.*

Noble Sir,

MY diſtemper leaves me, but all in vain, ſince I cannot be throughly well till I ſee that you are ſo, I could once willingly have died, becauſe I cannot live to requite your kindneſs: but now I begin to be paſt all hope of dying, for Death came towards me ſo faſt, that the very Joy thereof, hath wrought in me a recovery. Sir, my health conſiſts only in the ability which I hope ſuddenly to have, that I may viſit you; ſince you will not be ſo favourable as to prevent me by coming hither; but whether to come to me, or I to you, I hope you will not deny me the honour to own what I have hitherto profeſt, to be ſtill what I was before, and will continue, Sir, *Yours, to ſerve and honour you.*

80. *A Husband to his Laſcivious Wife.*

Wicked and wretched Woman,

HAdſt thou forgot all goodneſs, that thou dareſt lift up thy adulterous eyes to behold the Chryſtall light? Haſt thou no ſenſe of thy own filthy deformity? Doſt thou not know the world brands thee for a Whore, a notorious Strumpet? Art thou not ſenſible how thou haſt made me become a ſcorn and by-word to all that know me? Not that the credit of an honeſt man can be daſhed by the infidelity of a Strumpet, but ſo it is, that the corruption of the times have created a cuſtom, to ſet the Wives ſins upon the Husbands forehead, thy Children are either hated or pitied by all, and I my ſelf dare not look upon them, leſt I permit my fears to whiſper to me thy Whoredoms, and their Baſtardy. Our Relations, and thoſe that were formerly our boſom Friends, do now forſake us, crying, they will not accompany

themſelves with ſuch as belong to the houſe of ſhame, or that tread the pathes of inconſtancy, conſider theſe things and repent, leſt thy impenitency do farther provoke Divine Juſtice, and Heaven pour forth Vengeance as a reward of all thy impieties, and withal remember, this is the advice of monſtrous Woman,

Thy ſad, and much injured Husband.

81. *A Gentleman to his Friend, returning thanks for ſending him a Book.*

Worthily Honoured Sir,

I Would have rejoyced to have had an oportunity to ſerve you before you ſent me that Ingenious Piece, Entituled, *The lives of the Stateſmen and Favourites of* England *ſince the Reformation*: But I am now bound to make it the buſineſs of my life to render for all an humble and hearty acknowledgment, both for your own ſake, and for the Gifts; for though nothing could be unwelcom to me that you ſhould ſend, yet I know not what could have been more welcom, except your ſelf, who I know not how to requite, but muſt proclaim you a Noble Friend, and a charitable Gentleman, and ſhall multiply my wiſhes for your proſperity, ſince you have without merit of mine, bound me for ever, *Sir*,

Your thankful Servant.

82. *A Gentlemans requeſt to his Friend for a ſum of Money.*

Sir,

LEt me not be held no Friend, becauſe I ſend to borrow Money, I had rather want that, than loſe your love; but Sir, if you ſhall think fit to pardon my boldneſs, I deſire your patience ſo far, as to meaſure the length of your Purſe-ſtrings, ſince a preſent and urgent occaſion puts me on this ſtrange adventure:

venture. The ſum is but five pounds, which ſhall be paid within a Month, if you dare take my credit; for the aſſuarnce, and for intereſt you ſhall have my thankful acknowledgments. Thus not doubting of your civility in this caſe, I reſt as ever,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Anſwer.

13. *A Gentleman to his Friend that ſent to borrow Money.*

Sir,

OUr Friendſhip would be held by a ſlender Thred, if a five pound weight could ſnap it. I have not thought fit to pardon any boldneſs, but to eſteem my ſelf happy in that I have a Purſe or String to ſerve you, your credit is ſufficient, and therefore I have ſent you the ſum required, and ſhall expect no other intereſt, than the like courteſie (if you think it one) when you ſhall be troubled by

Your hearty real Friend.

84. *A Lover to his Miſtreſs.*

Bright Lady,

I Am now in love with mine own eyes, and wit, for were not the firſt exceeding good, they could not endure the luſter of your Beauty, and I am apt to believe the latter may be ſharp, ſince it hath ſo exact a Character of your worth; Be more juſt to your ſelf and me, than to think I flatter you, look into your ſelf, and then you will wrong neither, and when you find I have done you right call not my affection in queſtion for making the diſcovery, ſince it is my duty to ſerve you and truth in all things honourable; But if by commending my own ſervices, I am ſo preſumptuous as to exceed your pleaſure, let your pity ſeal my pardon, ſince my default was only the

effect of Love, and I ſhall doubly be engaged to be, Madam,

Yours now, and ever.

The Anſwer.

85. *A Lady to her Lover.*

Sir,

YOu do well to love your own eyes, and wit, and I will own the firſt to be good, and the latter ſharp, but if they both went together as you place them, your brains might be on the out-ſide of your head, and then if you prove miſtaken, blame your ſelf, your eyes, your wit, and not me: But that I may be juſt to you, where there is no fault, there is no need of pardon, though the worth of ones affection oftentimes appear more in words than in reality, however if you will take the liberty and trouble to commend me, I muſt and will claim the priviledge to ſubſcribe my ſelf, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

85. *A Gentleman to his Rival.*

Sir,

IF you underſtood what an honour I have for the accompliſhed Lady, you are pleaſed to afford your Courtſhips to, and what a reciprocal return I have for my affections, you would either out of civility or judgment ceaſe to be ſo ridiculous, as to endeavor to rob me of her, whom her Parents and her ſelf hath bleſſed me with; And though perhaps ſhe out of a Maiden modeſty, will aſſure you it is not ſo, yet I can juſtifie as much, and make it apparent to your own judgment; beſides, the time is drawing near when our wiſhes will be conſummated, and then, you, and that part of the World that know her, may learn whether what I have now ſaid be a truth or fable;

Cozen

Cozen not your ſelf, ſhe hath a notable waggiſh wit, and uſes it only to make you her ſport: Sir, be wiſe, and think not with eaſe to attain to a happineſs that I have tugged for; you are a Gentleman whom I have known, nor are your Relations ſtrangers to me, were it not for that reaſon, I ſhould not have brooked your viſits to her hitherto, to the diſturbance of my quiet: But from this time remember I have deſired and warned you to forbear, as you cheriſh your ſafety and reputation, that ſo we may continue friends, for be aſſured, you cannot find out a more ready way to provoke my wrath, than your perſeverance, which will occaſion me to proclaim my ſelf,

Sir,

Your incenſed Enemy.

87. *A Virgin to her Parents, that would have her match to one whom ſhe cannot love.*

Moſt dear Parents,

I Beſeech you, let the Rules of Nature be ſo prevalent with you, as not to Marry me to the man whom you deſign; but if you do reſolve that I ſhall Marry, let it be to one that I ſhall love, or to my Grave: be not over-ruled by the thoughts of Avarice, leſt you become inhumane to your own blood, and make me

Your ſad, ſorrowful, and afflicted Daughter.

88. *A Gentlemans firſt Addreſs to his Miſtreſs.*

Beauteous Lady,

YOur feature is ſo glorious, that I muſt needs acknowledge I do verily believe Nature hath not one piece of Art that ſhe can more boaſt of; nor is there any Lady under Heaven to whom I owe a greater reverence, were your affections but correſpondent to mine, I would vie for happineſs with the proudeſt Prince under the bright Canopy of the Ce-

lſtial

leſtial Orb,but without your love,I cannot live,which will be a ſufficient evidence, that you are the efficient cauſe of my ruin. Madam,I humbly implore your favour, make me your adopted ſervant, and uſe me and what is mine, as yours, for I account no glory greater than that of being, Lovely Lady,

Your obedient Vaſſal.

89. *Another to the ſame effect.*

Mirror of Women,

PArdon the preſumption of a Stranger,that having lately loſt his heart, makes an enquiry for it of one who is compoſed of nothing but what conſiſts of Innocence and Vertue, and from thence I have this conſolationthat knowing it isin your poſſeſſion, I queſtion not but you will be noble to it, either for love or pities ſake: Dear Lady, give me leave to pay my viſits to it, and if I may be ſo happy,let me accompany it, by being regiſtred among the chief of your adorers. I confeſs my encouragements are ſmall, having attempted nothing yet that might make me capable of your ſmiles, and being acquainted only with your worth; yet ſuch is the over-ruling power of your Beauty,that though my eyes were but once bleſſed with a ſight of your peerleſs Perfections,my ſoul immediately became a Captive to your Vertues; and being now at your diſpoſal, I ſhall hope to find you merciful,that I may not languiſh in an adverſe fortune, ſince you are naturally tender,and I am, fair Nymph,

Yours wholly, in the bonds of firm affection.

90. *A Courteous Laſs to her Paramour, who had gotten her with Child.*

Mirror of Women,

I Am now conſtrained to confine my ſelf to a retired life,ſuch is the fruit of your late daliance,that I am

I am become obvious (and without your company ſhall be odious) to all that ſee me, and like your ſelf, the Babe in my womb is continually exerciſing it ſelf in an activity that affords me but little reſt. You cannot forget your promiſes to marry me, e're you could prevail with me to ſatisfie your pleaſures; Sweet Sir, let your ſtay be ſhort, for prolixity is dangerous to both our reputations, I languiſh till you come, and till then, and ever ſhall remain, My dear Soul,

Tours, to love, and live with you.

91. *A Gentleman to his (once ſcornful, but now Affectionate Miſtreſs.*

Madam,

YOur ſighs and flatteries are not prevalent enough ſince I have now diſpoſed of my reſolutions ſo firmly as that they are beyond the power of either of us to recall. Nor am I one of thoſe puny Lovers, that think it reaſonable to lay my love at your feet, after it hath ſo inhumanely received your ſlights. I once loved you too well, but now have ſo opened the eyes of my underſtanding, that I can more plainly ſee my own worth, and your frailty. You are now ſo kind, as to make vows of love to me, and I am ſo little an Infidel as to believe you, and therefore ſince you have a love for me, I conjure you by that love you bear me, that you trouble me no more, but henceforth ſtudy to forget that I ever was ſo much as

Your loving Friend.

92. *A Kind-hearted Gentlewoman to her boaſting Favourite.*

Ungrateful Man,

HAth my love to you deſerved no better than your ſcorns? did I receive you to my embraces through my weak belief of your treacherous Vows, and

and do you requite me with the ruine of my Reputation: Degenerate Monſter, can you be ſo ſottiſh as to think you do not wound your own fame, when you ſtrike at me, will not all men abhor you? and though they permit you a hearing, yet eſteem of you as one of Natures Prodigies. But to be more plain with you, be ſo wiſe as to forbear your foul reproaches, leſt you receive a Piſtol, or a Ponyard from ſome one or other that may be ſenſible of your unworthy uſage to, Baſe Wretch,

Your mortal Enemy.

93. The Lover to his inconſtant Miſtreſs.

Lady,

YOur love was once my Paradiſe, nor did I eſteem my ſelf happy in ought elſe; but now perceiving your ambition hath betrayed your Honour and corrupted your affection towards me, give me leave to tell you, ſince you can forget to love, I can as eaſily forget to ſigh, and from this minute ſhall diſown you for being the object of my delight. ſince I think it not at all difficult to find a Miſtreſs of more worth and conſtancy. May you poſſeſs a Huſband equal to your deſerts, I wiſh you no greater Plague.

Farewel.

Songs

Songs Alamode, *Composed by the most Refined Wits of this Age.*

Song 1.

AS in those Nations, where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the workmen, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the worshipper that makes the God;
So cruel Fair, though Heaven has giv'n thee all,
We mortals Vertue, or (can) Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to our selves the wounds;
Without our love which proudly you deride,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd beings that the world can show,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe.
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers constitute thy Raign,
Only this difference Beauties Realm can boast,
Where most it favours, it enslaves the most;
And those to whom 'tis most indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound.
No Tyrant yet but thee was ever known,
Cruel to them that serv'd to make him one;
Valor's a Vice, if not with Honor joyn'd,
Beauty a Disease when 'tis not kind.

Song 2.

FAirest Nymph, my delay
Shames me, a Lover
Which I will now repay,
Since I discover
Those Beauties and Graces

Which

Which ſo adorn thee
And makes the Earth grow proud
That it hath born thee.
At the Wakes and the Fairs,
And every Meeting,
He's only happy can
Dance with my Sweeting;
Where all that ſtand about,
Still gaze upon her,
And thoſe the Crowd keep out,
Are talking on her.
As ſhe walks through the Meads
with other Laſſes,
All Flowers bend their heads
Still as ſhe paſſes,
Striving to offer them-
Selves to be gather'd,
That ſhe might Garlands Wear,
E're they were withered.
As ſhe at Ball in the
Cool Evening play'd
For little Victories
And Wagers lay'd;
As the Ball, ſo their hearts
When they came nigh her,
Leap'd for joy equally,
As they ſtood by her.
Aſk the Roſe why ſo red,
It ſays ſhe kiſt it,
The Lilly why ſo pale,
'Cauſe her Lips miſt it:
The bluſhing Cherry ſaid
'Twould be her debtor,
'Cauſe one ſoft touch of hers
Ripen'd it better.

Song 3.

BReak, break diſtracted heart, there is no Cure
For this thy Souls moſt deſperate Calenture,
Sigh, which in others paſſion vent,
And give them eaſe when they lament,
Are but the billows to my hot deſire,
And tears in me not quench, but nourish fire :
Nothing can mollifie my grief,
Or give me paſſion or relief.
Loves flames when ſmother'd alwaies do devour,
And when oppos'd the ſame fatal power,
Then welcom Death, let thy bleſt hands apply
A Medicine to my grief, I'le die, I'le die.

Song 4.

WElcom bleſt hand, whoſe white out-vies
The Lillies or the Milky way,
Nor can the ſpacious azure Skies,
Cloath'd in the glories of the Day
Reveal ſo great a brightneſs as that hand,
Compar'd to which the Snow it ſelf is tann'd.
Welcom bleſt hand, whoſe ev'ry touch
Is able to recal a Soul
Fled hence, whoſe ſov'raign Pow'r is ſuch,
That it no mortal can controul ;
My breſt with as much joy that touch receives.
As condemn'd Pris'ners do their with'd Reprieves,
But prethee *elia*, what deſign
Led thy fair hands unto my breaſt,
Was it a love to thine own Shrine,
Or pity to a thing oppreſt ?
For thou might'ſt feel't ſwoln with thoſe griefs which (love
At firſt begets, and cruelties improve.
Thou could'ſt not think to find my heart
Within its wonted place of reſt,
That's turn'd recluſe, and ſet apart,
To the fair Cloyſter of thy breaſt,

There

There 'tis confin'd but to a liberty,
To be imprison'd there, is to be free.
Therefore if thou my pulse wouldst feel,
Or would my condition know,
Touch thine own cruel breast of Steel,
And that will tell thee how I do;
For in that happy Treasury doth lie,
The sacred power to bid me live, or die.

Song 5.

LEt Votaries reering up Altar and Shrine,
Court strait-lac'd Religion till they be weary.
I nought will offer but full Cups of Wine,
As a Sacrifice to th' fat god of Canary,
What pretenders call holy,
Is dull Melancholy,
'Tis only rich Wine,
Has the power Divine,
When they sigh and sob to make us all merry,
Let crack-brain Students whole Volumes devour,
And let the starch'd Puritan mind Revelations,
While themselves do pine, and their faces look sowre,
And Quacks kill themselves with inventing Purgations,
Come give us more Sack,
While our brains do crack,
Wee'l steep our dry souls
In liberal Bowls,
And cherish our hearts with diviner Potations.
Let Adventurers sail, till they plough up the Main,
Of stones they call precious, let 'em bring home a Mine
The light of our Noses their Rubies shall stain,
And our Carbuncled Faces their Diamonds out-shine.
With peril and pain,
Those trifles they gain,
They wander and rome,
Whilest we sit at home,
And think w'ave the *Indies*, if we have but good Wine,

Yet

Yet ſure the *Leviathan* happy would be,
Who's made to tipple and frolick i'th deep,
If *Bacchus* not *Neptune*, were God of the Sea,
And the Ocean Sack his ſenſes to ſteep:
Nor would any man fear
To be ſhipwracked there,
Since if he were drown'd,
By th' Jury 'twould be found
That he was but dead drunk, and ſo fell a ſleep.

Song 6.

BEyond the malice of abuſive Fate,
I now am grown,
And in that ſtate
My heart ſhall mourn
The loſs it hath receiv'd,
When of its only joy it was bereav'd;
The Woods with Ecchoes do abound,
And each of them return the ſound
Of my *Amintor*'s name; alas, he's dead,
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, Willow, Willow, muſt I wear,
For ſweet *Amintor*'s dead, who was my dear.

Song 7.

WHen *Phillis* watch'd her harmleſs Sheep,
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
Yet ſhe had cauſe enough to weep,
Her ſilly heart did go aſtray.
Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,
And the Winds did breathe her love.
She ſought in vain,
To eaſe her pain,
The heedleſs Winds did fan her fire,
Venting her grief,
Gave no relief,
But rather did increaſe deſire,

Then

Then sitting with her arms a-cross,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye,
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die.

Mock Song 8

ON yonder Hill a Beacon stands,
My Gloves will hardly fit your hands,
I think 'twill freeze to night,
Tobacco is an *Indian* weed,
Jeffery can neither write nor read,
I'me sure some Dogs will bite.
Pease-porridge is a Lenten dish,
Pudding is neither flesh nor fish,
Some Cheese will choak a Daw,
The Mayor of *Quinborough*'s but a Clown,
The Lawyer wears a dagled Gown,
Wat Tyler and *Jack Straw*.
The Sun sets alwaies in the West,
Is not the *Popes* Religion best?
Yes, when the Devil's blind.
Room for my Lord Mayor and his Horse,
The *Spaniard* took *Breda* by force,
With butter'd fish he din'd.
Hark how my Hostess puffs and blows,
Maids h'any Corns in your feet or toes.
Let's play a game at Bowles.
The Courtier leads a merry life,
The Parson loves a handsom Wife,
Duke *Humphrey* din'd in *Pauls*.

Song 9.

WHen cold Winters withered brow
Wax'd sad and pale with sorrow,
Had overcome the darksom night,
And coming was the morrow,
I heard a Lad with Buglet clear,
A Jubet, and a Hollow,

Cry

Cry come away,
'Tis almoſt day,
Forſake your Beds and follow,
Then with a Troop well arm'd for ſport
Upon their Courſers mounted,
Such as *Venus* Joys withſtood,
When ſhe the wild Boar hunted,
We on the Downs
With a Pack of Honnds
Whom Nature had befriended,
Purſu'd poor Wat,
New rais'd from ſquat,
Her firſt ſleep ſcarcely ended,
Then over Hills, and over Dales,
And over craggy Mountains,
Through the Woods and ſhadowed Groves
Enricht with Chriſtal Fountains,
The little Brooks with murmurs ſweet,
And pretty Birds with wonders,
Sing careleſs Notes,
Through their well-run'd throats,
And fill the Air with thunders?
Echoes ſhrill,
From the Vaults of the Hill,
The Salvages and Satyrs,
Elves and Fairies do awake,
And Sea-Nymphs from the waters,
They liſten to our larger ſtrain,
Attentively delighted,
Courting the day
For a longer ſtay,
That we might not be benighted.

Song 10

TEll me gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my embraces fly?
Does my love thy love deſtroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay

Stay, O ſtay, and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) diſdain:
But leſt I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry frown I'le ſhed a tear.
And if in vain I court thy love,
Let mine at leaſt the pity move,
Ah! while I ſcorn, vouchſafe to wooe,
Methinks you may diſſemble too.
Ah, *Phillis* that you would contrive
A way to keep my Love alive,
But all your other charms muſt fail,
When kindneſs ceaſes to prevail.
Alas: Far more than you I grieve,
My dying flame hath no reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind.
One Beauty able to renew
Thoſe pleaſures I enjoy'd by you,
When Love and Youth did both conſpire
To fill our breaſts and veins with fire.

Song 11.

A *Marillis* told her Swain,
Amarillis told her Swain,
That in love he would be plain,
And not think to deceive her,
Still he proteſting on his truth,
That he would never leave her.
If thou doſt keep thy vow, quoth ſhe,
And that thou ne're doſt leave me,
There's ne're a Swain
In all this Plain,
That ever ſhall come near thee
For Garlands and embroyder'd Scripts,
For I do love thee dearly.
But *Colin*, if thou change thy love,
But *Colin* if thou change thy love,

A Tygreſs then I'le to thee prove,
If e're thou doſt come near me.
Amarillis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

Song 12.

WHen *Celadon* gave up his heart
A Tribute to *Auſtera's* eyes,
She ſmil'd to ſee ſo fair a prize,
Which Beauty had obtained more than Art:
But Jealouſie did ſeemingly deſtroy
Her chiefeſt comfort, and her chiefeſt joy.
Baſe Jealouſie that ſtill doſt move
In oppoſition to all bliſs,
And teacheſt thoſe that do amiſs,
Whom think by thee they tokens give of love:
But if a lover ever will gain me,
Let him love much but fly all Jealouſie.

Song 13.

SWeeteſt Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Froſt decay
Th' early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchleſs Face,
But kindly opening like the Roſe,
Freſh Beauties every day diſcloſe,
Such as by Nature are not ſhown,
In all the Bloſſoms ſhe has blown,
And then what Conqueſt ſhall you make
Who hearts already daily take,
Scorch'd in the morning with thy beams,
How ſhall we bear thoſe ſad extreams,
Which muſt attend thy threatning eyes,
When thou ſhalt to thy Noon ariſe?

Song 14.

'TIs not i'th power of all thy ſcorn,
Or unrelenting hate,
To quench my flames, or make them burn
With heat more temperate,

Still

Still do I ſtruggle with diſpair,
And ever court diſdain,
And though you ne'er prove leſs ſevere,
I'le doſe upon my pain;
Yet meaner Beautie scannot dain
In Love this tyranny,
They muſt pretend an equal flame,
Or elſe our paſſions die,
You fair *Clarinda*, you alone
Are priz'd at ſuch a rate,
To have a Votary of one
Whom you do reprobate.

Song 15.

CAll for the Maſter, O, this is fine,
He boaſts of his twenty rich Nectars,
Liquors of life, but Lees of dead Wine,
For us the Cocks of the Hectors,
Wine wherein Flies were drown'd laſt Summer.
Hang't let it paſs, here's a health in a Rummer,
Hang't let it, *&c.*
Bold Hectors we are of *London*, *New Troy*,
Fill us more Wine: Hark here, Sirrah Boy,
Speak in the *Dolphin*, ſpeak in the *Swan*,
Drawer, Anon Sir, Anon.
Ralph, *George*, ſpeak in the Star,
The Reckoning's unpaid; we'l pay at the Bar,
The Reckoning's unpaid, *&c.*
A quart of Claret in the *Myrre* ſcore.
The Hectors are Ranting, *Tom* ſhut the door:
A Skirmiſh begins, beware Pates and Shins,
The Piſs-pots are down, the Candles are out,
The Glaſſes are broke, and the Pots flie about.
Ralph, *Ralph*, ſpeak in the *Chequer*: By and by,
Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do flie,
Call for the Conſtable, let in the Watch, (match
Theſe Hectors of *Holborn* ſhall meet with their
Theſe Hectors, *&c.* At

At Midnight you bring your Juſtice among us,
But all the day long you do us the wrong;
When for Verrinus you bring us Mundungus,
Your Reckonings are large, your Bottles are ſmall.
Still changing our wine as faſt as we call:
Your Canary has lime in't, your Claret has Stum,
Tell the Conſtable this, and then let him come,
Tell the Conſtable this, and then let him come.

Song 16.

YOur merry Poets, Old Boys
Of *Aganippes* Well,
Full many tales have told Boys,
Whoſe Liquor doth excel:
And how that place was haunted
By thoſe that lov'd good wine,
Who tippl'd their and chaunted
Among the Muſes Nine:
Where ſtill they cry'd Drink clear Boys,
And you ſhall quickly know it,
That 'tis not louſie Beer, Boys,
But Wine that makes a Poet.

Song 17.

THe thirſty Earth drinks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again:
The Plants ſuck in the Earth, and are,
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The Sea it ſelf, (which one would think,
Should have but little need to drink)
Drinks ten thouſand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup.
The buſie Sun, and one would gueſs,
By's drunken fiery face, no leſs
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and Revel all the night;

Nothing in Nature's ſober found,
But an Eternal health goes round,
Fill up the Bowl, and fill it high,
Fill all the Glaſſes here, for why.
Should every Creature drink but I:
Why, man of Mortals, tell me why?

Song 18.

FIne young folly though you wear
That fair beauty, I do ſwear,
Yet you ne'r could reach my heart:
For we Courtiers learn at ſchool,
Only with your Sex to fool,
Y'are not worth our ſerious part.

Song 19.

BE thou that art my better part,
A Seal impreſs'd upon my heart:
May I thy fingers Signet prove,
For Death is not more ſtrong than love.
The Grave's not ſo inſatiate,
As Jealouſies enflame debate.
Should falling clouds with floods conſpire,
Their water would not quench Loves fire,
Nor in all Nature's Treaſury,
The freedom of affection buy.

Song 20

TO Friend and to Foe,
To all that I know,
That to marriage Eſtate do prepare
Remember your days
In ſeveral ways,
Are troubled with ſorrow and care:
For he that doth look,
In the Married man's Book,
And read but his *Item* a lover,
Shall find them to come,
At length to a ſum,
Shall empty Purſe Pocket, and Coffer. In

In the paſtimes of love,
When their labours do prove,
And the Fruit beginning to kick,
For this and for that,
And I know not for what,
The woman muſt have or be ſick,
There's *Item* ſet down,
For a Looſe-bodied Gown,
In her longing you muſt not deceive her:
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or the other fine thing,
For a Whisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver.
*D*eliver'd and well,
Who is cannot tell,
Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for wine,
And Goſſips ſo fine,
And Sugar to Sweeten their Tipple:
There's *Item* I hope,
For water and ſope.
Their's *Item* for fire and candle,
For better for worſe.
There's *Item* for Nurſe,
The Babe to dreſs and to dandle,
When ſwaddled in lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle,
A Coral with Bells,
Which Cuſtom compels,
And *Item* ten groats for a Cradle:
With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the Little one lacks.
And thus doth thy pleaſure bewray thee:
But this is the ſport,
In Country and Court,
Then let not theſe paſtimes betray thee.

Song 21.

I Dote, I dote,
But am a Sot to ſhow it
I was a very fool to let her know it,
For now the doth ſo cuning grow,
She proves a friend worſe than a foe,
She will not hold me faſt, nor let me go:
She tels me I cannot forſake her;
Then ſtraight I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me ſtay,
Throws a kiſs in my way.
O then I could tarry for ever.
Th s I retire,
Silute. and ſit down by her.
There I do fry in froſt and freeze in fire;
Now nectar from her lips I ſup,
An I though I cannot drink all up:
Yet I am fox't by kiſſing of the Cup:
For her lips are two brimmers of Clarret,
Where I firſt began to Miſcarry,
Her Breſts of delight,
Are two bottles of white,
And her eyes are two Cups of Canary.
Drunk as I live,
Dead drunk beyond reprieve,
And all my ſenſes are driven thro a ſieve;
About my neck her arms ſhe layeth,
Now all's Goſpel that ſhe ſaith,
Which I lay hold on with my ſuddled faith;
I find a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out,
With hips, and lips,
With black eyes, and white thighs,
Blind *Cupid* ſure tipled his eyes out.
She bids me riſe,
Tells me I muſt be wiſe,

Like

Like her, for ſhe is not in love ſhe cries,
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?
I begin to run, but cannot go:
I prethe ſweet uſe me more kindly,
You were better to hold me faſt,
If you once diſengage
Your Bird from his Cage,
Believe it he'l leave you at laſt.
Like Sot I ſit,
That fil'd the Town with wit.
But now confeſs I have moſt need of it;
I have been Fox'd with Duck and Dear,
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of ſleeping, or ſmall Beer,
I think I can number the moneths too,
July, Auguſt, September, October,
Thus goes my account,
A miſchief light on't,
But ſure I ſhall go when I'me ſober.
My legs are lam'd,
My courage is quite tam'd,
My heart and all my body is enflam'd,
As by experience I can prove,
And ſwear by all the powers above
'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love;
For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning,
Although we do grope,
Yet their is ſome hope,
That a man may be ſober next morning.
Thus with command,
She throws me from her hand,
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot ſtand;
I meaſure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Sot ſo drunk with ſips,

Or can a man be overſeen with lips,
I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
And leave of your damnable dodging,
Then do not deceive,
Either love me, or leave me.
And let me goe home to my lodging.
I have too much,
And yet my folly's ſuch,
I cannot hold but muſt have t'other touch:
Here's a Health to the King: How now,
I'me drunk, and could chatter I vow,
Lovers and Fools ſay any thing you know.
I fear I have tired your patience,
But I'm ſure 'tis I have the wrong on't,
My wit hath bereft me,
And all that is left me,
Is but enough to make a Song on't:
My Miſtris and I,
Shall never comply,
And there's the ſhort and the long on't.

Song 22.

WHy ſhould we not laugh and be jelly,
Since all the World is mad,
And lull'd in a dull melancholy:
He that wallows in ſtore,
Is ſtill gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor,
As the Wretch that ne'r any thing had.
How mad is that damn'd Money monger,
That to purchaſe to him and his heirs.
Grows ſhriveld with thirſt and hunger,
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready Money,
And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.
Thoſe Guts that by ſcraping and toiling,
Do ſwell their Revenues ſo faſt,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,

But are marks for each Tax,
While they load their own backs,
Wite the heavier packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at laſt.
While we that do trafick in Tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whoſe Jaws are ſo hungry and gripple:
We ne'r trouble our heads,
With Indentures and Deeds,
And our wills are Compoſed in a word.
Our money ſhall never indite us,
Nor drag our free minds to thrall,
Nor Pyrates, nor Wracks can affright us:
We that have no Eſtates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can ſleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at thoſe fools, whoſe endeavonrs,
Do but fit them for Priſons and Fines,
When we that ſpend all are the ſavers:
For if Thieves do break in,
They goe out empty agen,
And the Plunderers loſe their deſigns.
Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To waſh from our hearts all ſorrow:
Thoſe Cormorants which,
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his ruff on,
What a Pox is he better then we.
He muſt vail to the man with his Buff on:
Though he a Cuſtard may eat,
And ſuch lubbarly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

Song 23.

NEver more I will protest
To love a woman but in jest;
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each man his due.
When the wooing fit is past,
Their affections cannot last.
Therefore if I chance to meet
With a Mistris fair and sweet,
She my service shall obtain,
Loving her for love again.
Thus much liberty I crave,
Not to be a constant slave.
For when we have try'd each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free:
He or she that loves too long,
Sell their freedom for a Song.

Song 24.

NOw fie on foolish love, it not befits,
Or man or woman know it;
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly shew it,
Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
And shall have Bedlam for their pain;
If single love be such a curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Song 25.

Turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain,
Thy *Damon* calls thee back again,
Here is a pretty Arbor by,
Where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,
Where *Apollo*, cannot spy;
There let's sit, and whilst I play,
Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Song

Song 26

Courtiers Courtiers think it no ſcorn,
That ſilly poor Swains in love ſhould be;
Their is as much love in Rent and Torn,
As their is in Silks and Bravery;
The Beggar loves his laſs as deer,
As he that hath Thouſands, Thouſands, Thouſands,
He that hath Thouſand Pound a year.

Song 27.

Take a pound of butter made in *May*,
Clap it to her Arſe in a Summers day,
and ever as it melts, then lick it clean away;
'Tis a Medicine for the Tooth-ach old wives ſay.

Song 28.

Beſs black as Charcoal,
Was found in a dark-hole,
With *Kit* at the Cat and the Fiddle;
But what they did there,
None ſafely can ſwear,
Yet Gentlemen, Riddle my Riddle.
Troth I would be loath,
Were I put to my Oath,
To ſwear *Kit* with *Beſs* did ingender;
Yet it would tempt a man,
Bridle all that he can,
His preſent well wiſhes to tender.
But 'twas found at laſt,
Ere a twelve month was paſt,
That *Chriſtopher Beſs* had o're maſter'd,
For her belly betray'd her,
And ſo ſhe down laid her,
And brought him a jelly brown Baſtard.

Song 29.

THe Glories of our Birth and State,
Are ſhaddows not Subſtantial things,
There is no Armour againſt our Fate,

Death lays his icy hands on Kings,
Scepter and Crown
Muſt tumble down,
And in the duſt muſt be equall laid.
With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.
Some men with Swords may reap the field,
And plant freſh Laurels where they kill;
But their ſtrong Nerves at laſt muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill.
Early or late
They bend to fate,
And muſt give up their murmuring breath
While the pale Captive creeps to death.
The Garland withers on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty deeds
For on Deaths purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds,
All heads muſt come
To the cold Tomb,
Only the actions of the Juſt,
Smell ſweet and bloſſom in the duſt.

Song. 30.

SWeet *Jane*, ſweet *Jane*,
I love thee wondrous well,
But am afraid,
Thou'rt die a Maid,
And ſo lead Apes to Hell.
For why my dear, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſo,
Thou't better than to take a man,
And keep thee from the foe.
Thou art ſo pretty and fine,
And wondrous handſom too,
Then be not coy
Let's get a Boy,
Alaſs what ſhould we do!
I ſee thy brow,

And

And well I know
What colour is below,
Then do not jeſt,
But ſmile the reſt,
E'faith I know what I know.

Song 31.

VIctorious Beauty, tho your eyes
Are able to ſubdue an Hoaſt,
And therefore are unlike to boaſt
The taking of a little prize,
Do not a ſingle heart deſpiſe.

Song 32.

Chloris, it is not in your power
To ſay how long our love will laſt,
It may be we within this hour
May loſe thoſe joys we now may taſt:
The bleſſed that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.
And though you now immortal ſeem,
Such is the exactneſs of your fame;
Thoſe that your beauty ſo eſteem,
Will find it cannot laſt the ſame:
Love from mine eyes has ſtoln my fire
As apt to waſt, and to expire.
Then ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Let's queſtion not how long 'twill laſt,
But while we love let us take care
Each minute be with pleaſure paſt:
It were a madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe w are ſure to dye,
Fear not, though love and beauty fail,
My reaſon ſhall my heart direct;
Your kindneſs now will then prevail,
And paſſion turn into reſpect;
Chloris at worſt, you'l in the end,
But change your lover for a friend.

Song.

Song 33.

Celemana, of my heart
None shall e're bereave you
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

Celemana.

Fashion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting,
Damon you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
If you must be ranting.

Damon.

Love as pale and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor,
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celemana.

Love by quarrel to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physitians wit,
Who to cure an ague fit,
Puts one in a Feaver.

Damon.

Anger rouses Love to fight,
And his only Bait is;
'Tis the Spur to vain delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

Celemana.

If such drops of heat can fall
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat do fall,
We shall have the devil and all,
When we come together.

Song

Song 34.

TWelve ſorts of meat my wife provides,
And bates me not a diſh;
Of which four fleſh, four fruit there are,
The other four of fiſh.
For the firſt courſe ſhe ſerves me in
Four Birds that Dainties are;
The firſt a *Quail*, the next a Rail,
A Bittor, and a Jar.
Mine appetite being cloy'd with theſe,
With Fiſh ſhe makes it ſharp,
And brings me next a Lamp, a Pout,
A Gadgeon, and a Carp.
The ſecond is of Fruit well ſerv'd,
Fitting well the ſeaſon,
A Medler, and a Hartichoak,
A Crab, and a ſmall Reaſon.
What's he that having ſuch a wife,
That on her would not dote,
Who daily does provide ſuch fare,
Which coſts him never a Groat?

Song 35.

BE gone, be gone thou perjur'd man,
And never more return,
For know that thy inconſtancy,
Hath chang'd my love to ſcorn;
Thou haſt awak't me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man;
Thou may'ſt perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee.
And ſince thou canſt love more than one,
Ne'r think that it ſhall grieve me,
For th'haſt wak't me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man.
By thy *Apoſtacy* I find
That love is plac'd amiſs,
And can't continue in the mind,

Where

Where Virtue wanting is.
I'm now reſolv'd, and now there can
No conſtant thought remain in man.

Song 36.

STraight my green Gown into Breeches I'le make,
My long yellow Locks much ſhorter I'le take,
With a Hey Down, down, a down, down-a.
Then I'le cut me a Switch, and on that ride about,
And wander, and wander, till I find him out
With a Hey Down, down, a down, down-a
And when *Philander* ſhall be dead,
I'le bury him, I'le bury him,
And I'le bury him in a Primroſe-bed,
Then I le ſweetly ring his Knell,
With pretty a Cowſlip-bell,
Ding dong bell, ding dong bell.

Song 37.

LOok, ſee how unregarded now
That Piece of Beauty paſſes:
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone, but mark the fate of faces:
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not ſee.
And yet the face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires,
And ſtill the ſelf-ſame fleſh and bloud,
As apt to melt, and ſuffer from ſuch fires:
Oh ſome kind power unriddle where it lies!
Whether my heart be faulty, or mine eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die.
Neither her power then, nor my will,
Can queſtionable be: what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauty's Empire, like the greateſt States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden dates.

Song

Song 38.

DEear give me a thouſand kiſſes,
Pay the debt thy Lips do owe;
Let the number of thoſe bliſſes,
To ten thouſand thouſands grow,
Till to infinites they flow.
Let the ſweet perfumed treaſure
Of thy breath, my ſpirits fill,
So enjoying endleſs pleaſure,
Breaths rebreathing, let us ſtill
Breath one breath, and wiſh one will.

Song 39.

LIttle love ſerves my turn,
'Tis ſo enflaming,
Rather than I will burn,
I'le leave my gaming:
For when I think upon't
Oh 'tis ſo painful,
'Cauſe Ladies have a trick.
To be diſdainful.
Beauty ſhall court it ſelf,
'Tis not worth ſpeaking,
I'le no more amorous pangs,
No more heart-breaking.
Thoſe that ne'r felt the ſmart,
Let them go try it,
I have redeem'd my heart,
Now I defie it.

Song 40.

NO more, no more,
I muſt give o're,
For Beauty is ſo ſweet,
It makes me pine,
Diſtruſt my mind,
And ſuffer when I ſee't.
Forgive me love,

If

If I remove
Unto some other shear,
Where I may keep
A Flock of sheep,
And know no other care

Song 41.

Chloris farewel, I now must go.
For if with thee I have do stay
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall grow blind and lose my way.
Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this Fame fall short of truth.
Made me stay longer than I thought.
For I me engag'd by word and oath,
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake.
May'st leave me with so just excuse,
For thou may'st say, 'twas not my fault,
That thou didst thus unconstant prove
Thou wert by my example taught,
To break thy Oath, to mend thy love.
No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy glory to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.
Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Song

Song 42.

TO little or no purpose I ſpent many days.
In ranging the Park, the Exchange and the Plays
For ne'r in my Rambles till now did I prove
So lucky, to meet with the man I could love.
For oh how I am pleas'd when I think of this man,
That I find I muſt love, let me do what I can.
How long I ſhall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Feaver when I ſhould be well;
My paſſion ſhall kill me before I will ſhow it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it:
But oh, how I ſigh when I think he ſhould woo me,
I cannot deny what I know would undo me.

Song 43.

Shall I lie waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a womans fair,
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cauſe anothers Roſie are;
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flowery Meads in *May*,
If ſhe be not ſo to me.
What care I how fair ſhe be.
Shall I make affections ſlack,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman black,
Or my ſelf with care caſt down,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman brown,
Be ſhe blacker than the Night,
Or the blackeſt Jet in ſight,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how black ſhe be.
Shall my fooliſh heart be pin'd,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman kind,
Or a well diſpoſed nature,
Joyned in a comely Feature,
Be ſhe kind or meeker than
Turtle-dove, or Pelican,

If

If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how kind ſhe be.
Shall my fooliſh heart be burſt,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman curſt,
Or a thwarting hoggiſh nature,
Joyned in as bad a feature?
Be ſhe curſt, or fiercer than
Brutiſh Beaſts, or Savage Men.
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how curſt ſhe be.
Shall a womans virtues make
Me to periſh for her ſake:
Or her merits value known,
Make me quite forget my own,
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt,
That may merit name of beſt,
If ſhe ſeem not ſo to me,
What care I how good ſhe be.
Shall a Womans Vices make
Me her Virtues quite forſake?
Or her faults to me made known
Make me think that I have none,
Be ſhe of the moſt accurſt,
And deſerve the name of worſt,
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how bad ſhe be,
'Cauſe her fortunes ſeem too high,
Should I play the fool and die?
He that bears a noble mind,
If not outward help he find,
Think what with them he would do
That without them dares to woo,
And unleſs that mind I ſee,
What care I how great ſhe be.
'Cauſe her fortunes ſeem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go,

He that bears an humble mind,
And with riches can be kind,
Think how kind a heart he'd have
If he were some servile slave,
And if that same mind I see,
What care I how poor she be,
Great, or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'r the more despair,
If she love, then believe,
I can die e're she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can slight, and bid her go,
If she be not fit for me.
What care I for whom she be.
Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'r the more be slack,
If she hate me, then believe
She shall die e're I will grieve;
If she like me when I woo,
I can like and love her too,
For if she be fit for me,
What care I what others be.

Song 44.

OH *Iloris*, 'twas unkindly done,
First to invade me with your eyes,
And when my yielding heart was won,
Then to begin your Tyrannies,
The generous Lion streight grows meek
And gently spares the fawning Chase,
But the submissive wretch may seek
In vain from pity from that face.
Where while inchanting *Syrens* sing,
Th' allured Mariner is wrackt,
So whirling gulphs destruction bring,
And overwhelm what they attract.

Sung

Song 45.

HElp, help, O help. Divinity of Love,
Or *Neptune* will commit a Rape
Upon my *Chloris*, she's on his Bosome,
And not without a wonder cannot scape.
See, see the Winds grow drunk with Joys, & throngs
So fast to see Loves *Argo*, and the wealth it bears,
That now the Tackling, and the Sails they tear,
They fight, they fight who shall convey
Aminter's love unto her Bay,
And hurl the Seas at one another,
As if they would the Welkin smother!
Hold *Boreas*, hold: he will not hear,
The Rudder cracks the Main-mast fall's,
The Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls,
A shore of Clouds in darkness fall,
To put out *Chloris* light withal;
Ye Gods, where are ye, are ye all asleep,
Or drunk with Nectar, Why do you not keep
A Watch upon your Ministers of Fate,
Tye up the Winds, or they will blow the Seas
To Heav'n, and drown your Deities.
A Calm, a Calm, Miracle of Love,
The Sea-born Queen that sits above,
Hath heard *Aminters* cries,
And *Neptune* now must lose his prize.
Welcome, welcome *Chloris* to the shore,
Thou shalt go to the Sea no more;
We to *Tempes* Groves will go,
Where the calmer Winds do blow,
And embark our hearts together.
Fearing neither Rocks nor Weather,
But out-ride the storms of Love,
And for ever constant prove.

Song

Song 46.

NOw, now, *Lucatis*, now make haſte,
If thou wilt ſee how ſtrong thou art,
Thou needs but one frown more to waſte
The whole remainder of my heart.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead.
You look to have an age of trial,
E're you a Lover will repay,
But my ſtate brooks no more denial,
I cannot this one minute ſtay.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead,
Look in my Wound, and ſee how cold,
How pale and gaſping my ſoul lies.
Which Nature ſtrives in vain to hold,
Whilſt wing'd with ſighs, away it flies.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, now, now am dead,
See, ſee, already *Charons* Boat,
Who grimly asks, why all this ſtay?
Hark how the fatal Sifters ſhout,
And now they call, away, away,
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, oh now, am dead.

Song 47.

WHen as *Leander* young was drown'd,
No heart my love receiv'd a Wound,
But on a Rock himſelf ſat by,
There weeping ſuper-abundantly.
His head upon his hand he laid,
And ſighing deeply, thus he ſaid:

Ah

Ah cruel fate, and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drown the *Helleſpont*:
And ſure his tongue had more expreſt,
Had not his tears, had not his tears,
Had not his tears forbad the Reſt.

Song 48.

OH! how I hate the now,
And my ſelf too,
For loving ſuch a falſe, falſe thing as thee,
Who hourly canſt depart,
From heart to heart,
To take new harbour, as thou didſt in me:
But when the world ſhall ſpie,
And know thy ſhifts as well as I,
They'l ſhut their hearts, & take thee in no more,
They that can dwell in none muſt out of door.
Thy pride hath over-grown,
All this great Town,
Which ſtoops, and bows as low,
As *I* to you:
Thy falſhood might ſupport,
All the new Court,
Which ſhifts and turns, almoſt as oft as thou:
But to expreſs thee by,
There's not an object low, or high,
For 'twill be found when e're the meaſure's try'd,
Nothing can reach thy falſhood, but thy pride.

Song 49.

YOnder he goes,
Takes Corns from your Toes,
Cures the Gout, and all Woes,
Call him hither,
His skill I will try,
Before he paſs by,

Or

Or ſure I ſhall die
This weather:
The reports of your fame Sir,
Call you again Sir,
Shew your skill, or ſhame your face for ever.

Song 50

HAng ſorrow, caſt away care,
Come let us drink up our Sack:
They ſay it is good,
To cheriſh the blood,
And eke to ſtrengthen the back:
'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aſpire
And fills the body with heat,
Beſides 'tis good.
If well underſtood,
To fit a man for the Feats:
Then call,
And drink up all,
The drawer is ready to fill,
A pox of Care,
What need we to ſpare,
My Father hath made his Will.

Song 51.

HAve you any work for a Tinker, Miſtris,
Old Braſs, old Pots, or Kettles.
I'le mend them all with a tink Terry-tink,
And never hurt your Mettles.
Firſt let me have a touch of your Ale,
'Twill ſteel me 'gainſt cold weather;
Or Tinkers Freeze,
Or Vintners Lees,
Or Tobacco chuſe you whether;
But of your Ale,
Your Nappy Ale,
I would I had a Firkin,
For I am old,

And

And very very cold.
And never wear a Jerkin.

Song 52.

HAve you obſerv'd the Wench in the ſtreet,
Sh's ſcarce any hoſe or ſhooes to her feet,
Yet ſhe is very merry, and when ſhe cries ſhe ſings,
I ha hot Codlings, hot Codlings.
Or have you ever ſeen or heard
The Mortal with a Lion tawny Beard,
He lives as merrily as any heart can wiſh,
And ſtill he cries buy a Briſh, buy a Briſh.
Since theſe be ſo merry, why ſhould we take care?
Muſtitians, like *Camelions*, muſt live by the air:
Then let's be blithe and bonny,
And no good meeting balk,
For when we have no mony,
We ſhall find chalk.

Song 53.

IF any ſo wiſe is,
That Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink his ſmall Beer and be ſober,
Whilſt we drink Sack and ſing
As if it were Spring.
He ſhall droop like the trees in *October*.
But be ſure over-night,
If this Dog do you bite.
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon out of your bed,
To ſettle your head.
Take a hair of his tail in the morning,
And be not ſo ſilly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us
Let his *Ne aſſueſcas*,
Be put in his Cap-caſe,
And ſing *Bi-bi-to-vi-rum Fe-junus*.

Song

Song 54.

GOod *Simon*, how comes it your Nose look so red,
And your cheeks, and lips, look so pale;
Sure the heat of your Toast,
Your *Nose* did so Roast,
When they were both soused in Ale;
It shews like the spire,
Of *Paul's* Steeple on fire,
Each Ruby darts forth (such Lightning) flashes,
While your face looks as dead,
As if it were Lead,
And covered all over with Ashes.
Now to heighten his colour,
Yet fill his pot fuller,
And nick it not so with froth;
Gramarcy mine Host,
it shall save thee a Toast;
Sup *Simon*, for here is good Broth.

Song 55.

HOw merrily looks the man that hath Gold,
He seemeth but twenty, though threescore yearold
How nimble the Bee, that flyeth about,
And gathereth Hony, within and without,
But men without Mony,
And Bees without Hony,
Are nothing better than Droans, Droans, *&c.*

Song 56.

GOod *Susan* be as secret as you can,
You know your Master is a Jealous man,
Though thou and I do mean no hurt or ill;
Yet men take women in the worst sense still,
And fear of Horns more grief in hearts hath bred,
Then Wearing Horns doth hurt a Cuckolds head.

Song 57.

THe wiſe men were but ſeven,
Ne're more ſhall be for me:
The Muſes were but nine,
The Worthies three times three,
And three merry Boys, and three merry Boys,
And three merry Boys are we,
The Vertues were but ſeven,
And three the greater be,
The *Cæſars* they were twelve,
And the fatal Siſters three,
And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls,
And three merry Girls are we.

Song 58

A Womans Rule ſhou.d be in ſuch a faſhion,
Only to guide her houſhould, and her paſſion,
And her obedience never out of ſeaſon,
So long as either Husband laſts or Reaſon.
I l fares the hapleſs Family that ſhows
A Cock that's ſilent, and a Hen that crows.
I know not which lives more unnatural lives,
Obedient Husbands, or commanding Wives,

Song 59

A Pox on the Goaler, and on his fat Jowl,
There's liberty lies in the bottom o'th' Bowl;
A fig for what ever the Raſcal can do,
Our Dung'on is deep, but our Cups are ſo too.
Then drink we a round in diſpight of our Foes,
And make our cold Iron cry clink in the cloſe.

Song 60

WHen Wives do hate the Husbands Friends,
As Jealous of ſome fearleſs ends;
And ſtill an angry look ſhe ſettles,
As if of late ſh'had piſs'd on Nettles;
Ware ho, ware ho, for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horſe
When Women will be ever nice, Fooliſh

Foolish, proud, and manly wise,
And their wanton humour itches,
To wear their Husbands widest Breeches,
Ware ho, ware ho, for then on force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.

Song 61.

IF she be not kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her she's only worth the care
Of some spruce Jack adandy.
I would not have thee such an Ass,
Had'st thou ne'r so much leisure;
To sigh and whine for such a Lass,
Whose prides above her pleasure.
Take much of every bucksom Girl,
Which needs but little courting,
Her value is above the Pearl,
That takes delight in sporting.

A Catch 62.

HE that will win a widdows heart,
Must bear up briskly to her,
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Song 63.

LAdies, though to your conqu'ring eyes
Love owes the chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright Arms from you,
With which he does the World subdue,
Yet you your selves are not above
The Empire, nor the griefs of Love.
Then wrack not Lovers with disdain,
Least Love on you revenge her pain,
You are not free, because y'are fair,
The Boy did not his Mother spare,
Beauty 's put an offensive Dart,
It is no Armor for the Heart.

Song 64.

PHillis, though your powerful charms
Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,
That sure defence against all Power's
But those restless eyes of yours,
Think not your Conquest to maintain
By rigour or unjust disdain;
In vain fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
For Love does seldom hope survive.
My heart may languish for a time,
While all your glories in their prime,
May justifie their cruelty,
By the same force that conquer'd me.
When Age shall come, at whose command
Those Troops of Beauties must disband:
A Tyrants strength once took away,
What slave's so dull as to obey?
Those threatning dangers to remove,
Make me believe (at least) you love,
Dissemble well and by that art
Preserve and govern still my heart,
But if you'l choose another way,
To save your empire from decay,
Oh then for ever fix your throne,
Be kind, but kind to me alone.

Song 65.

A *Mintas* he once went astray,
But now again hath found his way,
Mad Lovers oft do please themselves,
With noise and janglings of the Bells,
And fancy there some warbling Note,
As Ec hoing from a Mistriss throat,
And why disturb'd then should they be,
Since Love on Earth's our Deity?
But those who reason do preserve,

Make

Make all things to their purpose serve,
Taught then by that Example, *I*
Loves power now will soon defie,
Although fond *Cupid* once prevail'd,
His passion's not on me entail'd,
No son of his, I'le boldly say,
I'm made of Steel, and not of Clay.
Hold, let me not this God despise,
For fear he rob me of mine eyes,
His power subjects and can destroy,
I'le therefore stoop unto the Boy,
By yeilding to his moderate fire
I may an easier way expire,
So sweet a death gives us no pain,
Whilst dying we revive again.

Song 66.

FAir *Phydelia* tempt no more,
I can thy beauty now no more adore,
Nor offer to thy shrine,
I serve a more Divine
And greater far than you,
Hark the Trumpet calls away,
We must go,
Lest the foe,
Get the field, and win the day,
Then march bravely on.
Charge them in the Van,
Our Cause Gods is,
Though the odds is,
Ten times ten to one,
Tempt on more, I may not yeild,
Although thine eyes
A Kingdom may surprize,
Leave off thy wanton tales,
The high-born Prince of *Wales*
Is mounted in the field,

Where the Loyal Gentry flock,
Though forlorn,
Nob'y born,
Of a ne're decaying Stock;
Caveliers be bold
Bravely keep your hold,
He that loyters
Is by Traytors
Meerly bought and sold,
One kiss more, and so farewel,
Fie, no more,
I prethee fool give o're,
Why couldst thou thus thy beams?
I see by these extreams,
A woman's Heaven or Hell;
Pray the King enjoy his own,
That the Queen
May be seen,
With her Babes on *Englands* Throne.
Rally up your men,
One shall vanquish ten,
Victory we come to try
Our Valour once again.

Song 67.

WEre *Celia* but as chast as fair,
How could I kiss the snare,
And never be
Weary of my Captivity:
But she's a Whore, that cools my blood;
Oh that she were less handsom, or more good.
Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that breast,
Or that those eyes,
Which look like friends, are only spies,
But she's a Whore, yet sure I lie,
May there not be degrees of chastity.

No,

No, no, what means that wanton ſmile,
But only to beguile?
Thus did the firſt
Of Women make all men accurſt,
I for their ſakes give women o're,
The firſt was falſe, the faireſt was a whore.

Song 68.

THe morning doth waſte,
To the Meadows let's haſt,
For the Sun doth with glory ſhine on them
The Maidens muſt rake,
Whilſt the Hay-Cocks we make,
Then merrily tumble upon them,
The envy of Court,
Ne'r aims at our ſport,
For we live both honeſt and meanly,
Their Ladies are fine,
But to *Venus* encline,
And our Laſſes are harmleſs and cleanly.
Then let us advance
Our ſelves in a Dance,
And afterward fall to our labor,
No meaſure we meet,
Nor Muſick ſo ſweet
To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Song 69.

IN the merry month of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked the woods ſo wide,
When as *May* was in her pride,
There I ſpied all alone,
Phillida and *Coridon*,
Much ado there was I wot,
He could love, but ſhe could not,
His love he ſaid was ever true,

Nor was mine e're falſe to you,
He ſaid he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid love ſhould do no wrong.
Coridon would kiſs her then,
He ſaid maids muſt kiſs no men,
Till they kiſs for good and all,
Then ſhe made the Shepherds call
All the Gods to witneſs ſouth,
Ne'r was lov'd a fairer youth,
Then with many a pretty Oath,
As yea, and nay, and faith, and troth.
Such as ſilly ſhepherds uſe
When they will not love abuſe,
Love that had been long deluded,
Was by kiſſes ſweet concluded.
And *Philliday* with Garlands gay
Was crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

Song 70.

DOwn in a Garden ſat my deareſt love,
Her ſkin more ſoft than down of Swan,
More tender hearted than the Turtle Dove,
And far more kind than bleeding Pellican;
I courted her, ſhe roſe, and bluſhing ſaid,
Why was I born to live, and die a Maid?
With that I pluckt a pretty Marygold,
Whoſe dewy leaves ſhut up when day is done,
Sweeting (I ſaid) ariſe, look and behold,
A pretty Riddle I'le to thee unfold,
Theſe leaves ſhut in as cloſe as cloyſter'd Nun,
Yet will they open when they ſee the Sun.
What mean you by this Riddle Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I pray expound it: Then I thus began,
Are not Men made for Maids, and Maids for men:
With that ſhe chang'd her colour, and grew wan,
Since now this Riddle you ſo well unfold,
Be you the Sun, I'le be the Marygold.

Song

Song 71.

THe Pot and the Pipe,
The Cup and the Can,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Man,
The Hawk, and the Hound,
The Dice, and the Whore,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a ſcore.
Quite undone, quite undone,
Many a more.

Song 72.

LOve is a ſowre delight, and ſug'red grief,
A Sea of fears, and everlaſting ſtrife,
A breach of Reaſons, Laws, a ſecret thief,
A living death, an ever dying life:
A bane for ſouls, a ſcourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a ſhaft that never hits.
A Labyrinth of doubts, and idle luſt,
A raving Bird, a Tyrant moſt unjuſt;
Yet mighty Love regard not what I ſay,
But blame the light that led mine eyes aſtray;
Yet hurt her not, leſt I ſuſtain the ſmart,
Which am content to lodge in her my heart.

Song 73.

THen our muſick is in prime,
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry Notes are fit for Knells,
May Lankneſs be,
No gueſt to me.
The Bag-pipe ſounds when that it ſwells;
A mooting night brings wi'oleſome ſmiles,
When *John* an *Oaks* and *John* a *Styles*,
Do greaſe the Lawyers Satin,
A Reading day,

Frightens *French* away,
The Benchers dare ſpeak Latin;
He that's full doth Verſe compoſe,
Hunger deals in ſullen Proſe,
Take notice and diſcharge her.
The empty Spir,
Ne'r cheriſh'd wit,
Minerva loves the Larder,
Firſt to Breakfaſt, then to Dine,
Is to conquer *Bellamine*;
Diſtinctions then are budding,
Old *Suckliff*'s wit,
Did never hit,
But after his Bag-pudding.

Song 74.

WHy ſhould I not dally (my Dear) in thine eye,
And chaſe the dull hours away;
He that lets ſuch a fair opertunity fly,
He loſes his aim by delay,
And its pity he ever ſhould ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Upon thy fair Treſſes (which *Phœbus* excel)
My diligent fingers I'e twiſt;
O there's my deſire for ever to dwell,
And I hope thou wilt never reſiſt;
And e'r and anon I will ſip
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Upon the fair Breaſts I'e be mounted aloft,
And there in my Chariot I'e feel
The grain of the Body more precious and ſoft
Than the web of *Archne*'s wheel:
And e'r and anon I will ſip,
Electar and Nictar that flows from thy lip.
I'le wander abroad in the Veins, and I'le ſeek
The Mazes of pleaſure and love,
The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy cheeks,

And

And thither my fancy ſhall move.
And e're and anon I will ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
There on the Lillies and Roſes I'le light,
And gather my ſweets like the Bee:
And I will not go far for a lodging at night,
For ſurely the Hive ſhall be thee,
And e're and anon I will ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Where when I am hurl'd, my Neſt I will build,
Of Honey-combs all in a rank,
I'le buz in each corner, until it be fill'd,
And make thee more full in the flank:
And e're and anon I will ſip
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
Come then with a Corniſh let us combine,
(I know thou canſt eaſily do't.
Thou ſhalt take my heart, and I will take thine,
And I'le give thee my hand to boot,
And e're and anon I would ſip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Song 75.

ALl in vain
Turn again,
Why ſhould I love her?
Since ſhe can
Love no man,
I will give over.
I'le not ſtay.
To obey,
But will retire.
Why ſhould I
Thither fly,
And not enjoy her?
Let her ſtill
Pleaſe her will,

With a denial;
She ſhall be
Unto me
As a Sun-Dial,
Let her blood
Raiſe the mud,
All in good ſeaſon?
I'le not gaze
On her face,
Till I have reaſon.

Song 76.

HOw happy and free is that plunder,
When we care not for *Jove* and his thunder,
Having entred a Town,
The Laſſes go down,
And to their O'recomers lie under,
Why then ſhould we ſtudy to love, and look pale,
And make long addreſſes to what will grow ſtale?
If her fingers be ſoft, long, and ſlender
When once we have made her to render,
She will handle a Flute,
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was hard to grow tender,
Then why ſhould we ſtudy to love, and look pale,
And make long addreſſes to what will grow ſtale?
If her hair of a delicate brown is,
And her belly as ſoft as the Down is,
She will fire your heart
In performing her part,
With a flame that more hot than the Town is,
Why then ſhould we ſtudy to love, and look pale,
And make long addreſſes to what will grow ſtale?
When the Houſes with flaſhes do glitter,
Who can ſever our ſweet from the bitter,
And in that bright night,
We can take our delight,

No

No Damſel ſhall ſcape but we'l hit her,
Why then ſhould we ſtudy to love and look pale,
And make long addreſſes, but never prevail?

Song 77.

TMe ſick of love, Oh let me lie
Under your ſhades to ſleep, or die;
Either is welcom, ſo I may have,
Or here my bed, or here my grave.
Why do you ſigh, and ſob, and keep
Time to my tears, whilſt I do weep;
Can you have ſence, or do you prove,
What Crucifixions are in love.
I know you do, and that's the why
Y're weeping ſick of Love as I.

Catch 78.

THere was three Cooks of *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a Pudding they took,
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.
Slaſh Cook,
Swaſh Cook,
And thou maiſt kiſs mine Arſe Cook,
And all was for a Pudding they took,
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*,
And they fell all on our Cook,
And beat him ſore that he did look,
As black as did the Pudding he took
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

Song 79.

LAſt night I dreamed of my Love,
When ſleep did overtake her,
It was a pretty drowſie Rogue,
She ſlept I durſt not wake her.
Her lips were like the Coral red,
A thouſand times I kiſs'd 'um,
And a thouſand more I might have ſtoln,

For

For she had ne'r a miss'd'um,
Her crispedt Locks like threads of Gold,
Hung dangling o're the pillow,
Great pity 'twas, that one so fair,
Should wear the Rain bow-willow.
I folded down the Holland sheet,
A little below her belly,
But what I did you ne'r shall know,
Nor is it meet to tell ye.
Her belly's like to yonder Hill,
Some call it *Mount of Pleasure*,
And underneath there springs a Well,
Which no mans depth can measure.

Song 80.

I Feed a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me;
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and so I love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it,
Yet he for whom I grieve, shall never know it,
My tongue does not betray, nor mine eyes show it,
Not a sigh, nor a tear my pain di closes,
But they fall silently, like dew of Roses,
But to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My Hearts the Sacrfice, as 'tis the Fuel,
And while *I* suffer this, to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
On his eyes will *I* gaze, there to delight me,
Whilst I conceal my love, no frowns can fright me,
Nor to be more happy *I* dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Song 81.

FLy, Oh fly, sad sighs, and bear
Those few words into her ear,
Blest where e're thou dost remain,
Worthier of a softer chain,
Still I live, if it be true,

The

The Turtle lives, that's cleft in two,
Tears and ſorrow I have ſtore,
But, O thine, do grieve me more;
Die I would, but that I do
Fear my Fate would kill thee too.

Song 82.

ALl the materials are the ſame
Of Beauty and Deſire,
In a fair womans goodly frame,
No Beauty is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what thoſe Creatures are,
That would be thought both chaſt and fair.
If modeſty it ſelf appear,
With bluſhes in her face,
Think then the blood that danceth there,
Muſt revel in ſome other where,
To warm ſome other place.
Then tell me, &c.
If on her neck her hair be ſpread,
With many a curious ring,
Why ſure that heat which curls the head,
Will make her mad to be in bed,
And do the other thing,
Then tell me, &c.
Go ask but the Philoſopher,
What gives her lips the Balm;
What ſpirit gives motion to her eye,
Which makes her breaſt to ſwell ſo high,
Gives moiſture to her palm.
Then tell me what thoſe creatures are,
Then would be thought both chaſt and fair.

Song 83

TIs true fair *Celia*, that by thee I live,
That ev'ry kiſs and ev'ry fond embrace,
Forms a new Soul within me, and doth give

A Balsom to the wound, made by thy face;
Yet still methinks I miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then decribed is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Those favours which do bless me ev'ry day,
Are yet but empty and Platonical;
Think not to please your servants with half pay,
Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all;
Who can endure to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
If all those sweets within you must remain
Unknown, and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure,
Nature as well as I will lose her name,
And you as well as I your youthful pleasure,
We wrong our selves to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Our souls which long have peep'd at one another,
Out of the narrow Casements of our eyes,
Shall now by love conducted be together,
And in their natural pleasure sympathize.
Then, then we shall not miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Sung

Song 84.

I Keep my Horſe, I keep my Whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor;
I travel all the Land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:
With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine;
And if my Whore be not in caſe,
My Hoſteſs Daughter has her place.
The Maids ſit up and watch their turns,
If I ſtay long the Tapſter mourns.
The Cook-maid has no mind to ſin,
Though tempted by the Chamberlin;
But when I knock, Oh how they buſtle,
The Hoſtler yawns, the Geldings juſtle;
If Maid but ſleep, Oh how they curſe her,
And all this comes of, deliver your purſe Sir.

Song 85.

I Wo' no go to't, I mun not go to't,
For love nor yet for fee;
For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
And a good one till I dee;
Yet mine intent I could repent,
For one mans company.

Song 86.

HE that marries a merry Laſs,
He has moſt cauſe to be ſad;
For let her go free in her merry tricks,
She'l work his patience mad.
But he that marries a ſcold, a ſcold,
He has moſt cauſe to be merry;
For when ſhe is in her fits,
He may cheriſh his wits,
With ſinging heigh down derry.
He that weds a roaring Girl,
That will both ſcratch and fight;

Though

Though he ſtudy all day,
To make her away,
Will be glad to pleaſe her at night,
And he that copes with a ſullen wench,
That ſcarce will ſpeak at all;
Her doggedneſs more,
Then a Scold or a Whore,
Will penetrate his gall,
He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove,
That has no ſpleen about her;
Shall waſte ſo much life,
In love of his Wife,
He had better be without her.

Catch 87.

THe parch'd earth drinks the rain,
Trees drink of that again;
Rivers the Seas do quaff,
Sol drinks the Ocean off;
And when that health is done,
Pale *Cynthia* drinks the Sun.
Friends, why do ye chide,
And ſtern my drinking tide?
Thinking to make me ſad,
I will, I will be mad.

Song 88.

COmmit the ſhip into the wind,
But not thy faith to women-kind:
There is more ſafety in a wave,
Than in the truſt that women have.
There is none good, yet if it fall
Some one prove good among them all,
Some ſtrange intents the Fates have had,
To make a good thing of a bad.

Song

Song 89.

Like to the falling of a Star,
Or as the flight of Eagles are,
Or like the freſh Springs gaudy hue,
Or ſilver drops of Morning dew;
Or like the Wind that chaffes the flood,
Or bubble which on waters ſtood,
Even ſuch is man whoſe borrowed light
Is ſtraight call'd in, and paid to Night,
The Wind blows out, the Bubble dies,
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies:
The Dew's dried up, the Star is ſhot,
The Flight is paſt, and man forgot.

Song 90.

Like a a Ring without a finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer,
Like a Horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt and no Gueſt bidden;
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it;
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.
The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe if Gueſt be bidden;
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck'd is ſtill more worth;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, Marries e're ſhe dies.
Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Fraight,
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day,

Juſt

Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid,
The grafted Stock doth bear beſt fruit,
There's muſick in the finger'd Lute.
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready:
The Fraight doth make the Barque go ſteady:
The Key the Lock doth open right.
The Candle's uſeful in the night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e're ſhe dies.
Like a Call without *Anon Sir*,
Or a Queſtion and no Anſwer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd:
Like a wound without a Tent,
Or ſilver Box without a Scent:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves but dies a maid,
Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,
The civil Anſwer pleaſeth all:
Who rigs a Ship Sails with the wind,
Who digs a Mine doth Treaſure find:
The Wound by wholſom Tent hath eaſe.
The Box perfum'd, the Senſes pleaſe;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e're ſhe dies.
Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendations, and no Token:
Like a Fort, and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it.
Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher;
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.
The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The Token doth adorn the Greet,

There's

There's triumph in the Fort being won,
The man rides glorious in the Moon,
The School is by the Teacher ſtill'd;
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd,
  Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries e're ſhe dies.
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd,
Like the Gold was never tryed,
Or the ground unoccupied;
Like a Houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or a Book was never preſſed;
  Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
  That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.
The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due ſeaſon ſweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd, from droſs is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd;
The Houſe is by poſſeſſion graced,
The Book well preſs'd is moſt embraced:
  Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, er'e ſhe dies.

Song 92.

THe Wit hath long beholden been,
  Unto the Cap to keep it in;
Let now the Wit flie out amain,
In praiſe, to quit the Cap again.
The Cap that owes the higheſt part,
Obtain'd that place by due deſert.
For ev'ry Cap, whatever it be,
Is ſtill the ſign of ſome degree.
The Cap doth ſtand (each head can ſhow)
Above the Crown, the King's below;
The Cap is nearer Heav'n than we,
A ſign of greater Majeſty,

When

When off the Cap we chance to take,
The head and Feet obeysance make,
For ev'ry Cap, whatever it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.
The Munmouth Cap, the Sailors Thrum,
And that wherein the Tradesmen come,
The Physick, Law, the Cap Divine,
And that which Crowns the Muses Nine,
The Caps that Fools do countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
And ev'ry Cap, &c.
The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
The Fudling Cap however bought,
The quilted, furr'd, the Velvet, Satin,
For which so many Fools learn Latin,
The Cruel Cap, the Fustian Pate,
The Perriwig, a Cap of late,
And ev'ry Cap, &c.
The Souldier that the Munmouth wear;
On Castle tops their Ensigns rear;
The Sea-man with his Thrum doth stand
On higher parts than all the Land;
The Tradesmans Cap aloft is born,
By vantage of (some say) a Horn,
And ev'ry Cap, &c.
The Physick Cap to dust can bring,
Without controul, the greatest King;
The Lawyers Cap hath heavenly might,
To make a crooked action right,
Which being round and endless knows
To make as endless any Cause.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
Both East and West, both North & South.
Where e're the Gospel finds a mouth,
The Cap Divine doth thither look;
'Tis square like Scholars and their book,

The

The reſt are round, but this is ſquare,
To ſhew their heads more ſtable are.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
The motly Cap a man may wear,
Which makes him fellow for a Peer,
And 'tis no ſlender part of wit,
To act a fool where great men ſit;
But oh the Cap of *London* Town,
I wis 'tis like a Gyants Crown.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
The ſickly Cap not wrought with Silk,
Is like Repentance white as Milk,
When Hats in Church drop off in haſte,
This never leaves the Head uncas'd,
The ſick mans Cap that's wrought can tell,
Though he be ſick his ſtate is well.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
The Fuddling Cap by *Bacchus* might,
Turns night to day, and day to night;
It *Jove*-like makes proud heads to bend,
And lowly facts makes to aſcend:
It makes men higher than before,
By ſeeing double all their Store.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
This rounds the World within the brain,
And makes a Monarch of a Swain;
When it is on our heads we be
Compleatly Armed Cap-a-pee,
The furr'd and quilted Cap of Age,
Can make a mouldy Proverb ſage.
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.
The Sattin and the Velvet Hive,
Unto a Biſhoprick doth drive:
Nay when a File of Caps ye are ſeen in,
A ſquare, then this, and next a Linnen,

This triple Cap may raiſe ſome hope
(If Fortune ſmile) to be a Pope;
Thus every Cap, &c.
Though Fuſtian Caps be ſlender wear,
The head is of no better gear,
The Cruel Cap is Knit, like Hoſe,
For them whoſe zeal takes cold i'th' Noſe,
Whoſe Purity doth think it meet,
To Clothe alike the head and feet.
This Cap would fain, but cannot be
The only ſign of ſome degree.
The Periwig, oh, that declares
The riſe of fleſh, but fall of Hairs;
And none but Grandees can proceed
So far in ſin, that this they need,
Before their Prince, which cover'd are,
And only to themſelves go bare.
This Cap of all the Caps that be,
Is now the ſign of high degree.

Song 92.

CAſt our Caps and Care away,
This is beggars Holliday,
In the world look out and ſee,
Where's ſo happy a King as he?
At the Crowning of our King,
Thus we ever dance and ſing,
Where's the Nation lives ſo free
And ſo merry as are we?
Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at liberty we are;
Hang all Officers, we cry,
And the Magiſtrates too by,
We enjoy our eaſe and reſt,
To the Fields we are not preſt.
When the Subſidy's increaſt,
We are not a penny Ceaſt;

Nor

Nor are call'd into the Town,
To be troubled with a Gown;
Nor will any go to Law
With a Beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Song 93.

OF late in the *Park* a fine fancy was seen.
Betwixt an old *Bawd* and a lusty young *Queen*,
Their parting of mony began this uproar,
I'le have half says the *Bawd*, but you shan't says the *Whore*.
Why 'tis my own house,
I care not a louse,
I'le have three parts of four, or you get not a souse;
'Tis I says the *Whore* that must take all the pains,
And you shall be damn'd e're you get all the gains,
The *Bawd* being vexed straight to her did say,
Come off with your *Dul's* and I pray pack away,
And likewise your *Ribons* your *Gloves*, and your *Hair*,
For naked you came, and so out you go bare.
Then th' *Buttocky* so bold,
Began for to scold,
Harry-Dan was not able her clack for to hold,
Both Pell-mell fell to it, and made this uproar,
With these Complements, thou'rt a *Bawd*, thou'rt a *Whore*.
The *Bawds* and the *Buttocky* that lived there round,
Came all to this case, both pockie and sound,
To see what the reason was this of same fray,
That did so disturb them before it was day;
If I tell you amiss,
Let me never pisse,
This *Buttock* so bold, her name was call'd *Siss*,
By *Quiffing* with Cullies three pound she has got,
And but one part of four, must fall to her lot.

Then all the Bawds cryed, let us turn her o t bare.
Unless she will yield to return you half share.
If she will not, we'l help to strip off her cloaths,
And turn her abroad with a fist on her Nose.
Who when she did see
There was no remedy,
For her from the tyrannous Bawds to get free:
The whore from the mony was forced to yield,
And in the conclusion, the Bawds got the field.

Song 9 fo

NO, No cruel Beauty,
Ne r tell me of Duty,
For I can no longer forbear,
On fear I will trample,
And readful example
I'le make thee for being severe.
To revenge all my harms
I'le take thee, and press thee between my strong arms
And then thou shalt prove
That I am a Devil in love.
There is not in Nature
So furious a creature
As I, when I viewd thy each grace,
As fierce as a Lyon
I leap and flie on
To see so bewitched a face.
Now, now shalt thou know,
What 'tis to provoke so mercilesa foe:
From thy charms I'le be freed,
For witches ne'r hurt when they bleed,
But *Phillis* who heard him
With scorn did regard him,
And vow'd she would humble his pride;
But alas as he ranted.
He suddenly fainted,
And, truce my fair *Phillis* he cry'd.

Thus

Thus *Colon* was quell'd,
But straight he recovered new force and rebell'd,
And by turns in the field.
Both conquer'd, and neither would yield.

Song 95.

THere is not in nature, a merrier life
Than that of the brave Bonny-Baller,
Who still at his beck, hath another mans wife,
And his Doxey when e're he will call her;
Who zealously all the week plies the burgundey,
And then lies in bed as devoutly on Sunday,
Before he is stirring, he sends to provide,
The dish that he most had a mind to,
He rises at twelve with a friend by his side;
That he often times hath been kind too,
And when he had din'd, either sooner or later,
He fails not to take a turn at the Theater;
Where he sits in the Pit while the Musick doth call,
And then out of door he doth rally,
And if it be Summer he rows to Fox-hall,
To pick up a punk in an Alley,
And there if he fails, being hot with his dinner,
He walks the Pee-aches to meet a kind sinner,
But oh! How divinely we I dance and we I sing,
When we meet at the Dog, and the partridge,
When every wench there hath the world in a string,
Till each man hath emptied his Cartridge,
And when we come home, to drive away sorrow,
We'l drink all their healths, and recruit for to morrow.

Song 96.

TIs not how witty, nor how free,
No nor how beautiful you be,
But how much kind, and true to me,
Freedom and wit none can confine,
And beauty like the Sun doth shine,

But kind, and true, is only mine,
Let others with attention fit
To liften, and admire your wit.
On that fame rock I le never ſplit.
Let others dote upon your eyes,
And burn their hearts for ſacrifice
Beautie's a Calm where danger lies.
But kind and true, hath long been tri'd
A Harbor where we may confide,
And there at an Anchor ſafely ride;
From change of wind, we there are free,
Nor need we fear Storms Tyranny,
Nor Pirate, though a Prince he be.

Song 97.

NO, to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak?
No wretched heart, ſwell till you break,
She cannot love me if ſhe would
And to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhe ſhould.
No. To the Grave thy ſorrows bear
As ſileat, as they will be there.
Since that lov'd hand, this mortal wound does give
So handſomly the thing contrive
That ſhe may guiltleſs of it live,
So periſh that her killing thee
May a Chance-medly, and no Murther be.
'Tis Nobler much for me, that I
By her Beauty, not her anger die,
This will look juſtly, and become
An execution, That a Martyrdom.
The cenſuring world will ne'r refrain
From judging men by thunder ſlain,
She muſt be angry ſure, if I ſhould be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being hers happier than ſhe.
I will not, 'tis a milder fate,
To fall by her not living, than her hate.

And

And yet this death of mine I fear,
Will ominous to her appear,
When found in every part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.
Then shall the world, my noble ruin see,
Some pitty, and some envy me.
Then she her self, the mighty she,
Shall grace my Fun'rals with this truth,
'Twas only love destroy'd the gentle youth.

Song 98.

THus all the day long we are frolick and gay,
Instead of Court revels, we merrily play
At Trap, and at Skeels, and at Barly-break run,
At Golfe, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
With these innocent sports, we laugh, & lie down
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.
We teach our little Dogs to fetch, and to carry,
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasant to quarry,
The nimble Squirrel with our cudgel we chace,
The innocent Lark, we betray with a glass;
But when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown
About the May-pole, we dance all a round,
With Garlands of Pinks, and Roses are crown'd,
Our little kind tribute, we chearfully pay
Unto our bright Lord, and gay Lady of *May*,
But when the night comes, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.
With our dainty fine Nymphs we sport and we toy,
What others but dream of, we daily enjoy,
With our Mistress we dally, so long till we find
Her pretty eies shows, that her heart is grown kind,
And when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.

Song 99.

Streph. VEni Daphne, Chare mei
Perit magna pars diei.
Daph. Quid Strephon vis qui vocas me?
Streph. Ad myrtulatum sequere
Quo Venus Capite Tyaras
Convertit tuo raras
Daph. Corrumpam Clauso in arbore,
Vel Certivem ut sequare,
Streph. Mel meum ne sit mora
Cito nimis fugit Ciora.
Daph. Mille Basia dabo ibi
Cæca ac Cupido tibi.
Streph. Sum tuo vellem errare,
In tam callido nive quis nollet deviare,
Cho. Ridens mundum relinquemus,
Et ipsi qui videbunt
Dii nobis invidebunt,
Nec tanta cum felicitate
Sua potiuntur deitate.

Song 101.

I love thee not because thou'rt fair,
Or cause thou'rt virtuous too,
Though in them both, is power enough
To cause a Prince to woo.
Nor love I the for those sweet lips,
Nor for thy dimpled chin,
Though in them both is power enough
To tempt a Saint to sin.
Nor love I the for those bright eyes
Which shine like lamps of Love,
Twas not these lovely curled locks
Did my affection move,
Nor love I thee for those fair cheeks
Where Damask Roses grow,

Nor

Nor for that lovely neck of thine,
And breasts like hills of Snow.
Nor love I thee, because thou once
Disdain'd my love to see.
Was there ere such amorous flames
As may be found in me?
Since Love and Virtue, now are lodg'd
Within thy breast to grow,
I'le love thee still in spight of fate,
And let the world this know.

Song 101.

THere was a fair Maiden came out of *Kent*,
To be kist by a Joyner was her intent,
To be kist by a Joyner was her intent;
I have a job of work for you to do,
To make me a bed go jig a jog goo,
To make my bed, &c.
And when wou'd you have this job of work done,
By th' faith of my body soon as you can,
By th' faith, &c.
When this Job of work it was throughly done,
Then he laid this fair maiden thereupon,
Then he laid, &c.
He knock in a pin where a pin should be,
Which made the bed to go jig a joggee,
Which made the bed, &c.
But in the old Mother came full of wo,
With oh, fie, Daughter why would you do so,
With oh, fie, Daughter, &c.
Since it must be done Mother, why not he,
That wou'd make my bed go jog a joggee.

Song 102.

SInce Love hath in thine, and mine eye,
Kindled an holy flame,
What pity 'twere to let it die,
What sin to quench the same;

The Stars that ſeem extinct by day,
Diſcloſe their beams at night,
And in a ſubtile ſenſe convey
Their Loves in flames of light.
What though our bodies do not meet,
Loves fuel more divine,
The fixt Stars by their twinkling greet,
Although they never joyn.
Falſe Meteors that do change their place,
Though they ſeem fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.
If thou perceiv'ſt thy love decay,
Come light thine eies at mine,
And if I find mine caſt away,
I'le fetch freſh fire from thine;
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte.
The flame of our deſires,
No veſtal ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Nor more immortal fires.

Song 103.

BLind Love to this hour,
Had never like me a ſlave under his power,
But bleſt be the dart
That he threw at my heart,
There's nothing can prove
A Joy ſo great is to be wounded by love.
My ſoul's all on fire,
While I've the pleaſure to dote on deſire,
When a pretty ſoft pain
Does tickle each vain.
'Tis the pain of my ſmart (heart.
That makes my breath ſhort, when it beats at my
My Days, and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpoſe with ſorrows and frights.

From

From my heart I still sigh,
And my eies are ne'r dry,
But *Cupid* be prais'd,
I am to the top of loves happiness rais'd
Sometimes in a pet,
When I'm neglected, my freedom I get,
Full many would wish
To be wounded, and miss,
But blest be loves fire,
But more blest be those eies that caus'd my desire.

Song 104.

I Have followed thee a year at least,
And never stopt my self to rest,
But yet can thee o'retake no more.
Than this day can the day that went before.
In this our fortunes equal prove
To Stars which govern them above;
Our Stars they move for ever round,
With the same distance still betwixt them found.
In vain alas, in vain I strive
The Wheel of fate faster to drive,
Since if a round it swifter fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.
Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair;
Tamelier than worms are lovers slain,
The wounded Heart ne'r turns to wound again.

Song 105.

I Will not urge thou art unjust
To force me from my arms,
Since of necessity I must
Confess I'm of the meanest dust
And thou art full of charms.
But if thou wilt renew what's past,
Thy bounty unto me.
And kindly once more, let me taste

Thy balmy lips, and hug thy waſte,
I'le court felicity.
But now alas when too too late
All Joys are dreams I find,
And yet I glory in my fate
Since ſhe that chang'd my former ſtate,
It is that is unkind.
For ſuch my happineſs will be,
Neglected and forlorn,
Tis fair, but cruel *Celia* ſhe,
Made me become her property,
And I'le embrace her ſcorn;
Faithful *Amintors* heart is torn.
Yet like the Phenix here I'le lie,
And kiſs the Beams that makes me die.

Song 106.

LIke to the wealthy Iſland thou ſhalt lie,
And like the Sea about it, I.
Thou like fair *Albeus* to the ſailers ſight,
Spreading her beauteous boſom all in white;
Like the kind Ocean, I will be
With loving arms for ever claſping thee.
But I do embrace thee gentlier far than ſo;
As their freſh banks ſoft rivers do,
Nor ſhall the proudeſt Plain boaſt a power,
Of making my full Love to ebb an hour;
It never dry, or low can prove,
Whilſt my unwaſted Fountain feeds my love.
Such heat and vigour ſhall our kiſſes bear,
As if like Doves we engendred there,
No bound, nor rule my pleaſures ſhall endure;
In Love there's none too much an Epicure.
Nought ſhall my hands or lip controul;
I'le kiſs thee through, i'le kiſs thy very Soul
Yet nothing but the night our ſport ſhall know,
Night; that's both blind, and ſilent too.

Alpheus

Alpheus found not a more secret trace.
His lov'd Sicanion Fountain to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the sea,
Than I will do to enjoy and feast on thee.
Men, out of wisdom; women out of pride,
The pleasants thests of Love do hide.
That may secure thee; but thou hast yet from me
A more infallible security.
For there's no danger I should tell
The Joys, which are to me unspeakable.

Song 167.

THough you doom all to die, who dare adore thee
I'le not refuse a fate so full of glory,
With my arms round your waste grasping my treasure
While others die of pain, I'le die of pleasure.
With my hand straining yours, and fingers clasping
On your neck, and your breast, let me lie gasping,
On your lips while you look languishing on me, (me.
Let me revenge the wrong your eies have done
When from those lips I have suck'd balmy Kisses,
Crown my delight with the best of all blisses,
While with a sigh you cry, when I begin it,
Ah my love, Oh my love, this is the minute.
Not the least truce will I beg from my cruel,
Till with my death I could do the sweet duel,
Then as a miser lies hugging his treasure,
While others die of pain, I'le die of pleasure.

Song 168.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this Robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear,
For thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than winter when 'tis clad in snow.
Tis not the linnen shows so fair,
Her skin shines through and make it bright,

So

So clouds themselves like suns appear,
When the sun pierces them with light.
So Lillies in a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as white as those.
Thou now one heap of Beauty are.
Nought outwards, or within is foul,
Condensed Beams make every part,
The Bodi's clothed like the Soul.
Thy Soul, which does it self display,
Like a Star plac't i'th' milkie way.
Such Robes the Saints departed wear,
Wooven all with light divine,
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with such full glory shine:
But they regard no mortals pain,
Men pray, I fear to both in vain.
Yet seeing thee so gentle pure.
My hopes will needs continue still,
Thou wouldst not take this garment sure
When thou hadst an intent to kill.
Of peace, and yielding, who would doubt,
When the white flag he sees hangs out.

Song 109.

Others may with safety tell,
The moderate flames that in them dwell,
And either find some med'cine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair,
My love's so great that it may prove
Dang'rous to tell her that I love,
So tender is my Wound, it must not bear,
Any salute though of the kindest Air,
I would not have her know the pain,
Or torments I for her sustain,
Lest too much goodness make her throw,
Her love upon a Suit too low,

For-

Forbid it heaven my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
No, let me perish rather with my grief,
Than to her disadvantage find relief,
Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all,
Like covetous men who ne'r descry,
Their dear hid treasure till they die.
Ah fairest maid, how will it chear
My Ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed, for if me thou pitiest, then,
Twenty to one, but I shall live agen.

Song 110.

DO not ask me charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown:
'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of those flowers that crown the spring
'Tis to---- but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.
'Tis at worse but her denying;
Why should I thus fearful be,
Every minute gently flying
Smiles and says make use of me.
What the Sun does to those Roses
While the Beams plays sweetly in,
I would--- but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.
Yet I die, if I conceal it,
Ask my eies, or ask your own,
And if neither dare reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.
On this Bank of Pinks, and Lillies,
Might I speak what I wou'd do,

I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd, I wou'd, Ah wou'd you.

Song 111.

GO soft desires, *Loves* gentle progeny,
And on the heart of charming *Silvia* seize,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only cure of my disease.
But if you miss her breast whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and visit mine no more.

Song 112

I *Lov'd a Lass* a fair one,
As fair as e're was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another *Sheba Queen*.
But Fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.
Her hair like Gold did glister,
Each eye was like a Star,
She did surpass her Sister,
Which past all others far,
She would me honey call,
She'd, oh, she'd kiss me too,
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.
In summer time to *Medley*,
My love and I would go,
The Boatman he stood ready,
My love and I to row,
For Cream there would we call,
For wine and Cheese-cakes too,
But now alas, &c.
Many a merry Meeting,
My Love and I have had,
She was my only sweeting,

She

She made my heart full glad,
The tears ſtood in her eye,
Like to the morning dew,
But now alas, &c.
And when abroad we walked,
As Lovers faſhion is
Out as we ſweetly talked,
The Sun would ſteal a kiſs,
The wind upon her lips,
Likewiſe moſt ſweetly blew,
But now alas, &c.
Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as ſnow,
When ſhe was blith and merry,
She Angel-like did ſhow:
Her waſte exceeding ſmall,
The fives did fit her ſhoe,
But now alas, &c.
In Summer time, or Winter,
She had her hearts deſire
I ſtill did ſcorn to ſtint her,
From ſugar, Sack, or Fire:
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now alas, &c.
As we walkt home together,
At midnight through the Town,
To keep away the weather,
O're her ſide caſt my Gown,
No cold my love could feel,
What e're the Heavens could do,
But now alas, &c.
Like Doves we would be billing,
And clipt and kiſs ſo faſt:
Yet ſhe would be unwilling,
That I ſhould kiſs the laſt,

They'r

They're *Juda*'s Kisses now
Since she hath prov'd untrue,
For now alas, &c.
To Maidens Vows and Swearing,
Henceforth no credit give.
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue,
For mine alas, &c.
If ever Madam, Nature,
For this false Lovers sake,
Another loving creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,
For this alas, &c.
No riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair,
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have lost a world it self,
My Earthly Heaven Adieu,
Since She alas hath left me,
Falero, Iero, loo.

Song 113.

BE not proud, pretty one, for I must love thee,
Thou art fair, but unkind, yet dost thou move me,
Red are the lips, and cheeks like Rosie blushes,
The flame that's from thine eyes, burns me to ashes:
And on thy breast, the place of Loves abiding,
Sits *Cupid* now enthron'd, my pains deriding.

Song 114.

THe Silver Swan, who living had no Note,
Till death approach'd, and lockt her silent throat. Leaning

Leaning her Breast against a reedy shore,
She Sung her first, and last and Sung no more,
Farwel all Joys, oh Death come close my eyes,
More Geese then Swans now live, mo' fools then wise.

Song 115.

CUpid's no God, a wanton Child,
His Arts too weak, his Power's too mild;
No active heat, nor Noble fire,
Feathers his Arrows with desire,
'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis Venus eye
Makes him ador'd, and Crowns his Diety.

Song 116.

My Lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that that troubles me most, is
The unkindness of my Dear,
Yet still I cry, O turn love,
And I prethe Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack what remedy.

I'le crown the with a Garland of Straw then,
And I'le marry the with a Rush Ring,
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will Sing,
Oh turn to me my Dear love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canst,
Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pittiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone,
Yet still I cry oh turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery.

Song

Song 117.

AMong rose-buds slept a Bee,
Wak'd by love who could not see
His soft finger that was stung.
Then away poor *Cupid* flung,
First he run then flew about,
And to *Venus* thus cry'd out:
Help mother, help, oh I'm undone,
A Scorpion hath stung your Son,
'Twas a Serpent it could flie,
For't had wings as well as I:
Country swains call this a Bee,
But oh this hath murthered me.
Son, said *Venus* if the sting,
Of a Flie such torment bring,
Think, oh think on all those hearts
Pierced by thy burning Darts.

Song 118.

HE deserved much better than so,
In the thick woods to be lost,
Where the Nuttrees grew so low,
As if they had been nipt with Frost,
Oh whither, whither my love doest thou go?

Song 119.

ABout the sweet bag of a Bee,
Two *Cupids fell at odds*:
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vow'd to ask the Gods:
Which *Venus* hearing hither came,
And for their boldness strip them,
And taking thence from each his flame,
With Rods of Myrtle whipt them;
Which done to still their wanton cryes,
And quiet grown she had seen them.
She kist and dry'd their Dove like eyes,
And gave the bag between them,

Song

Song 110

See, See,
Chloris, my *Chloris*, comes in yonder bark.
Blow gentle winds, for if we sink that Ark,
You'l drown the world with tears, and at one breath,
Give to us all an universal Death:
Hark, hark, how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays,
To my sweet Sheperdess his roundelay:
See how the *Syrens* flock to wait upon her,
As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honour,
Behold great *Neptunes* risen from the deep,
With all his Tritons, and begins to sweep
The rugged waves into a smoother form,
Not leaving one small wrincle of a storm,
Mark how the winds stand still and on her gaze,
See how her beauty doth the fish amaze! (ther,
The Whales have beg'd this boon of wind and wea-
That on their backs they may convey her thither.
And see she lands just like the rising Sun,
That leaves the briny lake when night is done,
Fly, fly, *Amintor* to thy envi'd bliss,
And let not th'earth rob thee of her greeting Kiss

Song 125

Alas poor *Cupid art* thou blind?
Canst not thy Bow and *Arrow* find?
Thy mother sure the wanton plays,
And lays them up for Holydays.
Then *Cupid* mark how kind I'le be,
Because thou once wert so to me:
I'le arm the with such powerful darts,
Shall make the once more God of Hearts.
My *Chloris* arms shall be thy Bow.
Which none but love can bend you know:
Her precious hairs shall make the string,
Which of themselues wound every thing.

Then

Then take but Arrows from her eyes,
And all you shoot at surely dies,

Song 122.

BRing back my comfort and return;
For well thou know'ſt that I, that I,
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die;
Return, return, insult no more,
Return, return, and me restore,
To those sequestred joys I had before.

Song 123.

I Love thee for thy fickleness,
And great inconstancy;
For hadst thou been a constant Lass,
Then thou hadst ne'r loved me,
I love thee for thy wantonness,
And for thy Drollery,
For if thou hadst not lov'd to sport,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.
I love thee for thy Poverty,
And for thy want of Coin,
For if thou hadst been worth a Groat,
Then thou hadst ne'r been mine.
I love thee for thy Ugliness,
And for thy foolery;
For if thou hadst been fair or wise,
Then thou hadst ne're lov'd me.
Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my money,
I'le part with all the Wealth I have,
T'enjoy a Lass so bonny.

Song 124.

THy love is chaste, they tell thee so,
But how young Souldier, shalt thou know?
Do by her,
As by thy Sword,

Take

Take no friends word,
But try her;
Twill raise her honour one step higher,
Fame has her tryal at loves Bar,
Defy'd Venus from a Star,
Shoots her Lustre;
She had never been Goddess't,
If Mars had been modest,
Try and trust her,

Song 125.

DRink to me Boy,
Here's to the Boy,
A Health to our Master,
A Nobler never obey'd I;
Couple him with my Lady,
Ne're man had a caster;
Match the Vice-Roy as even,
With his Royal Creator,
To the King, Bless him Heav'n,
And a Pox take the Traytor.

Song 126.

A Dialogue between the Evening and a Boy.

Evening I Am the Evening dark as night,
Jack With the lanthorn. bring a light,
Jack Whither? Whither? Whither?
Evening Hither; hither; Hither;
Jack Thou art some prating eccho of my making,
Evening Thou art a foolish fire by thy mistaking,
I am the Evening that creates thee,
Jack My lanthorn and my candle waits thee,
Evening Those Flajolets which we hear play,
Are Reapers who have lost their way,
They play, they Sing, they Dance a round,
Lead them up, here's Fairy ground,

Chorus

Chorus

Let the men ware the Ditches,
Maids look to your britches:
We'l scratch them with briars and thistles
When the Flajolets cry
We are a dry,
Pond-water shall wet their whistles.

Song 127.

THis is not the *Elyzian* Grove,
Nor can I meet my slaughter'd Love
Within these shades come death and be
At last as merciful to me,
As my dearest dear loves fall,
Thou shewdst thy self Tyrannical.
Then did I dye when he was slain,
But kill me now I live again:
And shall go meet him in a Grove,
Fairer then any here above.
Oh let this woful life expire,
Why should I wish *Evadne's* fire,
Sad *Portia's* Doals, or *Lucrece* Knife,
to rid me of a loathsom life.
'Tis shame enough, that grief alone,
Kill me not now, when thou art gone,
But life since thou art flow to go,
I'le punish the for lasting so,
And make the piece-meal every day,
Dissolve to tears and melt away.

Song 128

CHloris when e're you do intend,
To venture at a bosom friend,
Besure you know your servant well,
Before your liberty you sell,
For *Love's* a Favour in young or old:
Is some times hot and some times cold,

And

And men you know when e're they please
Can soon be sick of this disease:
Then wisely chuse a friend that may
Last for an age, not for a day,
That loves the not for lip or eye,
But for a mutual Sympathy:
To such a Friend thy heart engage,
For he will court the in old age;
And kiss thy hollow wrinckled brow,
With as much joy as he does now.

Song 129.

THe Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain, and I,
The Gunner and his Mate,
Love *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marina*, and *Margery*.
But none of us car'd for *Kate*:
For she has a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Saylor go hang.
She lov'd not the savour of Tar, nor of Pitch,
Yet a Saylor might scratch her where e're she did itch
Then to Sea boys, and let her go hang.

Song 130.

BRight *Aurelia*, I do owe,
All the Woe,
I can know,
To those glorious looks alone,
Though you are unrelenting stone:
The quick lightening from your eyes,
Did sacrifice,
My unwise,
My unweary harmless heart,
And now you glory in my smart,
How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Next with what your self may burn
Your scorns to tinder did it turn.

The

The least spark now love can call,
That does fall;
On the small
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Song 131.

Beauty and love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other;
Quoth love I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother;
Thou hast no power on men at all,
But what I gave to thee,
Nor art thou longer fair or sweet,
Than men acknowledge me.
Away fond Boy then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes and can,
My graces better find;
'Twas I begat thee, mortals know,
And call'd the blind desire.
I made thee Arrows and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire.
Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn
To punish this proud Maid,
So Beauty ever since had been,
But Courted for an hour,
To love a day, is now a sin,
'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

Song 132.

Bright est, Since your pitying eye,
Saves whom it once condemn'd to die:
Whom lingring time did long dismay,
You have relieved in this short day,

Promi-

Propitious Gods themselves can do no more,
Slow to destroy, but active to restore.
From your fair, but absent look,
Cold Death her pale Artillery took,
Till gentle Love that Dart supprest,
And lodg'd a milder in your breast:
Like fam'd *Achilles* mistick Spear, thus you,
Both scatter Wounds, and scatter Balsom too.

Song 133.

LOve and Wenches are toys,
And at best but vain joys,
Fit to please beardless Boys,
That sigh and pule till they are weary:
When they visit their Mistress,
And boast of their Kisses,
I'll not envy their Blisses,
While Virtue consists in Canary.

Song 134.

DIsputes daily arise, and errours grow bolder,
Philosophers prattle, and so does the Sister.
The more we should know them by being the older,
But plainly 't appears there's no body wiser:
He that spends what he has, and wisely drinks all,
'Tis he is the Man Ma-che-ma-ti-cal.

Song 135.

WHere the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslip Bed I lie:
There I crouch when Owls do cry,
On the Bats back I do fly,
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Song 136.

WHo is *Sylvia*? what is she?
That all our Swains commend her:
Holy, fair, and wise, is she,

That Heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be,
Is she kind, as she is fair?
For Beauty lives with kindness,
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being help'd inhabits there;
Then to *Sylvia* let us sing,
That *Sylvia* is excelling,
She surmounts each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let us Garlands bring.

A drinking Catch, or Song 178.

HE that will look for a Swallows nest,
A Swallows nest, a Swallows nest,
Must look in the Chimney high;
And he that would look for a mimmikin Lass,
And trimmikin Lass, and a finnikin Lass,
Must chuse her by her black eye;
And he that will fish for Frogs,
Must fish all in this Well;
And all those,
That will fuddle their nose,
That will fuddle their nose,
Must come where good Ale's to sell.

Song 138.

YOu spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedge-hogs be not seen;
Newts and Blind-worms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomele with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

Weaving Spiders come not here;
Hence you long-legg'd Spiders hence,
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor Snail do no offence.
Philemele with melody, &c.
Hence away now all is well,
One aloof ſtand Sentinel.

Song 139.

TEll me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot? How nourished?
It is begendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell;
Ding, Dong, Bell, Ding, Dong, Bell.

Song 140.

YOu that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true;
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs;
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiſs.

Song 141.

UNder the Green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry Note,
Unto the ſweet Birds throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee
No Enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.
Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to live i'th' Sun,

Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here you shall see
No Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Song 142.

WHat shall he have that kill'd the Deer?
His Leather-skin and Horns to wear:
Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn (then,
To wear the Horn,
It was a Creft e're thou wast born,
Thy Fathers Father wore it,
And thy Father bore it,
The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,
It is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Song 143.

WEdding is great Juno's Crown.
O blessed Bond of Board and Bed;
'Tis *Hymen* peoples every Town,
High Wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high Honour and Renown,
To *Hymen*, God of every Town.

Song 144.

A Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill,
Broil her hot, burn her not,
Turn the Tripe Gill,
For a Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill.

Song 145.

HOw long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long like the Turtle-Dove
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my love stand still?
Shall the grists of my hope be unground?

Oh

Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round,
Think me ſtill
In my Fathers Mill,
Where I have oft been found-a;
Thrown on my back,
On a well-fill'd Sack,
While the Mill has ſtill gone round-a.
Prethee, Sirrah, try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round-a.
The young one, the old one,
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er ſo unſound-a,
The Jew and the Turk
Have leave for to work,
The whilſt that the Mill goes round-a.

Song 2d.

TAke her, and hug her,
Then turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again Boy, again;
Then if ſhe mumble,
Or if her tail grumble,
Kiſs her amain, Boy, amain;
Do thy endeavor,
To take off her Feaver,
Then her Diſeaſe no longer will reign;
If nothing will ſerve her,
Then thus to preſerve her,
Swinge her amain, Boy, amain;
Give her warm Jelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day ſwinge her again:
If ſhe ſtands all theſe pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her diſeaſe no longer will raign.

Song 147.

COme fill with wine this lusty bowl,
'Twill scatter sorrows from my soul,
'Twill stifle Care that inward foe,
'Tis the *Antipodes* to woe,
'Twill rescue old age from the grave,
'Twill make a Freeman of a Slave.
'Twill vigour and ripe fancy bring,
'Twill hoise a Beggar to a King.
Lo how it glows and sparkles there,
Brighter than a spangled spear;
And how it bubbles from the deep,
Leaping to surprize my lip,
Rich Juice, since thou dost court my taste,
I'll meet a kiss with equal haste.
Go then, go mingle with thy blood,
Thus swallow I thy wealthy flood,
'Tis vanisht, and I see the shore,
Not wafted thither by an Oar;
Oh fill't again, and fill it high,
Oh let me be but drunk, and die.
Seas heapt on Seas cannot asswage
This eager thirst, this violent rage;
Were half the Globe fill'd to the top,
I'd drink't, and eat the Earth for sop;
But hah, by all the Gods I reel,
My Brain is Traytor to my Will,
My Vitals stop, my Spirits sink,
Come then I'll sleep, and dream of drink.
Cho. *We that* Bacchus *do adore,*
Envy not the Misers store;
Nor the charms, nor sweets of love,
Nor the states of Gods above.

Song 148.

'Tis late and cold, stir up the fire,
Sit close and draw the Table nigher;

Be

Be merry, and drink Wine that's old,
A hearty Medicine 'gainſt a Cold:
Your Beds of wanton Down the beſt,
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt;
I could wiſh you Wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do:
Call for the beſt, the Houſe may ring,
Sack, White, and Claret let them bring,
And drink apace while breath you have,
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, Partridge for your Dinner,
And a Capon for the ſinner,
You ſhall find ready when you are up,
And your Horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome, welcome are you all,
From Maſter high to Servant ſmall.

Song 149.

COme let us be friends, and moſt friendly agree,
For the Pimp, the Punk, & the doctor are three
Which cannot but thrive when united they be.
The Pimp brings in cuſtom, the Punk ſhe gets treaſure,
Of which the Phyſician is ſure of his meaſure,
For work wch ſhe makes him in ſale of her pleaſure,
For which when ſhe fails by Diſeaſes and pain,
The Doctor new Vamps, and Upſets her again.

Song 150.

FEar not (Dear Love) that I'll reveal
Thoſe hours of pleaſure we two ſteal;
No eye ſhall ſee, nor yet the Sun
Deſcry what thou and I have done;
No ear ſhall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be.
The God of Love himſelf (whoſe Dart
Did firſt wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell
What ſweets in ſtoln Embraces dwell.

This only means may find it out,
If when I die Physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view,
Of all their Judgments, which was true:
Rise up my heart, Oh then I fear
The World will set thy Picture there.

Song 151.

ARm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks close, and now your Honors win;
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, Swords, Pikes, and Spears.
Like a dark Wood he comes, or tempest pouring,
O view the wings of Horse the Meadows scouring:
The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums
Dub-dub.
They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes,
See how the Arrows fly,
That darken all the Skie,
Hark how the Trumpets sound,
Hark how the Hills rebound—Tara—tara—tara.
Hark how the Horses charge, in-boys, in-boys, in
Tara—tara.
The Battel totters; Now the wounds begin,
O how they cry, O how they die;
Room for the valiant *Memnon* arm'd with thunder,
See how he breaks the Ranks asunder;
They flie, they flie, *Eumenes* has the Chase,
And brave *Polibius* makes good his place:
To the Plains, to the Woods,
To the Rocks, to the Floods,
They flie for succour, follow, follow, follow, Hey,
Hark how the Soldiers hollow, Hey,
Brave *Diocles* is dead,
And all his Soldiers fled,
The Battel's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

Song

Song 134.

A Curſe upon thee for a Slave,
Art thou here, and heard'ſt me rave?
Flie not ſparkles from mine eye,
To ſhew mine indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam and fire,
With a voice as hoarſe as a Town-Cryer?
How my Back opes and ſhuts together,
With fury, as old mens with weather!
Couldſt not thou hear my Teeth knack hither?
Thou naſty, ſcurvy, mungril Toad,
Miſchief on thee, light upon thee,
All the plagues that can confound thee,
Or did ever raign abroad:
Better a thouſand lives it coſt;
Than have brave Anger ſpilt or loſt.

Song 134.

PEace and Silence be the Guide
To the Man, and to the Bride:
If there be a Joy yet new
In Marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder;
If we ſhould ſtay, we ſhould do worſe,
And turn our bleſſings to a curſe,
By keeping you aſunder.

Song 134.

JO Hymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen,
Was wont to be ſtill the old Song
At high Nuptial Feaſts,
Where the merry merry Gueſts
With joy and good wiſhes did throng:
But to this new Wedding new Notes do I bring,
To rail at thee Hymen, while ſadly I ſing.
Fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen,
What hands and what hearts doſt thou knit?

A Widow that's poor,
And a very very Whore,
To an Heir that wants nothing but wit;
Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy answer is made,
When his means are spent, they may live by their Trade.

Song 155.

GIve me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid or the frozen Zone,
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate afford me none;
Either extream of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.
Give me a storm: If it be love,
Like *Danae* in a golden shore,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My Vulture hopes; and he's possest
Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releast:
Then crown my Joys, or cure my pain,
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Song 156.

TEll me prethee, faithless Swain,
Tell me prethee, faithless Swain,
Why you did such passion feign,
On purpose to deceive me,
I no sooner lov'd again,
But you again do leave me.
Phillis we must blame our fate,
Phillis we must blame our fate,
Kindness bears a certain date,
And e're those Joys we tasted,
You in peevishness and state,
The time had almost wasted.
'Twas my love did yours destroy,
'Twas my love did yours destroy,
Strephon had I still been coy,

I know

I know you ſtill would prize me:
Think or dream you do enjoy,
And then you'll not deſpiſe me.
Love like other native fires,
Love like other native fires,
Leaves what's burnt, and ſtraight deſires
Freſh Objects to be chuſing,
Repetition always tires,
And all's the worſe for uſing.
Once again thy love purſue,
Once again thy love purſue,
And my ſcorns I will renew,
But paſſion doth ſo ſway me,
That ſhould I my ſighs ſubdue,
My tears would ſoon betray me.
Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
Nymph, your beauty ſoon will gain
A more deſerving Lover;
Slaves that once have broke their chain,
You hardly can recover.

Song 157.

TEll me no more you love, in vain,
Fair *Celia*, you this paſſion feign:
Can thoſe pretend to love, that do
Refuſe what love perſwades unto?
Who once have felt his active flame,
Dull Laws of Honour do diſdain:
You would be thought his ſlave, and yet
You will not to his power ſubmit.
More cruel than thoſe Beauties are,
Whoſe coyneſs wounds us with deſpair,
For all the kindneſs which you ſhow,
Each ſmile and kiſs which you beſtow,
Are like thoſe Cordials which we give,
To dying men to make them live,

And

And languiſh out an hour;
Be kinder *Celia*, or diſdain.

Song 158.

HOw happy art thou and I,
That never knew how to love?
There's no ſuch bleſſings here beneath,
Whate'er there is above:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
That every wiſe man loves.
Out, out upon thoſe Eyes
That think to murther me;
And he's an Aſs that thinks her fair,
That is not kind and free.
There's nothing ſweet, there's nothing ſweet
To man, but liberty.
I'll tie my heart to none,
Nor yet confine my eyes;
But I will play my Game ſo well,
I'll never want a Prize:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
Has made me now ſo wiſe.

Song 159.

WHy ſhould only man be ty'd
To a fooliſh female thing,
When all Creatures elſe beſide,
Birds and Beaſts change every Spring?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?
Why ſhould I my ſelf confine
To the limits of one place,
When I have all *Europe* mine,
Where I liſt to run my race?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?
Would you think him wiſe, that now
Still one ſort of Meat doth eat,

When

When both Sea and Land allow
Sundry sorts of other Meat?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?
Ere old *Saturn* chang'd his Throne,
Freedom raign'd and banish'd Strife;
Where was he that knew his own,
Or who call'd a woman wife?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?
Ten times happier were these men
That enjoy'd those golden days;
Until time's redress agen,
I will never *Hymen* praise.
Who is it would to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Song 160.

LOve's Empire as the World is wide,
All living Creatures Lovers be,
And those which have no life beside,
Love by a secret Sympathy.
Nay, Gods themselves who limit Destiny,
To Love's almighty Scepter subject be.
Under gilt Roofs, in humble Cells,
In Deserts, and in Princes Courts,
This uncontrouled Power dwells,
Love unto every place resorts;
And all the world under his yoke does faint,
But he's a Monarch that brooks no restraint.

Song 161.

OH *Cloris*, would the Gods allow
We e'er might love, as we love now!
What greater Joys hath Earth in store,
Or Heav'n it self, to give us more?
For nothing sure so sweet can prove,
As pleasures of beginning Love.

But

But Love when to its heighth arriv'd,
Of all our Joys is ſhorteſt liv'd;
Its morning paſt, its ſets ſo ſoon,
That none can find the afternoon,
And of that little time is ſent,
Half in unkindneſs is miſ-ſpent.
Since Fate to love ſuch ſhort life gives,
And love ſo tender whilſt it lives,
Let us remove main fears away,
So to prevent it's firſt decay;
For love like blood let out before,
Will loſe its power, and cure no more.

Song 162.

NO, no, thou all of red and white,
Thou haſt not yet undone me quite;
For I have loſt but half my heart,
Yet I confeſs the wound doth ſmart;
Then pretty thief, oh ſteal no more,
But let me keep one part in ſtore.
Sure half's too much for thee of mine,
Unleſs I had ſome ſhare in thine.
Though thou art fair, and though thou'rt young,
And though thou haſt a pretty tongue,
And every word that thou doſt ſay,
Might lead a Princes heart aſtray;
Yet all thoſe traps will ne'er catch me,
I muſt have kinder ſnares from thee.
'Las thou ſhalt ſee I can retreat,
And not lie conquer'd at thy feet.
'Tis true, if I did keep the field,
At length I muſt be forc'd to yield;
Not like a Coward will I fly,
Nor like a fool will ſtay and die;
With half my heart I'll march away,
Then t'other part not long will ſtay;

A heart

A heart divided knows no power,
Nor will submit above an hour:
Reproach me not, though heretofore
I only freedom did adore,
And brag that none though kind as fair,
The loss of it could half repair.
Since I now willingly do yield:
To *Chloris* beauty, all the field,
With greater joys I do resign
My freedom, though thou e'er keep'st thine,
And am resolv'd constant to prove,
Should her neglect transcend my love.
Strange charms they are which make me burn,
Without the hopes of a return.
To see, and not to be in love,
A wonder like her self would prove,
Whose charms by Nature, and by Art,
Do each of them deserve a heart.
For which my sorrows are not small,
I have but one to pay them all.
I must confess a while I strove
With reason, to resist my love.
All Saints sometimes 'gainst death do pray,
Though it be to Heaven their only way.
'Tis only *Chloris* hath the skill,
To make me blest against my will.
Nor will I so much as endure,
To think Inconstancy a Cure;
For were I to that sin so bent,
It sure would prove my punishment.
Her to adore I must confess
Is better, than elsewhere success.

Song 163.

WAke, all ye dead, what Ho, what Ho,
How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low:

They

They mind not poor Lovers that walk above
On the Decks of the world in the storms of Love;
No whisper now, nor glance can pass
Through wicket, or through panes of glass:
For our Windows and Doors are shut and barr'd,
Lie close in the Church, and in the Church yard.
In every Grave make room, make room,
For the world's at an end, and we come, we come.
The State is now, Loves foe, Loves foe,
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bowe.
Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet:
But oh sad chance, his Judge was old,
Hearts cruel grow when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his Process would draw.
Oh Heavens that Love should be subject to Law!
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead,
Lie two in a Grave, and to bed, to bed.

Song 164.

IN faith 'tis true, I am in love,
'Tis your black eyes have made me so;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrow.
The glowing Char-coals set on fire,
A Heart that former flames did shun,
Who as Heretick unto desire,
Now's judg'd to suffer Martyrdom.
But Beauty since it is thy fate
At distance thus to wound so sure;
Thy Virtues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a Cure.
Then farewel Mistress, farewel Love,
Those lately entertain'd Desires:
Wise men can from that Plague remove;
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel fires,
If ever I my heart acquit

Of

Of theſe dull Flames, I'll bid a Pox
On all black eyes, and ſwear they're fit
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

Song 165.

I Happy few, and faithful lov'd,
Which I ſhall ever, ever do,
Not to be conſtant call'd and prov'd,
For that I am compell'd unto;
For ſhe that in her love does think of fame,
Loves not for the right end, but for a name.
Compell'd to love by parts divine,
I follow them whom Angels tend;
Then tell me, can my love decline,
Whoſe loweſt objects does aſcend;
No, I muſt love him, and will prove it then,
She's the beſt woman loves the beſt of men.

Song 166.

OUr Ruler hath got the *Vertigo* of State,
The world turns round in his politick Pate,
He ſteers in a Sea where his Courſe cannot laſt,
And bears too much Sail for the ſtrength of his Maſt.
Let him plot all he can,
Like a politick man,
Yet Love though a Child may fit him:
The ſmall Archer though blind,
Such an Arrow will find.
As with an old trick ſhall hit him.
Sure *Angelo* knows Loves party is ſtrong.
Love melts like ſoft-Wax the heart of the young;
And none are ſo old but they think of the taſte,
And weep with remembrance of kindneſſes paſt.
Let him plot all, &c.
Love in the fooliſh is held a mad Fit,
And madneſs in fools is reckon'd for Wit:
The wiſe value Love, as fools Wiſdom prize,
Which when they cannot gain, they ſeem to deſpiſe.
Let him plot all, &c.

Cold

Cold Cowards all peril of anger ſhun,
To dangers of love they leap when they run;
The Valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
When he led 'em a dance from *Greece* to *Troy*.
Let him, &c.

Song 167.

FOnd Love, what doſt thou mean
To court an idle Folly?
Platonick love is nothing elſe,
But meerly melancholy,
'Tis active love that makes us jolly.
To dote upon a face,
Or court a ſparkling eye,
Or to eſteem a dimpled chin,
Compleat felicity,
'Tis to betray your liberty.
Then pray be not ſo fond,
Think you that women can
Reſt ſatisfi'd with Compliments,
The froathy part of man?
No, no, they hate a Puritan.
They care not for your ſighs,
Nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a man complain,
Alas he dies, he dies,
Believe't they love a cloſer prize.
Then venter to embrace,
'Tis but a ſmack or two;
I'm confident no woman lives,
But ſometimes ſhe will do,
The fault lies not in her, but you.

Song 168.

SIlly heart forbear,
Thoſe are murdering eyes,
In the which I ſwear
Cupid lurking lies.
See his Quiver, ſee his Bowe too, ſee his Dart,
Fly O flie! O flie! thou fooliſh heart.

Song

Song 169.

POor *Artaxander* long hath woo'd
Fair *Celia*, but in vain,
For she on terms of Honour stood,
Though never no disdain.
His kind Addresses as a charm,
Sometimes she'd entertain,
With soft Embraces close and warm,
Yet streight grow cold again.

Song 170.

THou Deity, swift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power,
Thou that mak'st thy heart a Tower,
And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise,
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver,
Stick fast in my ambitious Liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more.

Song 171.

O *Cupid*, turn away thy Bowe,
Thy power we Maids both feel and know:
Fair *Cupid*, turn away thy Bowe,
They be those golden Arrows,
Brings Ladies all their sorrows,
And till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at Maids agen.

Song 172.

FAin would I wake thee, Sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse chear;
In your Dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than Musick, no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasures makes a Childe:

Your

Your Day-delights ſo well compact,
That what you think turns all to act,
I'd wiſh my ſelf no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake, part ſoftly from your Dreams,
The morning flies,
To your fair eyes,
To take her ſpecial beams.

Song 173.

LEt the Bells ring,
And the Boys ſing,
The young Laſſes trip and play,
Let the Cups go round,
Till round goes the round,
Our learned Vicar we'll ſtay.
Let the Pig turn merrily hey,
And let the fat Gooſe ſwim,
For verily, verily hey,
Our Vicar this day ſhall be trim:
The ſtew'd Cock ſhall crow,—Cock-a-doodle-doo,
A loud Cock-a-doodle ſhall crow,
The Duck and the Drake,
Shall ſwim in a Lake
Of Onions and Claret below.
Our Wives ſhall be neat
To bring in our meat,
To thee our noble Adviſer,
Our pains ſhall be great,
And our Potties ſhall ſweat,
And we our ſelves ſhall be wiſer.
We'll labour and ſwink,
We'll kiſs, and we'll drink,
And Tithes ſhall come thicker and thicker,
We'll fall to the plough,
And get Children enough,
And thou ſhalt be learned O Vicar.

Song

Song 174.

HE that a Tinker, a Tinker will be,
Let him leave other loves, and come listen to me;
Though he travels all the day,
Yet he comes home still at night,
And dallies with his Doxie,
And dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toast in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good Musick he makes;
He wanders up and down to Wakes and to Faers,
And cast up his Cap at the Court, and its cares;
When to the Town the Tinker doth come,
Oh how the wanton Wenches do run!

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to stop up their holes:
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skellet, and the Scummer,
Come bring me the Copper Kettle
For the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker,
Oh he is the man of Mettle.

Song 175.

A Silly poor Shepherd was folding his Sheep,
He walked so long he got cold in his feet;
He laid on his Coals by two and by three,
But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Alas, good Wife, what shall we do now?
To buy us more Fuel we'll sell the brown Cow:
To buy us more Coals to warm thee and me,
But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Some Shepherds, said she, themselves can warm
By feeding their flock, & folding their sheep, (keep
But when thou com'st home with thy Tar-box and Crook,
Oh how it grieves me, how Cuc-cold thou dost look.

Alas good Wife, I walk through dew, dirt & mire,
Whilst thou perhaps warm'st thy self without fire,
With a Friend in a corner, in such sort as whereby
The warmer thou art, the Cuc-colder am I.

Song

Song 167.

NOw, that the Spring hath fill'd our veins
With quick and active fire,
And made green Liv'ries o'er the Plains,
And every Grove a Quire;
Sing we this Song with mirth and glee,
And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
And here's to thee,
And thou to me,
And every thirsty soul.
Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
But see that no man 'scape,
To take off the Sherry,
That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty Grape.

Song 177.

PIsh, modest Sipper, to't again,
My sweetest Joy,
The Wine's not coy,
As Women are,
My dearest Puling, prethee then,
Prethee my fair,
Once more bedew those Lips of thine.
Mend thy draught, and mend the Wine,
Since it hath tasted of thy Lip.
(Too quickly cloyd)
How over-joyd
It cheerfully
Invites thee to another sip;
Methinks I see
The Wine perfum'd by thee, my Fair,
Bacchus himself is dabling there.
Once more, dear soul, nay prethee try,
Bath that Cherry,
In the Sherry,
The jocund Wine,

Which

Which sweetly smiles and courts thy eye,
As more Divine:
Though thou take none to drink to me,
Takes pleasure to be drank by thee;
Nay, my Fair, off with't, off with it clean,
Well I perceive,
Why this you leave,
My love reveals,
And makes me guess what 'tis you mean,
Because at Meals
My lips are kept from kissing thee,
Thou needs wilt kiss the Glass to me.

Song 178.

THe *Spaniard* loves his ancient step,
A *Lombard* the *Venetian*,
And some like breechless women go,
The *Russ*, *Turk*, *Jew*, and *Grecian*.
The thrifty *French-man* wears small waste,
The *Dutch* his belly boasteth;
The *English-man* is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.
The *Turk* in linnen wraps his head,
The *Persian* his in Lawn too;
The *Russ* with Sable furs his Cap,
And change will not be drawn to.
The *Spaniard* constant to his Black,
The *French* inconstant ever;
But of all Felts that may be felt,
Give me the *English* Bever.
The *German* loves his Coney-wool,
The *Irish-man* his Shag too;
The *Welsh* his *Monmouth* loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too.
Some loves the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things;
But oh our liquorish *English-man*,
He loves to deal in all things.

The

The *Ruſs* drinks *Quaſs*; *Dutch*, *Lubeck* Beer,
And that is ſtrong and mighty;
The *Britain* he *Methegl'in* quaffs,
The *Iriſh*, *Aqua vita*.
The *French* affects the *Orleans* Grape,
The *Spaniard* ſips his Sherry,
The *Engliſh* none of theſe can ſcape,
But he with all makes merry.
The *Italian* in her high *Chopes*,
Scotch Laſs, and lovely Vrouw too,
The Spaniſh *Donna*, French *Madam*,
He doth not fear to go to.
Nothing ſo full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the Center;
No Health, no Faſhion, Wine nor Wench,
On which he will not venter.

Song 179.

FRom the fair *Levinian* ſhore,
I your Markets came to ſtore;
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell,
And my Wares come here to ſell;
Such is the ſacred hunger of Gold,
Then come to my Pack,
Where I cry,
What do you lack,
What do you buy?
For here it is to be ſold.
You whoſe birth and breeding baſe,
Are rank'd into a nobler Race,
And whoſe Parents heretofore
Neither Arms, nor Scutcheons bore,
Firſt let me have but a touch of your Gold,
Then come to me Lad,
You ſhall have
What your Dad
Never gave,
For here it is to be ſold.

Madam,

Madam, for your wrinkled face,
Here's Complexion it to grace,
Which, if your earneſt be but ſmall,
It takes away the virtue all.
But if your Palms are anointed with Gold,
Then you ſhall ſeem
Like a Queen
Of fifteen,
Though you are threeſcore years old.

Song 180.

WHen Daſies py'd, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;
And Lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the Meadows with delight,
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
Unpleaſant to a married ear.
When Shepherds pipe on Oaten ſtraws,
And merry Larks are Plough-mens Clocks,
When Turtles tread, and Rooks, and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks,
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

Song 181.

AFter the pangs of a deſperate Lover,
When day and night I have ſigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a pleaſure it is to diſcover
In her eyes pity, who cauſes my pain!
Chorus. *Ah what*, &c.
When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venter!
Ah what a trembling does uſher my Joy!
Chor. *Ah what*, &c.

When with unkindneſs our Love at a ſtand is,
And both have puniſh'd our ſelves with the pain,
Ah what a pleaſure the touch of her hand is!
Ah what a pleaſure to preſs it again!
Chor. *Ah what*, &c.
When with a ſigh ſhe accords me the bleſſing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleaſure and pain,
Ah what a Joy! Oh beyond all expreſſing!
Ah what a Joy to hear it again!
Chor. *Ah what*, &c.
When with delight we have ſurfeit our ſenſes,
And like a Deer that retires from the Chace,
Ah what a thouſand of pretty pretences,
Doth ſhe uſe to be brought to a ſecond Embrace!
Chor. *Ah what*, &c.

Song 182.

CAlm was the Evening, and clear was the Sky,
And new budding Flowers did ſpring,
When all alone went *Amintas* and I
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing.
I ſate, and he laid him down by me,
And ſcarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear,
He began to come near,
He was daſht with a ah, ah, ah.
He bluſht to himſelf, and lay ſtill for a while,
And his modeſty curb'd his deſire;
But ſtreight I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire.
Ah *Sylvia*, ſaid he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe:
Then once more he preſt
With his hands to my breſt,
But was daſht with a ah, ah, ah.
I knew 'twas his paſſions that caus'd all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his caſe;

I whil-

I whisper'd him softly, There's no body near,
And laid my cheek close to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw,
And just as our bliss
Began with a kiss,
He burst out with a ha, ha, ha, ha.
I bade him be quiet for fear of the Swain,
And follow me down to the Grove,
Where we crope in a Cave, and we chatter'd again,
The dangers that prosecute Love.
He plaid with my pretty white shooe-strings,
My legs he did tickle and claw:
But do what I cou'd,
Yet he forced my blood,
And I squeck't with a ha, ha, ha, ha.
The small of my leg he did prettily praise,
And my calf that so roundly did rise;
I wink'd and I frown'd at his foolish delays,
Which made him skip up to my thighs.
He plaid with my soft panting belly,
I bade to his fingers no law;
But when he did touch
What he loved so much,
He burst out with a ha, ha, ha.

Song 183.

WHen Icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears Log into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen home in Pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring Owl;
To-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
While greasie *Joan* doth keel the Pot.
When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parsons saw,

And Birds sits brooking in the Snow,
And *Marrians* Nose looks red and raw;
When toasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
While greasie *Jone* doth keel the Pot.

Song 184.

TAke, oh take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Song 185.

SIgh no more, Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey Nonny, nonny.
Sing no more Ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since Summers first was leavy:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey Nonny, nonny.

Song 186.

A Maid, I dare not tell her name,
For fear I should disgrace her,

Tempted

Tempted a young man for to come
One night, and to embrace her;
But at the door he made a ſtop,
He made a ſtop, he made a ſtop,
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring ſaid,
The Latch pull up, the Latch pull up.

This young man hearing of her words,
Pull'd up the Latch and enter'd;
And in the place unfortunately,
To her Mothers Bed he venter'd.
But the poor Maid was ſore afraid,
And almoſt dead, and almoſt dead,
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring ſaid,
The Truckle-bed, the Truckle-bed.

Unto the Truckle-bed he went,
But as the Youth was going,
Th'unlucky Cradle ſtood in's way,
And almoſt ſpoil'd his wooing;
When after that, the Maid he ſpy'd,
The Maid he ſpy'd, the Maid he ſpy'd,
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring ſaid,
The other ſide, the other ſide.

Unto the other ſide he went,
To ſhew the love he meant her,
Pull'd off his Clothes couragiouſly,
And falls to th' work he was ſent for:
But the poor Maid made no reply,
Made no reply, made no reply,
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring ſaid,
A little too high, a little too high.

This luſty Lover was half aſham'd
Of her gentle admonition,
He thought to charge her home as well,
As any Girl could wiſh him;
O now my Love, I'm right I know,
I'm right I know, I'm right I know,

But she lay still, and snoring said,
A little too low, a little too low.
Though by mistakes at length this youth
His business so well tended,
He hot the mark so cunningly,
He defi'd the World to mend it;
O now, my Love, I'm right I swear,
I'm right I swear, I'm right I swear,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
O there, O there, O there, O there.

Song 187.

I Can love for an hour, when I'am at leasure,
He that loves half a day sins without measure:
Cupid come tell me, what art had thy Mother,
To make me love one face more than another.
Men to be thought more wise, daily endeavor,
To make the World believe they can love ever.
Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,
For when they have their wills, then they will leave you. (tures,
Men cannot feast themselves with your sweet fea-
They love variety of charming creatures;
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can nothing do, they will be fooling.

Song 188.

Tom and *Will* were Shepherds Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together;
When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
Alas! why came she thither?
For though they fed two several Flocks,
They had but one desire,
Pastora's Eyes, and Amber Locks,
Set both their hearts on fire.
Tom came of honest gentle Race,
By Father, and by Mother;
Will was noble, but alas,
He was a younger Brother.

Tom

Tom was toylom, *Will* was ſad,
No Huntſman, nor no Fowler;
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.
Tom would drink her Health, and ſwear
The Nation could not want her;
Will could take her by the ear,
And with his voice enchant her.
Tom kept always in her ſight,
And ne'er forgat his duty:
Will was witty, and could write
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
Thus did ſhe exerciſe her skill,
When both did dote upon her,
She graciouſly did uſe them ſtill,
And ſtill preſerv'd her honour.
So cunning and ſo fair a ſhe,
And of ſo ſweet behaviour,
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefly in her favour.
Which of thoſe two ſhe loved moſt,
Or whether ſhe lov'd either,
'Tis thought they'll find it to their coſt,
That ſhe indeed lov'd neither.
For to the Court *Paſtora*'s gone,
'T had been no Court without her;
The Queen amongſt her Train had none
Was half ſo fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet;
Will burſt his Pipes, and curſt the day
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

Song 189.

LAwn as white as driven Snow,
Cypreſs as black as e'er was Crow,
Gloves as ſweet as Damask Roſes,

Masques for Faces, and for Noses,
Bugle-bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber,
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
For my Lads to give their Dears;
Pins, and Poaking Sticks of Steel;
Come buy of me, Come buy, come buy;
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry:
Come buy.
Will you buy any Tape,
Or Lace for your Cape.
My dainty Duck, my Dear-a?
Any Silk, any Thread,
And Toys for your Head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedler,
Money's a Medler,
That doth utter all mens Ware-a.

Song 190.

FEar no more the heat o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy Worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'ne thy wages.
Golden Lads and Girls all must,
As Chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrants stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak;
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow thee, and come to dust.
Fear no more the Lightning flash,
Nor th'all dreaded Thunder-stone.
Fear no Slander, Censure rash,
Thou hast finisht Joy and Mone.
All Lovers young, all Lovers must

Consign

Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
No Exorciſor harm thee,
Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.
Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee,
Nothing ill come near thee,
Quiet conſummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave.

Song 191.

A Young man lately in our Town,
He went to Bed one night,
He had no ſooner laid him down,
But was troubled with a Sprite:
So vigorouſly the Spirit ſtood,
Let him do what he can,
Oh then he ſaid,
It muſt be laid
By Woman, not a Man.
A handſome Maid did undertake,
And into th' Bed ſhe leapt,
And to allay the Spirits power,
Full cloſe to him ſhe crept:
She having ſuch a guardian care,
Her office to diſcharge,
She opened wide her Conjuring-book,
And laid her leaves at large.
Her office ſhe did well perform
Within a little ſpace,
Then up ſhe roſe, and down he lay,
And durſt not ſhew his face.
She took her leave, and away ſhe went,
When ſhe had done the deed,
Saying, if't chance to come again,
Then ſend for me with ſpeed.

Song 192.

'Tis a merry life we live,
All our work is brought unto us,

Still are getting, never give;
For their Clothes all men do woo us,
Yet unkind, they blaſt our names,
With aſperſions of diſhonour;
For which we make bold with their Dames,
When we take our meaſure on her.

Song 193.

HElp, Love, or elſe I ſink; for know,
He beſt can help that cauſeth woe:
Help then, and with thy ſmoother Palm,
The fury of my Paſſions calm.
Succeeding tears in Billows riſe,
As there were Seas met in my eyes:
My ſighs united proudly grown,
As the four Winds combin'd in one:
Hark how they roar, my ſighs and tears,
Sure have conſpir'd to tempt my fears:
See how they ſwell now they are met,
And even a Tempeſt do beget;
It ſhakes my Barque, her Ribs do crack,
And now I fear a diſmal Wrack:
Help Love for pity then I pray,
E'er my poor heart be caſt away.

Song 194.

MAke ready, fair Lady, to night,
And ſtand at the door below,
For I will be there,
To receive you with care,
And with your true Love you ſhall go.
And when the Stars twinkle ſo bright,
Then down to the door will I creep,
To my Love I will flie,
E'er the Jealous conſpire,
And leave my old Daddy aſleep.

Song

Song 195.

ONce was I ſad,
Till I grew to be mad,
But I'll never be ſad again, Boys;
I courted a Riddle,
She fancied a Fiddle,
The Tune does ſtill run in my brain, Boys,
The Gittarn, the Lute,
The Pipe, and the Flute,
Are the new *Alamode* for the Nan Boys;
With the Piſtol and Dagger,
The Women out ſwagger,
The Blades with the Muff and the Fan Boys:
All the Town is run mad,
And the Hectors do pad,
Beſides the falſe Dice and the Slur-Boys:
The new formed Cheats
With their acts and debates,
Have brought the old to a demur Boys.
Men ſtand upon thorns,
To pull out their horns,
And to cuckold themſelves in grain-Boys,
When to wear 'um before,
Does make their heads ſore,
But behind they do ſuffer no pain-Boys.
The Papiſt, the Presbyter,
And *Freſter Joba*,
Are much diſcontented we ſee Boys;
For all their Religion,
No *Mahomets* Pidgeon,
Can make them be bolder than we Boys.
There is a mad fellow,
Clad always in yellow,
And ſometimes his Noſe is blue Boys;
He cheated the Devil,
Which was very evil

To

To him, and to all his Crew boys,
And whilſt we are thus mad,
My Princeſs is glad
To laugh at the World, and at me boys,
Cauſe I cant apprehend
What ſhe pleaſe to command,
But it is not my ſelf you ſee boys.

Song 196.

STay ſhut the Gate,
T'other Quart; faith 'tis not ſo late
As your thinking,
The Stars which you ſee,
In the Hemiſphere be,
Are but Studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
The Sun's gone to tipple all night in the Sea boys,
To morrow he'l bluſh, that he's paler than we boys,
Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us the boys,
Fill up the Glaſs,
To the next merry Lad let it paſs,
Come away with't:
Let's ſet foot to foot,
And give our minds to't.
'Tis Heretical Six that doth ſlay wit;
Then hang up good Faces, let's drink till our Noſes
Gives freedom to ſpeak what our fancies diſpoſes,
Beneath whoſe protection, now under the Roſe is.
Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your Head and your Soul
With Canary;
For a Carbuncl'd Face,
Saves a tedious race,
And the *Indies* about us we carry:
No Helicon-like to the Juice of good Wine is,
For Phœbus had never had wit that divine is,
Had his Face not been bow-dy'd, as thine is and mine is.

This

This muſt go round,
Off with your Hats till the Pavements be crown'd
With your Beavers;
A Red-coated Face?
Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,
Whilſt the Conſtable trembles to ſhivers;
In ſtate march our Faces like ſome of the Quorum,
While the VVhores do fall down, and th'Vulgar (fore 'um.
adore 'um;
And our Noſes like Link-boys run ſhining be-

Song 197.

MAy I find a Woman fair,
And her Mind as clear as air;
If her Beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 't were none.
May I find a Woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride ſhould cauſe diſdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?
May I find a Woman wiſe,
And her falſhood not diſguiſe.
Hath ſhe wit, or hath ſhe will,
Double arm'd ſhe is to ill.
May I find a Woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind;
How ſhould I call that Love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine.
May I find a Woman true,
There is Beauties faireſt hue;
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit,
Happy he can compaſs it.

Song 198.

I Courted a Laſs, my folly,
Was the cauſe of her diſdaining,
I courted her thus: What ſhall I
Sweet *Dolly*, do for thy dear loves obtaining?
But another had dallied with *Dolly*.

That

That *Doll* for all her feigning,
Had got such a mountain above her valley,
That *Dolly* went home complaining.

Song 199.

GOod People give ear whilst a Story I tell,
Of twenty black Tradesmen were brought up in Hell,
On purpose poor People to rob of their due; (true.
There's none shall be noozed, if you find but one
The first was a Coyner that stampt in a Mould,
The second a Voucher to put off his Gold:
Then hark well,
And mark well,
See what will befall,
They are twenty sworn Brethren,
Tradesmen all.
The third was a Padder, that fell to decay;
And when he was living, took to the High-way.
The fourth is a Mill-ken, to crack up a Door;
He'll venture to rob both the Rich, and the Poor.
The fifth is a Glasier, who when he creeps in,
To pinch all the Lurry, he thinks it no sin.
Then hark well, &c.
The sixth is a Foyl cloy that not one Hick spares;
And the seventh is a Budge, to track up the stairs.
The eighth is a Bulk, that can bulk any Hick,
If the Master be napt, then Bulk he is sick.
The ninth is a Ginny, to lift up a Grate;
If he sees but the Lurry, with his Hooks he will (bate.
Then hark well, &c.
The tenth is a Shop-lift that carries a Bob,
When he ranges the City the Shops for to rob.
The eleventh is a Bubber, much used of late,
He goes to the Ale-house, and steals there the Plate.
The twelfth a Trapan, if a Cull he doth meet,
He naps all his Cole, and turns him i'th'-street.
Then hark well, &c.

The

The thirteenth a Fambler, false Rings for to sell,
When a Mob he has bit, his Cole he will tell.
The fourteenth a Gamester, if he sees the Hick sweet
He presently drops down a Cog in the street.
The fifteenth a Prancer, whose courage is small,
If they catch him Horse-coursing, he's noozed for all.
Then bark well, &c.
The sixteenth a Sheep-napper, whose trade's so deep,
If he's caught in the Corn, he's mark'd for a Sheep.
The seventeenth a Dun-aker, that will make vows,
To go in the Country, and steal all the Cows.
The eighteenth a Kid-napper, Spirits young men,
Though he tip them the piks they nap him agen.
Then bark well, &c.
The nineteenth is a Prigger of the Cacklers,
Goes into the Country to visit the Farmers,
He steals their Poultry, and thinks it no sin,
When into the Hen-roost i'th' night he gets in.
The twentieth a Thief-catcher, so we him call,
If he nap a poor Tradesman, he pays for all.
Then bark well, &c.
There's many more Craftsmen which I could name,
That do use such like trades, yet think it no shame:
These may a poor Convert confess to his grief,
Are all the black Trades of a *Gentleman Thief*;
Who though a good Workman is seldom made free
Till he rides on a Cart to be nooz'd on a Tree.
Then bark well,
And mark well,
See what doth befall,
'Twas the end of these twenty sworn Brethren all.

Song 200.

COme hither sweet Melancholy,
Now 'tis time to be jolly,
Dame *Fortune* is poor,
And *Venus* a Whore,

And

And *Cupid* is full of folly,
I cannot but laugh to ſee men,
Thus dote on fooliſh women,
Accurſed are they,
With ſuch Puppets to play,
And bleſſed is he that's a Free-man.
For as once, I dearly lov'd a Creature,
For vertue more than feature;
But ſhe is grown coy,
That then was my Joy,
And ſhe is of a Weather-cock nature.
I lov'd her as a Siſter,
A thouſand times I kiſt her,
Yet nevertheleſs I miſt her:
Theſe words in her mouth were common,
She'd marry my ſelf, or no man;
But away ſhe flew,
Like a Hawk from a Mew,
So fickle a thing is a woman.
Chaſte Life ſhall be my ſtudy,
My Cloſet a Walk that's woody;
And during my life,
I'll ne'er have a Wife,
She'll make my brains grow muddy.
My Muſe ſhall be my Bedfellow,
A Bundle of Books my Pillow,
And in ſtead of a Horn,
My Bed I'll adorn,
With a Garland made of Willow.
I'll never more truſt a woman,
That will prove conſtant to no man,
She ſets up her guiles,
With flattering ſmiles,
With a purpoſe to undo man.
For they are always ſo fickle,
And in their behaviour brittle,

Like

Like Graſs that is old,
And falls from the mould,
They are fit to be trim'd with a ſickle.
Falſe Fondling now I'll leave thee,
For thou wilt of my wits bereave me;
Although I am blind,
I evermore find,
Thou art conſtant to deceive me.
Prime youth laſts not, age will follow,
And make all white, thy Treſſes yellow;
And when time ſhall date thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be ſorry.

Song 210.

A King lives not a braver life,
Than we merry Priſoners do,
Though fools in freedom do conceive,
That we are in want and wo.
When we never take care
For providing our Fare,
We have one that doth purvay
For victual day by day.
What pray then can a King have more,
Than one that doth provide his ſtore?
Kings have a Keeper, ſo have we,
Although he be not a Lord,
Yet ſhall ſtrut and ſwell as big as he,
And command all with a word.
All the Judges do appear
Twice before us ev'ry year,
VVhere each one of us doth ſtand
VVith the Law in his own hand:
Can Kings command then more than we,
VVho of all Laws Commanders be?
Each to the Hall walks in his Chain.
VVhere our Guard about us ſtand,
And all the Country comes in amain,

At holding up of a hand.
Though our Chaplain cannot preach,
Yet he'll ſuddenly you teach
To read of the hardeſt Pſalm,
Doth not he deſerve the Palm?
Ye Courtiers all ye cannot ſhow
Such Officers as theſe I trow.

Song 102.

GO bid the Needle his dear North forſake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it doth bend:
Go bid the ſtones a Journey upwards make:
Go bid the ambitious flames no more aſcend;
And when theſe falſe to their own motions prove,
Then ſhall I ceaſe thee, thee alone to love.
The faſt-linkt Chain of Everlaſting Fate,
Does nothing tie more ſtroog than me to you:
My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be ſtill the ſame whate'er you do.
You cannot kill my love with your diſdain,
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain:
Me, mine example, let the Stoicks uſe,
Their ſad and cruel Doctrine to maintain;
Let all Predeſtinators me produce,
Who ſtruggle with Eternal Bonds in vain.
This Fire I'm born to, but 'tis ſhe muſt tell,
Whether't be Beams of Heav'n, or Flames of Hell.
You who mens fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not alas, on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed;
For only there is writ my deſtiny.
Or if the Stars ſhew it, gaze not on the Skies;
But ſtudy the Aſtrol'gie of her Eyes.
If thou find there kind and propitious Rays,
What *Mars* and *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in Heav'n; but, oh my Heav'n is there.

What

What can men learn from Stars they ſcarce can ſee?
Two great Lights rule the World, and her two, Me.

Song 203.

'Tis well, 'tis well with them, (ſay I)
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd paſſions with themſelves (can die;
For none can be unhappy, who
Midſt all his ills, a time does know,
Though ne'er ſo long, when he ſhall not be ſo:
Whatever parts of me remain,
Thoſe parts will ſtill the love of thee retain:
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But like a God by powerful art,
'Twas all in all, and all in every part,
My affection no more periſh can,
Than the firſt matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter if one Duſt of me
Mixt with anothers ſubſtance be,
'Twill leaven that whole Lump with love of thee.
Let Nature if ſhe pleaſe diſperſe,
My Atoms over all the Univerſe,
At the laſt they eaſily ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call;
For thy Love like a Mark, is ſtampt on all.

Song 204.

I Wonder what thoſe Lovers mean, who ſay,
They have given their hearts away:
Some good kind Lovers tell me how,
For mine is but a torment to me now.
If it be ſo, one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courteſie can Love do more,
Than joyning hearts, that parted were before?
Woe to her ſtubborn heart, if mine once come
Into the ſelf-ſame room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Granado like, into a Magazine.

Then

Then ſhall Love keep the Aſhes, and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
And out of both one new one make,
From her's th' allay; from mine the metal take.
For of her heart, he from the flames will find,
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No droſs was there to periſh in the fire.

Song 205.

MY love is mortal, and it muſt be fed
With its own Mothers Milk, or it is dead,
Nor grow my flames like others, by diſdain,
But muſt be kindly courted for its pain:
She that doth think to make my flames riſe high,
Muſt bring her fewel to't ſo well as I:
I ſcorn to ſteal into my Miſtreſs Bed,
Did ſhe not wiſh for ev'ry ſtep I tread;
And being there, ſhould ſhe prove coy and dull,
I'd do no more than to a common Trull;
But if ſhe proves as kind as might another,
I never any will eſteem above her.

Song 206.

MEn of War, march bravely on,
The Field is eaſie to be won;
There is no danger in that War,
Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are:
Here's no cold to chill you,
A Bed of Down's your Field;
Here's no Sword to kill you,
Unleſs you pleaſe to yield:
Here is nothing to incumber,
Here will be no ſcars to Number.

Song 207.

IN love, away, you do me wrong,
I hope I have not liv'd ſo long.
Freed from the treach'ries of your eyes,

Now

Now to be caught and made their prize.
No Lady, 'tis not all your Art
Can ſhake me, and my freedom part.
In love, with what? With *Spaniſh* Wine,
Or the *French* Juice in Carnadine,
The Dimple or the other Grace,
But not in love with your fair Face.
No, there's more ſweetneſs in pure Wine,
Than either looks or lips of thine.
Your God you ſay can ſhoot ſo right,
He'll wound a heart in th' darkeſt night:
Pray let him fling away his Dart,
And ſee if he can hit my heart:
No *Cupid*, know if thou'lt be mine,
Turn *Ganimede* and fill ſome Wine.
Then fill a Cup of Sherry,
And we will be merry,
There's nought but pure Wine
Makes us Love-ſick and pine,
I'll hug the Cup, and kiſs it,
And ſigh if I miſs it,
'Tis that makes us jolly,
Sing hey trolly lolly.

Song 208.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear I wear *Acteon*'s head:
A Maiden black is ever proud,
The little one is ever loud:
A Maiden that is tall of growth,
Is always ſubject unto ſloth:
The fair, the foul, the little, the tall,
Some faults remain among them all.

Song 209.

NOw by my love, the greateſt Oath that is,
There's none that loves thee half ſo well as I,
I do not neither ask your love for this;

For

For Heavens ſake believe me, or I die;
No faithful Servant e'er but did deſerve
His Maſter ſhould believe that he did ſerve,
And I ask no more Wages, though I ſtarve.
My love, fair Beauty, like thy ſelf is pure,
Nor could I e'er a bellial love approve;
One ſmile would make we willingly endure,
It can't but keep together Life and Love.
Being your Priſ'ner, and your captiv'd ſlave,
So do not feaſt nor banquet look to have,
A little bread and water's all I crave.
Upon your ſigh for pity I can live,
One tear will k ep me twenty years at leaſt,
And fifty more a gentle Look will give,
A hundred years but one kind Word will feaſt,
A thouſand more will ſurely added be,
If you an inclination have for me,
They comprehend a vaſt Eternity.

Song 210.

HAve you any work for the Sow-gelder, ho?
My Horn goes too high, too low:
Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts?
Have you any Lambs in your Holts,
To cut for the Stone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have you any Brauches to ſpide?
Or e'er a fair Maid,
That would be a Nun?
Come kiſs me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,
Too high, too low, Too high, too low.

Song 211.

I Am a Rogue, and a ſtout one,
A moſt couragious Drinker;
I do excel,
'Tis known full well,

The

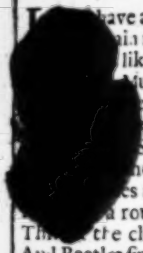
The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.
Still do I cry,
Good your Worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow one ſmall Denire, Sir,
And bravely then,
At the Bouzing ken,
I'll ſpend it all in Beer, Sir.
If a Bung be got by the high-way,
Then ſtraight I do attend them;
For if Huy and Cry
Do follow, I
A wrong way ſoon do ſend them,
Still do I cry, &c.
Ten Miles unto a Market,
I run to meet a Miſer,
Then in a throng,
I nip his Bung,
And the party ne'er the wiſer.
Still do I cry, &c.
My dainty Dells, my Doxies,
Whene'er they ſee me lacking,
Without delay,
Poor Wretches, they
Will ſet their Duds a packing.
Still do I cry, &c.
I pay for what I call for,
And ſo perforce it muſt be,
For yet I can
Not know the man,
Or Hoſteſs that will truſt me.
Still do I cry, &c.
If any give me Lodging,
A courteous Knave they find me,
For in their Bed,
Alive or dead,
Some Lice I leave behind me.
Still, &c.

If

If Gentlefolk be coming,
Then ſtraight it is our faſhion,
Our Leg to tie
Cloſe to our Thigh,
To move them to compaſſion.
Still do I cry, &c.
My Doublet-ſleeve hangs empty,
And for to beg the bolder
For Meat and Drink,
Mine arm I ſhrink
Up cloſe unto my ſhoulder.
Still do I cry, &c.
If a Coach I hear be rumbling,
To my Crutches then I high me;
For being lame,
It is a ſhame,
Such Gallants ſhould deny me.
Still do I cry, &c.
With a ſeeming burſten Belly,
I look like one half dead, Sir,
Or elſe I beg
With a Wooden Leg,
And a Night-Cap on my head, Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.
In Winter time ſtark naked
I come into ſome City,
Then ev'ry man
That ſpare them can,
Will give me Clothes for pity.
Still do I cry, &c.
If from out of the Low Country
I hear a Captains name, Sir,
Then ſtraight I ſwear
I have been there,
And ſo in Fight came lame, Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.

My Dog in a ſtring doth lead me,
When in the Town I go Sir,
For to the blind,
All men are kind,
And will their Alms beſtow Sir,
Still I do cry, &c.
With Switches ſometimes ſtand I,
In the bottom of a Hill Sir,
Where thoſe men which
Do want a Switch,
Some Money give me ſtill Sir,
Still I do cry, &c,
Come buy, come buy a Horn-Book,
Who buys my Pins and Needles?
In Cities I
Thoſe things do cry,
Oft times to ſcape the Beadles.
Still I do cry, &c.
In *Pauls* Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes y'ave ſeen me ſtand Sir,
With a Writ that ſhows
What care and woes
I paſs by Sea and Land Sir.
Still I do cry, &c.
Now blame me not for boaſting,
And bragging thus alone Sir,
For my ſelf I will
Be praiſing ſtill,
For Neighbours I have none Sir.
Which makes me cry,
Good your Worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow on ſmall Denire Sir,
And bravely then,
At the Bouzing Ken,
Ple ſpend it all in Beer Sir.

Song 212.



L[illegible]ave a Dance upon the Heath,
[illegible]in more life by *Duncons* death,
[illegible] like blinded Cats we shew,
[illegible]ufick but our Mew;
[illegible] Dance in some old Mill,
[illegible]per, Stones, and Wheel,
[illegible]Saw, or beardish Rhime,
[illegible]he Mill-clack does keep time.
[illegible]s about a hallow Tree,
[illegible] round, a round Dance we;
Th[illegible]e chirping Cricket comes,
And Beetles singing drowsie hums,
Sometimes we dance o're Fens and Furs,
To howls of Wolves, and barks of Curs,
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the ecchoes of our feet.

Song 213.

MY Muse denies
To Apologize,
For my Songs acceptation,
I know't will fit
Your appetite,
Because it is of the Fashion,
New Fashions began
With the World and Man,
In *Adam*'s time and *Eves*
They did begin,
To cover sin,
With a fashion of their leaves.
After was tri'd,
The rough Bucks Hide,
A wear of commendation,
Had not with the skin,
The Horns crept in,
And turn'd it to a Fashion,

Each

Each Taylor is read
In this fashion, his head
Is capable on't 'tis fear'd,
When he's not at leisure,
His wife will take measure,
Though't be by his Neigbours (Yard.
The Clowns array,
Is an innocent grey,
Nor stands by the Dyers Art,
Which doth invest
As pure as a brest,
And no less spotless heart.
The Farmers Hose,
His wearing shoes,
For both are wondrous plain,
His Honesty,
Not Knavery, he
Most purely dies in Grain.
The School-master in
His Trouzes hath been
And bumbast Doublet long space,
He's a *Monoptote*,
For he varies not
At any time his case.
His wife is pure,
In her talk demure,
Her Gown is of Reformation.
And she verily
Turns up her eye,
In a very zealous fashion.
The Shop-keepers walk,
And oftentimes talk
In Gowns, or of Purple, or Blue,
Since *Venner* and *Farr*,
Wore such at the Bar,
Some wisely have chang'd the hue.

The Lawyer (be't known
To all men) is prone
To the fashion of long Hose;
And fain he would
Still have and hold
Long Suits, for he lives by those.
Now with the best,
Your Pimp's in request,
Thus your Gallant is supply'd,
By his bones as well,
As his Cloaths you may smell,
He's rarely Frenchify'd;
His Mistress plum'd
Painted, Perfum'd,
Is stillified all over,
Her loose Array
Doth every day
A looser Body cover.
The Scholar well trust,
In his black Suit brusht,
Is like to Jet in his degree,
Nor is it enough,
Men point at Stuff,
He'll be pointed at the knee.
Thus are we become
As Apes of *Rome*,
Of *France*, *Spain*, and all Nations,
And not Horses alone,
But Men are grown
Diseased of the Fashions,

Song 214.

WHen *Orpheus* sweetly did complain,
Upon his Lute with heavy strain,
How his *Euridice* was slain;
The Trees to hear,
Obtain'd an ear,

And after left it off again.
At every ſtroke and ſorry ſtay,
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay.
And liſtned, bending all one way;
The *Aſpen tree*
As faſt as he,
Began to ſhake, and learn to play.
If Wood could ſpeak, a Tree might hear;
If Wood could ſound true grief ſo near,
A Tree might drop an Amber tear.
If Wood ſo well
Could ring a Knell,
The Cypreſs might condole the Beer.
The ſtanding Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead Wood to ſpeak and move,
The fatal Ax began to love;
They envy'd Death
Which gave ſuch breath,
As men alive do Saints above.

Song 215.

Chloris forbear a while,
Do not o'rejoy me,
Urge not another ſmile,
Leſt it deſtroy me;
That Beauty pleaſeth moſt,
And is beſt taking,
Which is ſoon won, ſoon loſt,
Kind, yet forſaking:
I love a coming Lady, faith I do,
But now and then I'd have her ſcornful too,
O're cloud thoſe eyes of thine,
Boo-peep thy Features,
Warm with an *April* ſhine,
Scorch not thy Creatures,
Still to diſplay thy ware,
Still to be fooling,

Argues how rude you are
In *Cupids* Schooling.
Diſdain begets a ſmile, ſcorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cauſe I would, and cannot, makes me try.
Chloris Ide have thee wiſe
When Gallants view thee;
Courting do thou deſpiſe,
Fly thoſe purſue thee;
Faſt moves an appetite,
Makes hunger greater,
Who's ſtinted of delight,
Falls to't the better.
Be coy and kind betimes, be ſmooth and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

Song 216.

YOu ſay you love me, nay can ſwear it too,
But ſtay, Sir, 'twill not do,
I know you keep your Oaths,
Juſt as you wear your Cloaths,
While new and freſh in faſhion:
But once grown old you lay them by,
Forgot like words you ſpeak in paſſion,
I'le not believe you.

Song 217.

YOu Fiends and Furies, come along,
Each bring a Crow and maſſie Prong;
Come bring your Sheckles, and draw near,
To ſtir up an old Sea-cole cak'd,
That in the hollow hell hath bak'd
Many a thouſand, thouſand year,
In ſulphurous Broth, *Tereus* hath boil'd,
Baſted with Brimſtone; *Tarquin* hath broil'd
Long, long enough; then make more room.
Like ſmoakie Flitches hang 'um by
Upon their ſooty walls to dry;
A greater Raviſher will come,

If you want fire, fetch it from *Ætna* pure;
Yet ſtay a while, and do not ſtir,
For if his glowing eyes ſhould chance
On *Proſerpine* to ſhoot a glance,
He is ſo hot, he'd raviſh her.

Song 218.

GO happy heart, for thou ſhalt lie
Intomb'd in her, for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty,
Tell her if ſhe chance to chide
Me for flowneſs, in her pride,
That it was for her I dy'd.
If a tear eſcape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy Rights of Obſequy.
The Altar was my loving breſt,
My heart the ſacrificed beaſt,
And I was my ſelf the Prieſt.
Your Body was the ſacred ſhrine,
Your cruel mind the Power Divine,
Pleas'd with the hearts of Men, not Kine.

Song 219.

AH *Chloris*! that I now could ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleaſure, nor no pain.
When I the Dawn us'd to admire
And prais'd the coming day;
I little thought the growing fire
Would take my reſt away.
Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
Like Mettals in the Mine.
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.
But as your Charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt,

Fond Love as unperceiv'd did flie,
And in my bosom rest.
My passion with your Beauty grew,
And *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart,
Each glory'd in their wanton part,
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a Beauty she,
Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my Chains approve.
I shall my freedom hate,
Lovers like dying men may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell,
What fortune they must see.

Song 110.

ALl Joy unto that happy Pair,
Which this day united are,
Though all the World suffer'd decrease,
Yet may their love never grow less,
But still recruited every day,
With fresh delights may it increase;
And may it lasting be,
As vast Eternity.
May never fatal accident have force,
To interrupt the pleasing course
Of their united Passions, till they grow
So far above all here below;
They may themselves so happily deceive
As to believe,
That though they'r here,
Yet they in Heav'n do fill a sphere.

Song

Song 221.

Dialogue Paſtoral, Strephon *and* Phillis.

Phil. *Strephon*, what envious cloud hath made
All o're thy face, this ſullen ſhade?
Streph. It is the Index of my grief.
Phil. But ſay, admits it no relief?
Thy now neglected Flock doth ſtray,
The Wolf ſecurely takes his prey,
And thy diſcarded Pipes lies by,
Whilſt thou under ſome Beach does lie,
Or Mirtle in the ſhady Grove,
And ſigh'ſt and pin'ſt like one in love.
Streph. Ah *Phillis*, thou haſt touch'd me now,
I can't my Paſſion diſavow,
At that word *Love*, my heart does riſe,
And with it ſtrangely ſympathize.
P. But who did thus your heart ſurpriſe?
S. It was the Shepherdeſs, whoſe eyes
Are brighter far than any ray,
The Sun diſcloſed on *May-day*.
P. Who was it *Strephon*? tell me true.
S. Ah deareſt *Phillis*, it was you.
P. Strive not falſe Shepherd, to deceive
A Nymph too eaſie to believe
A Paſſion, which ſhe likes ſo well,
Such falſhood would deſerve a hell.
S. May the Gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their ſmoaking Altars bleed,
All my devouteſt Pray'rs deſpiſe,
And all my humbled Sacrifice?
Or what's a greater curſe, may I
Find nought from thee but Cruelty,
If I do love my *Phillis* leſs,
Than my own greateſt happineſs;
If truth doth not in Swains reſide,
Where is ſhe in the World beſide?

Phil. I can't distrust so lov'd a truth,
Deliver'd by so sweet a youth,
Chorus. Let's joyn our hands & hearts & we'l out-vie
of two. The Gods themselves with our felicity.
Chorus. Let those that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
Chorus. Delay their Joys, and tedious suits pursue,
Voices. Our honest words their courtship far excel,
'Mongst unambitious shepherds love is true.

Song 222.

HAste sluggish morn, why dost thou stay,
This is *Venus* Holy-day;
Can nothing bribe thee, can no charms,
Force thee from thy *Tythons* Arms?
Oh yonder comes the expected Guest,
Sol from his Chambers of the East,
And does me-thinks dance as on Easter day,
Th' Intelligences on the Sphears do play,
The winged Songsters of the Groves,
Do celebrate the union of these loves;
The Heavens do smile, the Earth and all conspire;
To make the joys of thy blest time entire.
Come forth fair Bride, what wouldst thou be
Wedded to Virginity?
Haste to the Temple, do not stay,
Kill not him with thy delay,
Whose expectations calls each hour a day,
Loe now breaks forth the beauteous Dame,
Like Lightnings sudden flame;
Her high insinuating powers such,
It melts the soul, but not the body touch;
The Bridegroom all do envy, each should be
The principal in this solemnity.
But now to Church they walk,
And each mans talk,
Is of the happy pair.
And what will be

Done

Done when they united are,
They prophecy.
Their buſie tongues on that do clink.
The Ladies will not ſpeak, but think;
Now to the Temple they draw near,
Where jolly *Hymen* does appear
Without his Saffron Robe, that there might be
No emblem of enſuing jealouſie.
The Prieſt begins, their hands and hearts he joyns,
And their loves with the Myſtery refines;
The Bridegroom curſes then the ſlow pac'd Vicar,
That in the Ceremony he is no quicker.
Now home they go to eat, to drink, to dance
And at the Bride to glance.
The luſty Bridegroom's Spring-tide of his blood,
Swells in a purple flood.
Which puts him to ſuch pains,
In his diſtended veins,
It longs to ebb, and now the night has hurl'd,
Her ſable Curtains over half the world,
When we by whiſperings deſcry,
A Plot againſt Virginity.
The Ladies ſteal the Bride away,
Th' impatient Bridegroom brooks no ſtay,
But ſlinks away, and thither all do ſwarm
The Bridal Ceremonies to perform;
Then we withdraw, nor may the Candles ſtay,
'Cauſe they are emblems of the unwiſh'd for day.
My Muſe dare ſay no more but leaves the theam
To every man and woman that nights dream.

Song 223.

WHen *Celia* I intend to flatter you,
And tell you lies to make you true,
I ſwear
There's none ſo fair,
There's none ſo fair,
And you believe it too.

Oft

Oft have I matcht you with the Roſe, and ſaid,
No Twins ſo like hath Nature made;
But 'tis
Only in this,
Only in this,
You prick my hand and fade.
Oft have I ſaid there is no precious ſtone,
But may be found in you alone,
Though I,
No ſtone eſpy,
No ſtone eſpy,
Unleſs your heart be one.
When I praiſe your skin, I quote the Wooll,
The Silk-worms from their entrails pull.
And ſhew,
That new-faln *Snow*,
That new-faln *Snow*,
Is not more beautiful.
Yet grow not proud by ſuch Hyperboles,
Were you as excellent as theſe,
While I,
Before you lie,
Before you lie,
They might be had with eaſe.

Song 224.

A Maiden of late,
Whoſe name was ſweet *Kate*,
Was dwelling in *London* near to *Alderſgate*;
Now liſt to my ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a child, without help of a man.
To a Doctor ſhe came,
A man of great fame,
Whoſe deep skill in Phyſick report did proclaim,
Quoth ſhe, Maſter Doctor, ſhew me if you can,
How I may conceive without help of a man.
Then liſten, quoth he,

Since

Since ſo it muſt be,
This wondrous ſtrong Med'cine I'le ſhew preſently;
Take nine pound of thunder, ſix legs of a Swan,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.
The wood of a Frog,
The juice of a Log,
Well perboil'd together in the skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon-calf, if get it you can,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.
The love of falſe Harlots,
The faith of falſe Varlets,
With the truth of Decoys, that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobſter well fry'd in a Pan,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.
Nine drops of Rain,
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the blaſt of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight quarts of Brimſtone, brew'd in a Beer-can,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.
Six pottles of Lard,
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turky Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-ſtones well bak'd in a Pan
And you ſhall conceive without help of a man.
Theſe Med'cines are good,
And approved have ſtood,
Well temper'd together with a pottle of blood,
Squeez'd from a Graſhopper, and the nail of a Swan,
To make maids conceive without help of a man.

Song 225.

NO man loves fiery Paſſion can approve,
As yielding either pleaſure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in Love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.
For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
To think that Lovers mean as they pretend, If

If all that said they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long ere this the world had had an end.
Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,
And after falling into love might dye:
But I dare swear he never yet had dy'd,
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.
Another rather than incur the slander
Of true Apostate, will false Martyr prove;
I'le neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
I'le neither hang, nor drown my self for love.
Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for love as others do,
Prais'd be great *Jove*, I dy'd in such a sort,
As I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And ne're had reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

Song 226.

WHat Creatures on Earth,
Can boast freer mirth,
Less envy'd and loved than we,
Though Learning grow poor,
We scorn to implore
A Gift but what's noble and free.
Our freedom of mind,
Cannot be confin'd,
With riches w're inwardly blest;
Not Death, nor the Grave,
Our worth can deprave,
Nor malice our ashes molest:
When such Moles as you,
Your own earth shall mue,
And worms shall your memory eat:
Our names being read,
Shall strike envy dead,
And ages our worth shall repeat.

Song

Song 227.

WHen I ſee the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they,
And my aged thoughts lay by,
To the dance with joy I flie;
Come a flowry Chaplet lend me,
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me,
Age be gone, we'll dance among
Thoſe that young are, and be young:
Bring ſome wine Boy, fill about,
You ſhall ſee the old man's ſtout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

Song 228.

BRight *Cynthia* ſcorns,
Alone to wear horns,
To her Sex, grief and ſhame;
But ſwears in deſpight
Of the worlds great light,
That men ſhould wear the ſame.
The man in the Moon,
To hear this in a ſwoun,
And quite out of his wits fell,
And with this affront,
(Quoth he) a Pox on't,
My forehead begins to ſwell.
Away ſtraight he wo'd
In his lunatick mood
And from his Miſtreſs would run;
And ſwore in his heat
Though ſtew'd in his ſweat,
He had rather go live in the Sun.
But he was appeas'd,
To ſee other men pleas'd,
And none that did murmur or mourn:
For without an affright,

Each

Each man with delight,
Did take to himſelf the horn.
The Lord he will go,
In his Park to and fro,
Purſuing the Deer that is barren,
But whilſt he's in's Park,
His Steward or Clark,
May boldly go hunt in his Warren.
The Citizen Clown,
In his Fox-fur'd Gown,
And his Doublet fac't with *Ale*,
Talks ſlow, and drinks quicker,
Till his Wife like his Liquor,
Leaves working and reliſheth ſtale,
Lo thus ſhe behorns him,
And afterwards ſcorns him,
Though he comes to be Mayor of the rout;
And thinks it no ſin,
To be well Occupy'd within,
While her Husband is buſie without.
The Puritan will go,
Ten miles to and fro,
To hear a ſanctify'd Brother;
But whilſt his zeal burns,
His Wife ſhe up turns
The eggs of her Eyes to another.
The Lawyer to ſuccour 'um
With Parchment and Buck'rum,
To *London* next way will ſtrike,
But whilſt he opens his Caſe,
To his Adverſaries face,
His Wife to her Friend doth the like.
The Phyſitian will ride
To his Patient that dy'd,
Of no Diſeaſe, but that he did come,
But whilſt abroad he doth kill,

With

With Potion and Pill,
His Wife takes a Glister at home.
The Merchant o're-runs,
The Sea with his Guns,
His Marriners and their Mates,
But whilst he doth please
Himself on the broad Seas,
Another may ride on his Straights.
The Souldier will go,
Like a man to his foe,
With brave resolution to fight,
Whilst his Wife with her friends,
In her wanton arms spends
Time, and makes him a Beast by night,
And though that he be,
Well arm'd Cap a pe,
He must yield to a naked Boys scorn,
And in stead of bright Steel,
And hard Iron, he'll
Be content with a hard piece of Horn.
Thus all men will love
Their Wives, though they prove
Them false ev'n in their own sight,
But yet they do well,
For a Horn you can tell,
Was always a friend to the night.

Song 129.

COme away, bring on the Bride,
And place her by her Lover's side;
You fair Troop of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her,
Blush, and wish you Virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.
Chor. Hymen *fill the House with joy,*
All thy sacred Fires employ;
Bless the Bed with holy love,
New fair Orb of Beauty move.

Song

Song 230.

AT dead low ebb of night, when none
But great *Charles*'s wain was driven on,
When mortals ſtrict ceſſation keep.
To re-recruit themſelves with ſleep,
'Twas then a Boy knockt at my gate,
Who's there ſays I that calls ſo late?
Oh let me in he ſoon reply'd,
I am a Child, and then he cry'd,
I wander without Guide or Light,
Loſt in this wet, blind, Moonleſs night.
In pity then I roſe,
And ſtraight unbarr'd my door and ſprang a light,
Behold it was a lovely Boy, a ſweeter ſight
—— Ne'r bleſt mine eye;
I view'd him round and ſaw ſtrange things,
A Bow, a Quiver, and two wings,
I led him to the fire, and then
I dri'd and chaf'd his hands with mine;
I gently preſs'd his treſſes curles,
Which new faln rain had hung with Pearls,
At laſt when warm, the youngſter ſaid,
Alas my Bow, I am afraid
The ſtring is wet, pray Sir, let's try
My Bow, on that, Do, do, ſay I.
He bent and ſhot ſo quick and ſmart,
As through my Liver reach'd my Heart;
Then in a trice he took his flight,
And laughing ſaid, my Bow is right:
It is, oh 'tis, for as he ſpoke,
'Twas not his Bow, but my heart broke.

Song 231.

THe Beard thick or thin,
On the Lip or Chin,
Doth dwell ſo near the Tongue,
That her ſilence

In

In the Beards defence,
May do her Neighbour wrong.
Now a Beard is a thing,
That commands in a King.
Be his Scepter ne'r so fair;
Where the Beard bears the sway,
The People obey,
And are subject to a hair.
'Tis a Princely sight,
And a grave delight,
That adorns both young and old;
A well thatch'd face,
Is a comely grace.
And a shelter from the cold.
When the piercing North,
Comes blustering forth,
Let a barren face beware;
For a trick it will find,
With a razor of wind,
To shave the face that's bare.
But there's many a nice,
And strange device,
That doth the Beard disgrace;
But he that is in,
Such a foolish sin,
Is a Traitor to his Face.
Now of Beards there be,
Such a Company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard,
To handle a Beard,
Though it be ne'r so long.
The Roman T
In its bravery
Doth first it self disclose,
But so high it turns,

That

That oft it burns,
With the flames of a torrid Nose.
The *Stilletto* Beard,
Oh it makes me afear'd.
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place,
A Dagger in his Face,
What wears he in his Sheath?
But me thinks I do itch,
To go through stitch,
The needle Beard to amend,
Which without any wrong,
I may call too long,
For no man can see no end.
The Soldiers Beard,
Doth march in shear'd,
In Figure like a Spade;
With which he'l make,
His En'mies quake,
And think their Graves are made.
The grim Stubble eke,
On the Judges Cheek,
Shall not my Verse despise,
It is more fit
For a Nutmeg, yet
It grates poor Prisoners eyes.
What doth invest,
A Bishops brest,
But a Milk-white spreading Hair,
Which an Emblem may be,
Of Integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.
I have also seen,
On a Womans Chin,
A Hair or two to grow,
But alas the Face,

Is

Is too cold a place,
Then look for a Beard below.
But, Oh! let us tarry
For the Beard of King *Harry*,
That grows about the Chin,
With his Bushy Pride
And a Grove on each side,
And a Champion ground between.
Last, the Clown doth out rush,
With his Beard like a Brush,
Which may be well endur'd;
For though his Face,
Be in such a case,
His Land is well manur'd.

Song 232.

FAir Mistress, I would gladly know,
What thing it is you cherish so,
What Instrument, and from whence bred,
Is that you call *A Maidenhead*?
Is it a Spirit, or the Treasure
Lovers lose in height of pleasure?
If it be so, in vain you keep,
That waking which you lose in sleep;
But since you know not, I will tell ye,
It is a spring beneath your Belly,
Fruit that alone you cannot taste,
And barren Seed till you it waste;
Metal that musts for want of using,
A Gem most precious when 'tis losing,
A sweet and pleasing Sacrifice,
Then chiefly living when it dies.
A Wealth that makes the unthrift blest,
An Instrument that soundeth best,
(A Wonder to be heard or spoke)
When the String in two is broke.

Then

Then let us offer Love his due,
My Maiden-head I'le give to you,
And in exchange receive another,
What would you more, there's one for th'other.

Song 233.

A Dialogue between Orpheus *and* Charon.

Orph. CHaron, O *Charon*,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane.
Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy and whom in fear.
Cha. Those that die well, eternal Joys shall follow.
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.
Orph. Shall thy black barque those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?
Cha. O no, O no!
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
No winds blow fair, nor I my self can steer,
Orph. What Lovers pass, and in *Elizium* reign?
Cha. Those gentle loves that are belov'd again.
Orph. This Souldier loves, and fain would die to win,
Shall he go on?
Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin,
He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of dispair, and guilty blood will blow.
Orph. Shall time release him, say?
Cha. No, no, no, no,
Nor time, nor death, can alter us, nor prayer;
My Boat is destiny, and who then dare
But those appointed come aboard? live still,
And love by reason mortal, and by will.
Orph. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine (eyes,
Cha. Then come aboard and pass,

Chorus, Orph. *Till then be wise.*
Char. *Till then be wise.*

Song

Song 234.

LOok out bright eyes, and bleſs the air,
Even in ſhadows you are fair.
Shut up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer ſtill and higher,
Though your body be confin'd
And ſought love a Priſoner bound;
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither check, nor chain hath found:
Look out nobly then, and dare
Even the Fetters that you wear.

Song 235.

SUre 'twas a dream, how long fond man have I,
Been fool'd into Captivity;
My *Newgate* was my want of wit,
I did my ſelf commit,
My Bonds I knit.
I mine own Goaler was, my only foe,
That did my freedom diſavow;
I was a Priſoner, 'cauſe I would be ſo.
But now I will ſhake off my chains and prove,
Opinion built the Goals of Love;
Made all his bonds, gave him his Bow,
His bloody arrows too,
That murther ſo.
Nay, thoſe dire deaths which idle Lovers dream,
Were all contriv'd to make a Theam
For ſome carouzing Poets drunken flame.
'Twas a fine life I liv'd, when I did dreſs,
My ſelf to court your peeviſhneſs,
When I did at your footſtool lie,
Expecting from your eye,
To live or die.
Now ſmiles, or frowns, I care not which I have,
Nay rather than I'le be your ſlave,
I'le court the Plagues to ſend me to my grave.

Farewel

Farewel those Charms that did so long bewitch,
Farewel that wanton youthful Itch,
Farewel that treacherous blinking Boy,
That proffers seeming Joy,
So to destroy,
To all those Night-embraces, which as you
Know very well, were not a few;
For ever, evermore I bid adieu.
Now I can stand the Sallies of your Eyes;
In vain are all those Batteries,
Nor can that Love-dissembling stile,
Nor can that crafty Smile,
Longer beguile;
Nor those Heart-traps which each hour you renew,
To all those Witchcrafts, and to you,
For ever, evermore I bid adieu.

Song 236.

HOld, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.
And hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.
'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
And my Pot, and thy Pot,
Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.
'Tis Mault will cure thy Maw, *Tom*,
And will heal thy Distempers in *Autumn*;
Felix quem faciunt,
I prethee be patient,
Aliena pericula cautum.
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*,
Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*,
Neither Parson, nor Vicar,
But will toss off his Liquor,
Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*, *Tom*.

Song 237.

NOw I confess I am in love,
Though I did think I never could,
But 'tis with one dropt from above,

Whose

Whose nature's made of finest mould;
So fair, so good, so all divine,
I'd quit the world to make her mine.
Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphere?
So shrink the Beauties called great,
When sweet *Rosela* doth appear;
Were she as other women are,
I should not love, nor yet despair.
But I could never bear a mind,
Willing to stoop to common faces;
Nor confidence enough can find,
To aim at one so full of Graces;
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be wed by me.

Song 238.

WIth an old motly coat, and a maumsie Nose
And an old Jerkin that's out at th'elbows
And an old pair of Boots drawn on without Hose,
Stufft with Rags in stead of Toes.
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With an old rusty Sword that's hack'd with blows,
And an old Dagger to scare away the Crows,
And an old Horse that reels as he goes,
And an old Saddle that no man knows.
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With his old wounds in Eighty eight,
Which he recover'd at *Tilbury* Fight,
With an old Pasport that never was read,
That in his old Travels stood him in great stead.
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With his old Gun, and his Bandaliers,
With an old Head-piece to keep warm his ears;

With an old Shirt is gone to wrack,
With a great Louse and a lift on his back,
Is able to carry a Pedlar and his Pack,
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.
With an old Queen to lie by his side,
That in old time had been pockify'd:
He's now rid to *Bohemia* to fight with his foes,
And he swears by his valor he'l have better clothes
Or else he'l loose Legs, Arms, Fingers, and Toes,
And he'l come again when no man knows,
Like an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.

Song 139.

With an old Song made by an old ancient pate,
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a great estate,
Who kept an old House at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the poor at his gate,
Like an old Courtier of the Queens, &c.
With an old *Lady* whose anger good words asswages
Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages
Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen,
Foot-men, and Pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue Coats and Badges
Like an old Courtier, &c.
With an old Study fill'd full of learned Books,
With an old Reverend Parson, you may judge him by his looks,
With an old Buttery-Hatch worn quite off the old Hooks;
And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old Cocks.
Like an old, &c.
With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes, and Bows,
With old Swords and Bucklers, which have born many shrewd blows,

And

And an old Fryfado-coat to cover his worſhips
Trunk-hoſe,
And Cup of old Sherry to comfort his copper Noſe,
Like an old, &c.
With an old faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
To call in his Neighbors with Bag-pipe and Drum.
And good cheer enough to furniſh every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat ſpeak, and a wiſe
Like an old, &c. (man dumb.
With an old Huntſman, a Falkoner, and a Kennel of
Hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawk'd, but in his own
Grounds,
Who like an old wiſe man kept himſelf within his
own bounds,
And when he died gave every Child a thouſand old
Like an old, &c. (pounds,
But to his eldeſt Son his Houſe and Lands he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his Will, to keep the old bountiful
mind, (kind:
To love his good old Servants, and to Neighbors be
But in the enſuing Ditty, you ſhall hear how he was
Like a young Courtier of the Kings, &c. (inclin'd,
Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a brace of Whores at his command,
And takes up a thouſand pounds upon's own Land,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern till he can neither
Like a young, &c. (go nor ſtand.
With a neat Lady that is briſk and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good Houſe-
keeping nor Care,
But buys ſeveral Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And ſeventeen or eighteen Dreſſings of other mens
Like a young, &c, (Hair,
With a new Hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor wood,
And a Shuffle-board Table, ſmooth and red as Blood,

Hung round with Pictures, which doth the poor lit-
Like a young, &c. (tle good
With a new Study ſtuff'd full of Pamphlets & Plays,
With a new Chaplain that ſwears faſter than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five days,
With a new French Cook to make Kickſhaws and
Like a young, &c. (Toys,
With a new Faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
With a new Journey up to *London* we muſt be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*
Who relieves the poor with a thump of the back
Like a young, &c. (with a ſtone.
With a Gentleman Uſher, whoſe Carriage is compleat,
With a Footman, Coachman, a Page to carry meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whoſe Dreſſing is is very neat,
Who when the Maſter has din'd, lets the Servants
Like a young, &c. (not eat.
Wit a new honour bought with his Fathers old gold
That many of his Fathers old Manors had ſold,
And this is the occaſion that moſt men do hold,
That good Houſe-keeping is now grown ſo cold.
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
Or the Kings young Courtier.

Song 240.

WIth a new Beard but lately trim'd;
With a new Love-lock neatly kem'd,
With a new Favour ſnatch'd or nimb'd.
With a new Doublet French-like limb'd,
With a new Gate as if he ſwim'd.
And a new Soldier of the Kings,
Oh the Kings new Soldier.
With a new Feather in his Cap,
With new white Boots without a ſtrap,

And

And newly paid for, by great hap;
With a new Queen upon his lap,
And a new Brat that ne'r cat pap.
And a new, &c.
With a new Hat without a Band;
With a new Office without Land;
With all his fingers on his hand,
With a new Face at *Plymouth* tan'd;
And a new Horſe already pawn'd.
And a new, &c.
With a new Caſſock lin'd with Cotton;
With Cardecues to call his Pot in;
With a new Gun that ne'r was ſhot in,
Under a new Captain very hot in
A new Command, and hardly gotten.
And a new, &c.
With a new Head-piece ſhot, ne'r hit,
With a new Head of greeniſh wit,
With new ſhirts without Louſe or Nit,
With a new Band, not torn as yet,
With a new Spear, and very fit.
For a new, &c.
With a new Jacket made of Buff,
With new Sleeves of Spaniſh ſtuff,
With a new Belt of Leather enough;
With new Tobacco-pipes to puff,
And a new Brawl to take in ſnuff.
Like a new, &c.
He's newly come to ſixteen Years,
And gone aboard with his Mothers tears,
With his *Monmouth* Cap about his ears,
With new Bravadoes void of fears,
And a new Oath by which he ſwears.
To be a new, &c.
With a new Noſe that ne'r met foe.
With a new Sword that ne'r ſtruck blow,

With a new red Breech to make a ſhow,
With a new Copper Lace or two,
And new Points on his wings alſo,
To a new Courtier he will go,
To drink old Sack, and do no moe.
Like a new Soldier of the Kings,
Oh, the Kings new Soldier.

Catch, Or Song 241.

THe Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,
And now it is almoſt day,
And he that's a bed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away.

Mock Song 242.

OH Love! whoſe power and might,
No Creature e're withſtood,
Thou forceſt me to write,
Come turn about *Robin Hood.*
Sole Miſtreſs of my heart,
Let me thus far preſume,
To crave in this Requeſt,
A black patch for the Rhume,
Grant pity or I dye,
Love ſo my heart bewitches,
With grief I howl and cry;
Oh how my elbow itches.
Tears overflow my ſight,
With floods of daily weeping,
That in the ſilent night,
I cannot reſt for ſleeping.
What is't I would not do
To purchaſe one ſweet ſmile?
Bid me to *China* go,
Faith I'le ſit down the while.
Oh women you will never,
But think men ſtill will flatter;

I vow

I vow I love you ever,
But yet it is no matter,
Cupid is blind, they ſay,
But yet me-thinks he ſeeth;
He ſtruck my heart to day,
A Turd in *Cupids* Teeth.
Her Treſſes that were wrought,
Much like the golden ſnare,
My loving heart hath caught,
As *Moſs* did catch his Mare.
But ſince that all relief,
And comforts do forſake me,
I'le kill my ſelf with grief,
Nay then, the Devil take me,
And ſince her grateful merits,
My loving looks muſt lack,
I'le ſtop my vital ſpirits
With Claret and with Sack.
Mark well my woful hap,
Jove, Rector of the Thunder,
Send down thy Thunder-clap,
And rend her ſmock in ſunder.

Mock Song, in anſwer. 243.

YOur Letter I receiv'd,
Bedeckt with flouriſhing quarters,
Becauſe you are deceiv'd,
Go hang you in your Garters.
My beauty, which is none,
Yet ſuch as you proteſt,
Doth make you ſigh and groan;
Fie, fie, you do but jeſt.
I cannot chuſe but pitty,
Your reſtleſs mournful tears,
Becauſe your plaints are witty,
You may go ſhake your ears.
To purchaſe your delight,

No labor you ſhall leeſe,
Your pains I will requite;
Maid give him ſome bread and cheeſe,
'Tis you I fain would ſee,
'Tis you I did daily think on,
My looks as kind ſhall be,
As the Devil over *Lincoln*.
If ever I do tame,
Great *Jove* of Lightning flaſhes,
I'le ſend my fiery flame,
And burn thee into aſhes,
I can by no means miſs thee,
But needs muſt have thee one day;
I prethee come and kiſs me,
Whereon I ſate on Sunday.

Song 244.

IF ſhe be fair, I fear the reſt,
If ſhe be ſweet, I'le hope the beſt,
If ſhe be fair, they ſay ſhe'l do,
If ſhe be foul, ſhe'l do ſo too:
If ſhe be fair, ſhe'l breed ſuſpect,
If ſhe be foul, ſhe'l breed neglect.
If ſhe be born o'th' better ſort,
Then ſhe doth ſavour of the Court;
If ſhe be of the City born,
She'l give the City Arms the Horn,
If ſhe be born of Parents baſe,
I ſcorn her vertues for her place;
If ſhe be fair and witty too,
I fear the harm her wit may do.
If ſhe be fair and wanteth wit,
I love no Beauty without it.
In brief, be what ſhe will, I'm one
That can love all, though I wed none.

Song

Song 245.

THere's none but the glad man,
Compar'd to the mad-man,
Whose heart is still empty of care,
His Fits and his Fancies
Are above all Mischances,
And Mirth is his ordinary fare:
Then be thou mad, and he mad, mad let us all be,
There's no men lead lives more merry than we.

Song 246.

GAze not on thy Beauties pride,
Tender Maid in the false tide,
That from Lovers Eyes do slide.
Let thy faithful Christal show.
How thy Colours come and go,
Beauty takes a foil from wo.
Love that in those smooth streams lies,
Under Pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.
Nets of Passions finest thread,
(Snaring Poems) will be spread,
All to catch thy Maiden-head.
Then beware, for those that cure,
Loves Disease, themselves endure.
For a reward, a Calenture.
Rather let the Lover pine,
Than his pale Cheek should assign;
A perpetual blush to thine.

Song 247.

A Beggar got a Bayliff, a Bayliff got a Yeoman,
A Yeoman got a Prentice, a Prentice got a Freeman
A Freeman got a Master, and he begat a Tease
And soon became a Gentleman, than a Just. of Peace
This Justice got a Daughter, & she is come to light,
She stept into the Court, and there she got a Knight,
A Knight got a Lord, a Lord an Earl begot,
An Earl got a Duke, this Duke he was a *Scot*:

This Duke a Prince begot, a Prince of Royal hope,
He begot an Emperor, the Emperor a Pope
The Pope got a Bastard, he was a Noble spark,
He lay with a Nun, and so begot a Clark.
A Clark got a Sexton, a Sexton got a Vicar,
A Vicar got a Parson, and all of them got Liquor,
Till they were all made Prebends, and so they got a
A Dean got a Bishop, a Bishop got a Queen. (Dean,

Song 248.

I'Le sing you a Sonnet that ne're was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint;
I'le tell you before-hand, you'l find *nothing* in't.
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.
Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, and
Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den; (Men,
And all *things* shall turn into *nothing* agen.
'Tis *nothing* sometimes makes many things hit,
As when fools among wise men do silently sit,
A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a wit.
What one man loves, is another mans loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a slow thing,
And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*. (thing
Your Lad that makes love to a delicate smooth
And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,
Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.
At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd;
But she that hath *nothing*, must needs be a maid.
Your flashing, and clashing, and flashing of wit,
Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit;
'Tis little or *nothing* to what has been writ,
When first by the ears we together did fall,
Then something got *nothing* and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.

That

That Party that scal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Who made our 3 Kingdoms and Churches lie waste;
Their Project, and all came to *nothing* at last.
They raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, Branches and Root;
They thundr'd, and plundr'd, but *nothing* would do't.
The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty New *nothing*.
And when he had rob'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the People by faithing and trothing;
At last he was catcht, and all came to *nothing*.
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute, and contend, and to fighting we fall;
I'le lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.
When War, and Rebellion, and Plundering grows
The Mendicant man is the freest from foes;
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.
Brave *Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies follow'd as Goose follows Gander,
Nothing can say t' an Action of Slander.
The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Though conquer the world, and give mankind a rout
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.
Old *Noll* that arose from high-thing to low-thing
By brewing Rebellion, Nicking, and Frothing,
In seven years distance was All-things and *nothing*.
Dick (*Olivers* Heir) that pitiful slow thing,
Who once was invested with Purple Clothing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*.
If King-killers bold are excluded from bliss,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing*, than what he now is.
Blind Colonol *Hewson*, that lately did crawl,
To lofty Degree, from a low Coblers Stall,
Did bring Aul to *nothing*, when Aul came to all.

Your

Your Gallant that Rants it in delicate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.
The Nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay
When death doth Arrest him & bear him away,
At the general Bar will have *nothing* to say.
Whores that in Silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chac'd,
Thus Courting, and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.
If any man tax me for weakness of wit,
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*
Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.
Let every man give the Poet his due;
Cause then it was with him, as now its with you;
He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do.
This very word *nothing*, if took the right way,
May prove advantagious, for what would you say,
If the Vintner should cry, there's *nothing* to pay?

Song 249.

BY Heaven I'le tell her boldly that 'tis she,
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
That she's belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their Altars o're,
They'l smoke but seldome any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.
The Lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain,
The humbler Furzes of the plain,
She being so high, and I so low,
Her power by this doth greater show,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.
Compared with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can towards her move.

Till

Till't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas, there's none;
She like a Deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.
If there be man who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his relief,
And one will give with lesser grief,
To an undeserving Beggar than a Thief.

Song 250.

WHen I drein my Goblets deep,
All my cares are rockt asleep,
Rich as *Crœsus*, Lord o'th' Earth,
Chanting *Odes* of Wit and Mirth,
And with Ivy Garlands crown'd,
I can kick the Globe round round.
Let others fight while I drink,
Boy, my Goblet fill to th' brink;
Come fill it high, fill it high,
That I may but drink and die.
For when I lay down my head,
'Tis better to be drunk, 'Tis better to be drunk,
Dead drunk, than dead.

Song 251.

BE not thou so foolish nice,
As to be invited twice;
What should women more incite,
Than their own sweet appetite?
Shall salvage things more freedom have,
Than Nature unto woman gave?
The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow,
Bill and kiss, then take the Marrow.
They Bill and Kiss, what then they do,
Come Bill and Kiss, and I'le shew you.

Song

Song 252.

PHillis on the new made Hay,
Phillis on the new made Hay,
In a wanton Posture lay,
Thinking no Shepherd by her;
But *Amintas* came that way,
And threw himself down by her.
Hotly he pursu'd the Game,
Hotly he pursu'd the Game,
She cry'd pish and fie for shame,
I vow you shall not do it;
But the Youth soon overcame,
And eagerly fell to it.
When alas to vex her more,
When alas to vex her more,
He e're she began gave o're;
For such was the Adventure,
He made his Complement at door,
And could not stay to enter.
In great rage she flung away,
In great rage she flung away,
He asham'd, and breathless lay;
But though he had displeas'd her,
He rally'd and renew'd the Fray,
And manfully appeas'd her.

Song 253.

COme *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I shall tell thee such a Tale,
Will make thine Ears to ring.
My Coyn is spent, my Time is lost,
And I this only fruit can boast,
That once I saw my King.
But this doth most afflict my mind,
I went to Court in hope to find
Some of my Friends in place:
And walking there I had a fight

Of

Of all the Crew, but by this light,
I hardly knew one Face.
Life of so many noble Sparks,
Who on their Bodies bear the Marks
Of their Integrity;
And suffer'd ruine of Estate,
It was my base unhappy fate,
That I not one could see.
Not one upon my life, among
My old acquaintance all along,
At *Truro*, and before.
And I suppose the place can show,
As few of those whom thou didst know,
At *York*, or *Marston-Moor*.
But truly there are Swarms of those
Whose Chins are Beardless, yet their Nose
And Back-sides still wear Muffs:
Whilst the old rusty Cavalier
Retires, and dares not once appear,
For want of Coyn and Cuffs;
When none of those I could descry,
Who better far deserv' than I,
I calmly did reflect:
Old Servants they by rule of State,
Like Almanacks grow out of date,
What then can I expect?
Troth in contempt of Fortunes frown,
I'le fairly get me out of Town,
And in a Cloyster pray:
That since the Stars are yet unkind
To Royalists, the King may find,
More faithful Friends than they.

Song 254.

I Marvel *Dick*, that having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The World as thou hast done:

Thou

Thou ſhouldſt acquaint me with a tale,
As old as Nectar, and as ſtale,
As that of Prieſt or Nun.
Are we to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant made for Fortunes ſport,
Where merits ſcarce appear:
For baſhful merits only dwells
In Camps, in Villages, and Cells,
Alas it comes not there.
Deſert is nice in its addreſs,
And merit oft times doth oppoſe,
Beyond what Guilt would do;
But they are ſure of their demands,
That come to Court with Golden hands,
And brazen Faces too.
The King indeed doth ſtill profeſs,
To give his party ſoon redreſs,
And cheriſh honeſty;
But his good wiſhes prove in vain,
Whoſe ſervice with the Servants gain,
Not always doth agree.
Ah Princes be they ne'r ſo wiſe,
Are fain to ſee with others Eyes,
But ſeldom hear at all.
And Courtiers find their intereſt,
In time to feather well their Neſt,
Providing for their fall.
Our comfort doth on him depend,
Things when they are at worſt will mend,
And let us but reflect,
On our condition t'other day,
When none but Tyrants bore the ſway.
What did we then expect?
Mean while a calm retreat is beſt,
But diſcontent if not ſuppreſt,
May breed Diſloyalty:

This

This is the constant Note I'le sing,
I have been faithful to my King,
And so shall live and die.

Song 255.

PHilis I pray,
Why did you say,
That I did not adore you?
I durst not sue,
As others do,
Nor talk of love before you.
Should I make known
My flame, you'd frown,
No tears could e're appease you,
'Tis better I,
Should silent die
Than talking to displease you.

Song 256.

COme *Chloris* hie we to the Bower,
To sport us e're the day be done,
Such is thy power,
That every flower,
Will ope to thee as to the Sun.
And if a flower, but chance to die,
With my sighs blast, or mine eyes rain;
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again.
The wanton Suckling and the Vine,
Will strive for th' honour, who first may,
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Song 257.

THough I am young, and cannot tell
Either what Love or Death is well;
And then again I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold,
Yet I have heard they both bear Darts,

And

And both do aim at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean nothing.

Song 258.

UPon the *Change* where Merchants meet,
'Twixt *Cornhil* and *Threadneedle-street*,
Where Wits on ev'ry size are hurl'd.
To treat of all things in the world,
I saw a folded Paper fall,
And upon it these words were writ,
Have at all.
Thought I, if have at all it be,
For ought I know 'tis have at me;
And (if the consequence be true)
It may as well be, have at you:
Then list n pray to what I shall
In brief declare, what's written there,
Have at all.
I am a Courtier who in sport,
Do come from the *Utopian* Court,
To whisper softly in your ear,
How high we are, and what we were;
To tell you all would be too much,
But here and there a little touch,
Have at all.
I was not many years ago,
In tatters trim'd from top to toe,
But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd,
My Rags are all to Ribons turn'd;
My patches into pieces fall,
I cog a Dye, swagger and lie,
Have at all.
Upon my Pantalonian Pate,
I wear a Millenors estate:
But when he duns me at the Court,
I shew him a Protection for 't;

Whilst

Whilſt he dos to proteſting fall,
And then I cry, Dam me, you lye.
Have at all.
Since *Venus* ſhav'd off all my Hair,
A powder'd Perriwig I wear,
Which brings me in the Golden Girls,
Which I procure for Lords and Earls.
When Love doth for a Cooler call,
My fancy drives at Maids and Wives,
Have at all.
My Lodgings never are at quiet,
Another duns me for my Diet,
I had of him in Fifty three,
Which I forgot, ſo doth not he;
I call him ſawcy fellow, Sirrah,
And draw my Sword to run him thorow,
Have at all.
Yet once a Friend that ſav'd my life,
Who had a witty wanton wife,
I did in courteſie requite,
Made him a Cuckold and a Knight;
Which makes him mount like Tennis-ball,
Whilſt ſhe and I, together cry,
Have at all.
But yet thoſe Cits are ſubtile ſlaves,
Moſt of them Wits, and knowing Knaves;
We get their Children, and they do
From us get Lands, and Lordſhips too:
And 'Tis moſt fit in theſe affairs,
And Land ſhould go to the right Heirs,
Have at all.
A Soldier I directly hate;
A Cavalier once broke my Pate.
With Cane in hand he overcome me,
And took away my Miſtreſs from me;
For I confeſs I love a Wench,

Though

Though *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Dutch*, or *French*,
Have at all.
A Soldiers life is not like mine;
I will be plump, when he ſhall pine:
My projects carry ſtronger force,
Than all his armed Foot and Horſe;
What though his Morter-pieces roar,
My Chimney-pieces ſhall do more.
Have at all.
Thus have I given you in ſhort,
A Courtier of *Utopia* Court;
I write not of Religion,
For (to tell truly) we have none,
If any me to queſtion call,
With Pen, or Sword, Hab Nab's the word,
Have at all.

Song 259.

POor *Fenny* and I we toiled,
A long long Summers day,
Till we were almoſt ſpoiled,
With making of the Hay.
Her Kerchief was of Holland clear
Bound low upon her brow,
I'ſe whiſper'd ſomething in her ear,
But what's that to you.
Her Stockings were of Kerſey green,
Well ſtitcht with yellow Silk,
Oh! ſike a Leg was never ſeen,
Her skin as white as Milk.
Her Hair was black as any Crow,
And ſweet her mouth was too,
Oh! *Fenny* daintily could mow,
But what's that to you.
Her Petti-coats were not ſo low,
As Ladies now do wear 'em;
She needed not a Page I trow,

For

For I was by to bear 'em;
I'z took em up all in my hand,
And I think her Linnen too,
Which made a friend of mine to ſtand,
But what's that to you?
King *Solomon* had Wives enough,
And Concubines a Number;
Yet I'z poſſeſs more happineſs
And he had more of Cumber.
My Joy ſurmounts a wedded Life,
With fear ſhe lets me mow,
A Wench is better than a Wife,
But what's that to you?
The Lilly and the Roſe combine
To make my *Fenny* fair,
There's no contentment ſike as mine,
I'm almoſt void of care.
But yet I fear my *Fenny*'s face,
Will more men bring to woo,
Which I ſhall take for a diſgrace,
But what's that to you?

Song 160.

AH! *Celia*, leave that cruel Art
Of killing with thoſe conquering eyes,
Your triumph o're a tender heart,
Makes a ſad Victim of your prize.
Such Souldiers little honour gain,
As trample o're a Captive-ſlave;
That uſe of Victory is vain,
Purſues the Foe unto his Grave.
But Priſoner-like as when repriev'd,
Sad ſighs I will no more approve,
Nor think 'tis happy to be griev'd,
Nor ſacrifice my ſelf to Love.
Though 'tis moſt true, your Beauty laſts
As powerful as it was before,

But having felt its fatal blasts,
I'm warn'd to give Devotion o're.
If now at last you will be kind,
And just, as I have been to you,
I then may once more change my mind,
And be for ever, ever true.
But if you will be cruel still,
And constant zeal can nothing move,
Then be you wedded to your will,
And I'le divorce my self from love.

Song 261.

COok *Laurel* would have the Devil his Guest,
And bade him home to *Peak* to Dinner,
Where Fiend had never such a Feast,
Prepared at the Charge of a Sinner.
With a Hey Down, Down, Down, Down.
His stomach was squeasie, he came thither Coacht,
The jogging had caused his Cruders to rise,
To help which, he call'd for a Buritan poacht,
That used to turn up the white of his eyes.
With a Hey, &c.
And so he recovered unto his wish,
He sate him down, and began to eat,
A Promooter in Plumb-broth was the first dish.
His own privy Kitchin had no such meat.
With a Hey, &c.
Yet though with this he much was taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
As soon as he spyed the Bawd and Bacon,
By which you may know the Devil's a wencher.
With a Hey, &c.
Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
With Sempsters and Tyre-women fit for his pallet,
With Feather men and Perfumers, put
Some twelve in a Charger, to make a Grand-sallet,
With a Hey, &c.

A rich

A rich fat Usurer slew'd in his Marrow,
With him a Lawyers Head and Green sawce.
All which his belly took in like a Barrel,
As though till then he had never seen sawce.
With a Hey, &c.
Then Carbonado'd and Cookt with pains,
Was brought up a Serjeants cleven face,
The sawce was made of a Yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his Mace.
With a Hey, &c.
Two roasted Sheriffs came hot to the Board,
The Feast had nothing been without them,
Both living and dead were foxed and furr'd,
And their Chains like Sausages hung about them.
With a Hey, &c,
The next Dish was the Mayor of the Town,
With a Pudding of Maintenance put in his belly,
Like a Goose in her Feathers, in his Gown,
With a couple of Hinch boys boild to a Jelly.
With a Hey, &c.
Next came the over-worn Justice of Peace,
With Clarks like Gizzards, stuck under each arm,
And Warrants like Sippets, lay in his own grease,
Set over a Chafing-dish to be kept warm.
With a Hey, &c.
A *London* Cuckold came hot from the Spit,
And when the Carver open had broke him,
The Devil chopt his Head up at a bit,
But his Horns had almost like to choak him.
With a Hey, &c.
A fair large Pasty of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd meat in this story,
A Reverend painted Lady was brought,
Long coffin'd in Crust till now she's grown hoary,
With a Hey, &c.
The Loyns of Lecher then was roasted,

With

With a plump Harlots Head and Garlick;
With a Panders Petti-toes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain that never was warlick.
With a Hey, &c.
Then boiled and stuck upon a prick,
The Gizzard was brought of a holy Sister,
That bit made the Devil almost so sick,
That the Doctor did think he had need of a Gli-
With a Hey, &c. (ster.
The Jowl of a Jaylor serv'd for a Fish,
A Constable sowc'd piss'd Vinegar by;
Two Aldermen Lobsters laid in a dish,
A Deputy Tart, and a Church-warden Pye.
With a Hey, &c.
All which he devoured, then for a close,
He did for a Draught of *Derby* call,
He heaved the Vessel up to his Nose,
And never left till he had drunk up all.
With a Hey, &c.
Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where Banquet and Wine was not to seek,
All which he blew away with a Fart, (*Peak*,
From whence it is call'd, *The Devils Arse in the*
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down.

Song 262.

THirsis, *Thirsis*, I wish as well as you,
To honour, to honour, there were nothing
Then would I pay my debt of Love, (due,
In that same Coyn,
In the same Coyn which you approve;
And now you must in friendship take,
'Tis all the payment I can make,
Friendship so high, that I may say,
'Tis rather Love,
'Tis rather Love with some allay;
Then rest contented, since that I

As

As well my self, as you deny,
And learn of me bravely to bear,
The loss of what I hold so dear;
And that which Honour does in me,
Let my Example,
My Example work in thee.

Song 263.

OH! the little House that lies under the Hill,
Oh! the little House that lies under the Hill,
There's Ale, and Tobacco, and Wenches at will,
Oh! the little House that lies under the Hill.

Song 264.

ON a Hill there grows a Flow'r,
Fair befal the gentle sweet,
By that Flow'r there is a Bow'r,
Where the Heav'nly Muses meet.
In that Bow'r there is a Chair,
Fringed all about with Gold,
Where doth sit the fairest Fair,
Mortal ever did behold.
It is *Phillis* fair and bright,
She that is the Shepherds Joy,
She that *Venus* did despight,
And did blind her little Boy,
That is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *Ipsaqua*, the which,
There is none but only she.
Who would not this Face admire;
Who would not this Saint adore,
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more.
O fair Eyes! but let me see
One good look, and I am gone,
Look on me, for I am he,

Thy poor silly *Coridon*
Thou that art the Shepherds Queen,
Look upon thy silly Swain,
By thy vertues have been seen,
Dead men brought to live again.

Song 265.

SInce life's but short, and time amain
Flyes on, and ne'r looks back again;
Let's laugh and sing and merry be,
And spend our times in jollity.
Good Wine makes the Pope religiously given,
And sends all the Monks, and little Fryers to Heaven,
Then take a merry Glass,
Fill it just as it was,
And let no man take it in dudgeon;
He that makes any stir,
Is no true drunken Cur,
Hang him up that is a Curmudgeon.
'Twas *Jove*'s refreshment when his mind was shrunk
With cares, to make himself with Nectar drunk;
So heavenly drunk, his brain ran like the sphears,
Round, and made Musick to his Ears.
He's a right honest man, you may believe what he'l tell you,
If he hath a jolly Nose, and a beautiful Belly.
Then take a merry Glass. &c.
Great *Alexander* to enflame his heart,
With courage, drank two Gallons and a quart
At six go downs, and then in Raptures hurld,
He went and Conquer'd all the World.
Darius lost *Persia*, and the *Macedon* won it,
But if he had not been drunk he could never have done it.
Then take a merry Glass. &c.

Song 266.

LOve I must tell thee, I'le no longer be
A Victim to thy beardless Dicty;
Nor shall this heart of mine, Now

Now 'tis return'd
Be offer'd at thy ſhrine,
Nor at thy Altar burn'd,
Love like Religion's made an airy Name,
To aw thoſe ſouls whom want of wit makes tame.
There's no ſuch thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
Nor do's Love wound, but we imagine ſo;
Or if it does perplex,
And grieve the mind,
'Tis in the Maſculine Sex,
Women no ſorrow find,
'Tis not our Parts or Perſons that can move 'em,
Nor is't mens worth, but wealth makes women love 'em.
Reaſon, not Love, henceforth ſhall be my Guide,
Our fellow Creatures ſhan't be Deifi'd.
I'le now a Rebel be
And ſo pull down,
The Diſtaff Hierarchy,
Or females fancy'd Crown,
In theſe unbridled times, who would not ſtrive
To free his Neck from all Prerogative.

Song 267.

THe Spring's coming on, and our Spirits begin
To retire to their places merrily home,
And every ſoul is bound to lay in
A new brewing of blood for the year that's to come,
They'r Cowards that make it of clarifi'd Whey,
Or ſwill with the Swine in the juice of the Grains;
Give me the Racy Canary to play,
(And the ſparkling Reniſh to vault) in my veins.
Let Doctors go teach our lives are but ſhort,
And overmuch Wine a new death will invite,
But we'l be revenged before-hand for't,
And crown a lives mirth, with the ſpace of a night,
Then ſtand we about with our Glaſſes full crown'd,
Whilſt ev'ry thing elſe to their poſtures doth grow,

Till our Heads and our Caps with the Houſes turn round, (now
And the Cellars become where the Chambers are
Then fill out more wine, 'twill a ſacrifice bring,
We'l tipple, and fiddle, and fuddle all out
This night in full Draughts, with a Health to our King.
Till we baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about,
Whoſe firſt riſing Rays when ſhot from his throne,
Shall daſh upon Faces as red as his own,
And wonder that Mortals can fuddle away,
More wine in a night, than he water in a day.

Song 268.

LOve is a Bauble,
No man is able
To ſay it is this, or 'tis that,
'Tis ſo full of paſſions,
Of ſundry faſhions,
'Tis like I cannot tell what,
'Tis fair in the Cradle,
'Tis foul in the Saddle,
'Tis either too cold, or too hot,
An errant Lier,
Fed by deſire,
It is, and it is not.
Love is a Fellow,
Clad all in Yellow,
The Canckerworm of the mind.
A privy miſchief,
And ſuch a ſlie Thief,
As no man is able to find.
Love is a wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
As common to one as to moe,
So great a Cheater,
Every man is better,
Then hang him and ſo let him go.

Song

Song 269.

DEar Love, let me this Ev'ning die,
Oh ſmile not to prevent it;
But uſe this opportunity,
Leſt we both repent it,
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
So that my way of dying,
May though my Life prove full of ſmart,
Be worth the worlds envying.
Some ſtriving knowledg to refine,
Conſume themſelves with thinking,
And ſome whoſe friendſhips ſeald in wine
Are kindly kill'd with drinking,
And ſome are wrack'd on *Indian* coaſt,
Thither by gain invited,
And ſome in ſmoak of Battel loſt,
Whom Drums, nor Lutes delighted.
Alas, how poorly theſe depart,
Their Graves ſtill unattended,
Who dies not of a broken heart,
In love is not befriended;
His memory is only ſweet,
All praiſe no pitty moving,
Who fondly at his Miſtreſs feet,
Doth die with over-loving,
And now thou ſi own'ſt, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Shall ſhortly by dead Lovers lie,
For that ground's only hollow'd.
If the Prieſt tak't ill, I have a Grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my Eſtate ſhall have,
To teach the Art of loving.
And now let Lovers ring the Bells,
For the poor youth departed,
He which all others elſe excels,

That are not broken-hearted.
My Grave with Flowers let Virgins ſtrow,
But if thy tears fall near them,
They'l ſo excel in ſcent and ſhow,
Thy ſelf will ſhortly wear them:
Such Flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
That on a Lover's growing,
And water'd by his Miſtreſs eyes,
With pity over-flowing;
A Grave ſo deckt will (though thou art
Yet fearful to come nigh me)
Provoke thee ſtraight to break thy heart,
And lie down boldly by me.
Then every where the Bells ſhall ring,
While all to black is turning,
All Torches burn, and each Quire ſing,
As Natures ſelf were mourning,
And we hereafter may be found,
(By Deſtinies right placing)
Making, like Flowers, love under ground,
Whoſe Roots are ſtill embracing.

Song 270.

YEs, I could love if I could find
A Miſtreſs pleaſing to my mind,
Whom neither Pride nor Gold can move,
To buy her Beauty, ſell her Love,
Goes neat, yet cares not to be fine,
Who loves me for my ſelf, not mine.
Not Lady proud, nor City cov,
But full of freedom, full of joy,
Not childiſh young, nor Beldam old,
Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;
Not gravely wiſe to guide a State,
Not vain, as to be pointed at;
Not rich, nor proud, nor baſe, nor poor,
Nor chaſte, nor no reputed Whore;

When

When such a Lass I shall discover,
Cupid entitle me a Lover.

Song 271.

YOu maidens and wives, & young widows rejoice
Declare your thanksgiving with heart and with voice,
Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say
There ne'r was such cause for a Thanksgiving day:
For from *London* Town,
There's lately come down
Four able Physitians that never wore Gown,
Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is large,
And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.
No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, nor Pill,
(VVhich sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill)
Your taste, nor your stomach, need ever displease,
If you'l be advised but by one of these:
For they have a new Drug,
VVhich is call'd *The close Hug*,
VVhich will mend your Complexion, and make you look smug.
A Soveraign Balsom which once well apply'd,
Though griev'd at the heart, the Patient ne'r dy'd,
In the morning you need not be rob'd of your rest,
For in your warm beds your Physick doth best;
And though in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
The motions so pleasant you cannot be tyr'd,
For on your back you must lie,
VVith your buttock raised high,
And one of those Doctors must always be by,
VVho still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take cold all Physick doth harm.
Before they do venture to give their direction,
They always consider their Patients complexion,
If she have a moist palm, or a red head of hair,
She requires more Physick than one man can spare.
If she have a long Nose,

The Doctor scarce knows,
How many good handfuls must go to her Dose.
You Ladies that have such ill Symptoms as these,
In reason and conscience should pay double Fees.
But that we may give these Doctors due praise,
Who to all sorts of People their favours conveys,
On the ugly for pity sake Skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom they'r cur'd for their own.
On your Silver or Gold,
They never laid hold,
For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold.
Then joyn with those Doctors and heartily pray,
Their power of Healing may never decay.

Catch, or Song, 272.

Pompey was a mad man, a mad man,
Pompey was a mad man, a mad man was he,
So long he was a glad man, a glad man,
So long he was a glad man, a glad man was he,
Till *Cæsar* from *Pharsalia*, routed his Battalia,
'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he,
Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,
And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

Song 273.

OH *Anis* quoth he, well *Thomas* quoth she,
What wouldst thou say unto me?
I love thee quoth he, dost love me quoth she,
Ch'ime the more beholding to thee.
To Bed then quoth he, no *Thomas* quoth she,
Not till the Parson hath said all unto me,
I'z bump thee quoth he, wo't bump me quoth she,
Ch'me the more beholding to thee.
How lik'st it quoth he, well, *Thomas* quoth she,
So thou com'st but once more unto me,
That I will quoth he, sayst thou so quoth she,
Ch'ime no more beholding to thee.

Song

Song 274.

BOnny *Kate*, *Kenny Kate*, lay thy leg o're me,
Thou be'ſt a bonny Laſs, fain would I mow thee,
Fain would I mow thee, ans thou would'ſt let me,
Bonny Kate, *Kenny Kate*, do not forget me.
Out away *Fonny* lad, I'ſe am a Virgin,
There is no hope for to get a Pergin,
For to get Pergin, I dare not let thee,
Out away *Fonny* lad, I'ſe mun forget thee.
Thou be'ſt young, ſo is I, let us be doing,
There is no better thing than to be mowing,
Than to be mowing, ans thou would'ſt let me,
Bonny Kate, *Kenny Kate*, do not forget me.
Why doſt thou whimper, thou knowſt my mind *Fo*,
Would mother ſuffer me, I would be kind *Fo*,
I would be kind *Fo*, ans ſhe would let me,
Bonny lad, *Fonny* lad, I'ſe ne're forget thee.

Song 275.

I Went to the Alehouſe as an honeſt woman ſhoo'd
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves (woo'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
I'le tell you by and by, how this Knave ſerv'd me.
I call'd for my Pot as an honeſt woman ſhoo'd,
And the Knave drank it up, as you know Knaves (woo'd,
Knaves will be knaves, &c.
I went into my Bed as an honeſt woman ſhoo'd,
And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves (woo'd.
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.
I prov'd with Child as an honeſt woman ſhoo'd,
And the Knave run away, as you know Knaves (woo'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
And thus have I told you how this Knave ſerv'd me.

Song 276.

HAng fear, caſt away care,
The Pariſh is bound to find us,

Thou and I,
And all muſt die,
And leave this world behind us;
The Bells ſhall ring,
The Clerk ſhall ſing,
And the good old wife ſhall wind us,
And *John* ſhall lay,
Our bones in clay,
VVhere the Devil ne'r ſhall find us.

Song 277.

NAy prethee do not fly me,
But ſit thee down by me,
For I cannot endure
The man that's demure,
A pox on your VVorſhips and Sirs:
For your Co gics and Trips,
VVith your Legs and your Lips,
Your Madams and Lords,
VVith ſuch finical words,
The Complement you bring,
That doth ſpell nothing.
You may keep for the Change and the Furrs.
For at the beginning was neither Peaſant nor Prince
And who, the Devil made the diſtinction ſince:
Thoſe Titles of Honours,
Do remain in the Donors,
And not in the thing,
To which they do cling.
If his ſoul be too narrow that wears them;
No delight can I ſee,
In the thing call'd D:gree,
Hon: ſt *Dick* ſounds as well,
As a name with an L,
That with Titles do ſwell,
And hums like a Bell,
To affright mortal ears that do hear 'um:

He

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honestly do,
Is a Herald to himself, and a God father too.
Why should we then dote on,
One with a fools Coat on,
Whose Coffers are cram'd,
Yet he will be damn'd
E're he'l do a good Act or a wise one.
What reason hath he,
To be Ruler o're me,
Who is Lord o're his Chest,
But his Head and his Breast,
Are but empty and bare,
And puft up with air,
And can neither assist, nor advise one.
Honours but air, and proud Flesh but dust is,
'Tis the Commons makes Lords, as the Clerk makes (the Justice,
But since it must be,
Of a different degree,
'Cause some do aspire
To be greater and higher.
Then the rest of our Fellows and Brothers;
He that hath such a Spirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
Spend his wit, wealth, and blood,
For his Countreys good,
And make himself fit,
By his Valour and Wit,
For things above the reach of all others:
Honour's a Prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not 'tis a badge, and a burthen to bear it.
For my part let me,
Be but quiet and free,
I'le drink Sack and obey,
Let the great ones sway,
That spend their whole time in thinking,
I'le not busie my Pate,

With

With the matters of State,
The News-books I'le burn all,
And with the Diurnal
Light Tobacco, and admit,
They are so far fit,
To serve good Company and Drinking;
All the name I desire, is an honest good fellow,
For that man has no worth that won't sometimes
be mellow.

Song 278.

WHy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee,
That fond impossibility.
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours space?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy Face?
Not but that all Joys in thy brown hair,
By others may be found,
But I must search the black, and fair,
Like skilful Mineralists that sound,
For Treasures in a plow'd-up ground.
Then if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she,
With spoil of other Beauties crown'd,
I loaden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

Song 279.

THe May-pole is up,
Now give me the Cup,
I'le drink to the Garlands around it;
But first unto those,

Whose

Whose hands did compose,
The glory of Flowers that crown'd it;
A Health to my Girls,
Whose Husbands may Earls
Or Lords be, granting my wishes;
And whence they shall wed
To the Bridal Bed,
Then multiply all like to Fishes.

Song 280.

FArewel fond Love, under whose Childish whip,
I have serv'd out a weary Prentiship;
Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
To dote on those that love not, and to fly
Love that woo'd thee; go bane of my content,
And practice on some other Patient,
Farewel fond hopes that fan'd my warm desire,
Till it had rais'd a wild unruly fire,
Which no sigh could, nor tears extinguish can,
Although my eyes out-flow the Ocean.
Forth from my thoughts for ever, thing o' air,
Begun in error, finish'd in despair,
Farewel false world, upon whose restless stage,
Twixt Love and Hope, I have fool'd out an Age.
E're I will seek to thee for my redress,
I'le wooe the wind, and court the wilderness,
And bury'd from the days discovery,
Find out some slow, but certain way to die.
My woful Monument shall be my Cell,
The murmurs of the purling Brooks my Knell,
And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall grone
Eternally; if any ask that Stone,
What wretched thing doth in that compass lie?
The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I. 'tis I,
The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I.

Song 281.

GO with thy Staff the Sea divide,
And with thy Whistle stop the Tide,

Catch

Catch the wild winds fast in thy fist,
And let them blow but when thou list,
Creep into *Neptunes* watry bed,
And get a *Syrens* Maiden-head,
Then sore more high and fetch me down
Fair *Ariadne*'s starry Crown,
So that with it I may wear
Some of *Berenices*'s hair,
Make *Mars* and *Saturn*'s aspects mild,
And get the Virgin Star with child,
But if thou hast a daring Soul,
Go whip the Bear about the Pole,
All this thou mayst long e're thou can
A woman find, a woman find, that's true to man;
For womens hearts take new desires,
Far sooner then the powder fires,
Their flashes are more violent
Then those flames, and sooner spent,
Like Torrents womens loves rise high,
Make a noise, decrease and die,
Then let no wise man think it strange,
That women are so apt to change.
No Creature un'erneath the Sun,
Bears such relation to the Moon,
He then that for their love is sick,
Is worse than they, is worse than they, he's lunatick.

Song 282.

WIth more than I-with Reverence, as yet,
Do I the sacred name conceal;
When ye kind Stars, Ah! when will it be fit,
This gentle Mystery to reveal,
When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
That Christning as a Badge of happiness.

So bold as yet no Verse of mine has been,
To wear that Gem on any line,

Nor

Nor till that happy Nuptial Muſe be ſeen,
Shall any Stanzy with it ſhine.
Reſt, Mighty Name, till then; for thou muſt be,
Laid down by her, e're taken up by me.

Then all the Fields, and Woods ſhall with it ring;
The Ecchoes burden it ſhall be;
Then all the Birds in ſeveral notes ſhall ſing,
And all the Rivers murmur thee,
Then every wind the ſound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper'd in ſome Angels ear.

Then ſhall thy name through all my verſe be ſpread
Thick as the Flowers in Meadows lie,
And when in future times they ſhall be read,
(As thine, I think, they will not die,)
If any Critick doubt that they be mine,
Men by that ſtamp ſhall quickly know the Coyn.

Mean while I will not dare to make a Name,
So good to repreſent thee by;
Adam (Gods *Nomenclator*) could not frame
One, that enough ſhould ſignifie.
Aſtraa or *Celia*, as unfit would prove,
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity, *Jove*.

Song 283.

LOve, Fare thee well,
Since no man Love dwell
In her, that in hatred doth all excel:
All Love is blind,
But none more unkind,
Than that which repays love with a proud mind,
Love that's divine,
Is not like mine,
Since ſhe doth laugh, for whom I repine,

Then gentle Love, for Love's own sake,
Wound faster that my heart may break.
My heart's on fire,
While I do admire.
Yet you with disdain requite my desire;
All Love must cease,
Yet my flames encrease,
O curst be that pride which murther'd my peace,
Nothing can be
More cruel to me,
Than thus to dote on your Tyranny.
Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
Wound faster that my heart may break.
Many declare
What torments there are,
But none ever felt so much of despair,
No tongue can tell,
How high my griefs swell,
Oh Heaven! That so traduc'd me to Hell.
Ne're was poor heart,
So pierc'd by a Dart,
Never less pity, nor greater a smart,
Then gentle Love for Love's own sake,
Wound faster that my heart may break.

Song 284.

Cupid once when weary grown,
With womens Arrants, laid him down,
On a refreshing rosie bed,
The same sweet Covert harbored
A Bee, and as she always had
A Quarrel to Loves idle trade,
Stings the soft Boy: pain and strong fears
Straight melts him into crys and tears.
As Wings, and Feet, would let each other,
Home he hastens to his Mother.
Then on her knees he hangs his head,

And

And crys, oh Mother, I am dead,
An ugly Snake, they call a Bee,
(O see it swells) has murther'd me,
Venus with smiles reply'd, O Sir,
Does a Bee's sting make all this stir;
Think what pains attend those Darts,
Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts;
E'en let it smart, may chance that then
Thou'lt learn more pity towards men.

Song 285.

AH! what advice can I receive,
No, satisfie me first;
For who would Physick Potions give,
To one that dies with thirst.
A little puff of Breath we find
Small fires can quench and kill;
But when they're great the adverse wind
Does make them greater still.
Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
But straight I'm just the same:
Alas! The Fate must needs be such
Of cutting through a flame.

Song 286.

A *Beggar*, a *Beggar*, a *Beggar* I'le be,
There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
A *Beggar* I was, and a *Beggar* I am,
A *Beggar* I'le be, from a *Beggar* I came,
If as it begins our Tradings do fall,
We in the conclusion shall *Beggars* be all.
Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs.
And few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.
A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Self,
A Lifter my Aunt, and a *Beggar* my self;

In

In white wheaten ſtraw when their b lly's were full
Then I was got between Tinker and Trull.
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'le be,
For there's none leads a life more jocund than he.
When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
To follow our Calling, we ne're bind them Prentice;
Soon as they come too't, we teach them to doo't,
And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot,
We teach them their *Lingua* to Crave and to Cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.
And he, or ſhe, that Beggars will be,
Without Indentures he ſhall be made free.
We beg for our bread, yet ſometimes it happens,
We feaſt it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches Affairs, we are no Men ſlayers,
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers.
But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purſes,
We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curſes.
The Devil confound your good Worſhip we cry,
And ſuch a bold brazen-fac'd Beggar am I.
We do things in ſeaſon, and have ſo much reaſon,
We raiſe no Rebellion, nor never talk Treaſon,
We bill at our Mates, at very low Rates,
Whilſt ſome keep their quarters as high as th'Gates
With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blew-cap or Tege,
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'le be,
For none lives a life more merry then he.
For ſuch petty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
Put ſometimes the whip, doth make us to skip,
And then we from Tything, to Tything do trip,
For when in a poor Bouzing-ken we do bib it,
We ſtand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet.
And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'le be,
For when it is night in the Barn tumbles he.

We

We throw down no Altar, nor ever do falter,
So much as to change a gold Chain for a Halter,
Though ſome men do flout us, and others do doubt
We commonly bear ſorty pieces about us. (us,
But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mer-cer.
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
I fear not the Compter, Kings-Bench, nor the Fleet.
Sometimes I do frame my ſelf to be lame,
And when a Coach comes I hop to my game,
We ſeldom miſcarry, or ever do Marry,
By the gown Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
But *Simon* and *Suſan* like Birds of a Feather,
They kiſs and they laugh, and ſo lie down together.
Like Pigs in the Peaſe-ſtraw intangled they lie,
Till there they beget ſuch a bold Rogue as I.

Song 287.

I Dream'd we both were in a Bed
Of Roſes, almoſt ſmothered,
But when I heard thy ſweet breath fay,
Faults done by night will bluſh by day,
I kiſs thee (panting and I call)
The night to record, that was all;
But ah! if empty Dreams ſo pleaſe,
Love give me more ſuch nights as theſe.

Song 288.

GO treacherous hopes, by whoſe uncertain fire,
I cheriſh my tyrannical deſire;
Love is a more uncertain Gueſt than Care,
And my Fate's ſuch,
That will coſt as much,
To love as to deſpair.
'Tis true our lives are but a long diſeaſe,
Made up with real care, and ſeeming eaſe,
Ye Gods that ſuch uncertain favours give,

Oh

Oh tell me why,
It is so hard to die,
And such a task to live.

Song 289.

WHy should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing how many men have performed fights
Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Or Sir *Tristram du Leon*, who fought for Ladies sake?
Read old Stories, and you shall plainly see
How St. *George*, St. *George*, he made the Dragon flee.
St. George *he was for* England,
St. Denis *was for* France,
Sing bony soit qui maly pense.
To speak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Romans* how far they did excel;
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a Field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.
St. George, &c.
Jeptha and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
The *Gibbonites* and *Ammonites*, they put them all to flight,
Hercules's valour was in the Vale of *Basse*,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Ass,
And when he was blind pull'd the Temple to the ground,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon did confound.
St. George, &c.
Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pepins* blood,
Afrid and *Aldrick* they were brave Knights and good, (*main.*
The four Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charle-*
Sir *Hugh de Bourdeaux* and *Godfry de Bullaign*,
These were all *French* Knights, the Pagans did convert.

But

But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd out the Dragons heart,
St. George, &c.

Henry the Fifth he conquered all *France*,
He quartered their Armes his honour to advance,
He raced their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And he garnish'd his land with a double triple crown
He thumped the *French* and after home he came,
But St. *George*, S. *George*, he made the Dragon tame.
St. George, &c.

St. *David* you know loves Leeks and toasted Cheese
And *Jason* was the man brought home the golden Fleece,
And *Patrick* you know he was St. *George*'s Boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him away,
For which knavish Act a slave he doth remain,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath slain.
St. George, &c.

Tamberlain the Emperor in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town.
Scanderbeg magnanimous *Mahomet*'s Bashaw did dread,
Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was dead,
His *Beglerbegs*, his Corn-like dregs, *Geo. Castriot* he was call'd,
But S. *George*, S. *George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.
St. George, &c.

Ottoman the *Tartar*, he came of *Persia*'s Race
The great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of Cloves and Mace,
The Grecian youth *Bucephalus* he madly did bestride
But these with their Worthies Nine, St. *George* did them deride,
Gustavus Adolphus was *Sweedlands* warlike King,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons Sting.
St. George, &c.

Pendragon and *Cadwaladar* of Britiſh blood do boaſt
Though *John* of *Gaunt* his foes did daunt, St. *George*
ſhall rule the roaſt,
Agamemnon and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon* did feats,
But compar'd to our Champion they are but meerly cheats,
Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkiſh* Fights their brandiſh Swords out drew,
But St. *George* met the Dragon, and ran him through and through,
St. *George*, &c.
Bidia the *Amazon Perſeus* overthrew,
As fierce as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Sarazen*, or *Jew*,
The Potent *Holofernes* as he lay on his Bed,
In came wiſe *Judith* and ſubtly ſtole his head;
Brave *Cyclops* ſtout with *Jove* he fought, although he ſhowr'd down Thunder,
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a wonder,
St. *George*, &c.
Mark Anthony, I'le warrant you, plaid feats with *Egypts* Queen,
Sir *Eglamore* that valiant Knight, the like was never ſeen,
Grim *Gorgons* might was known in fight,
Old *Bevis* moſt men frighted,
The *Myrmidons* and *Preſter Johns*, why were not theſe men Knighted.
Brave *Spinola* took *Bredah*, *Naſſaw* did it recover;
But St. *George* met the Dragon, and turn'd him o're and o'er,
St. George *he was for* England,
St. Dennis *was for* France,
Sing Hony ſoit qui mal i penſe.

Song 290.

WIth much of pains, and all the Art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto,
To hide my Love, and yet all will not do.

The World perceives it, and it may be, ſhe;
Though ſo diſcreet, and good ſhe be,
By hiding it to teach that skill to me.

Men without Love, have oft ſo cunning grown,
That ſomething like it they have ſhown,
But none who had it, ever ſeem'd t'have none.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Can no Arts, or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it, cauſe it ſelf is blind.

The very eye betrays the inward ſmart,
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When through it, he paſs'd into the Heart.

Or if by chance the Face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like Drunkenneſs, into the Tongue 'twill get.

Song 291.

SWift as the feet of *Leda*, I
Will to *Olimpus* flowred boſome flie,
And there lie quaffing in mortality,
Who taſtes ſuch ſweets, thoſe hearts can never die,
The Cyprus Queens not half ſo fair,
Beauty her ſelf can't with my Love compare,
She doth impale all things the Gods count rare,
Come vie with her what ſublunary dare?
Her Neck's a Town of Snow, her Head
A roſie Globe with curling Amber ſpread,
Whoſe darts are able to amaze the dead,

And

And make them leap from their cold shady Bed.
When she first opes her cast Eyes, (Skies,
You'd swear two Suns at once broke through the
Or that they were bright Lamps of Paradice,
The fawcy Gazer on those splendor dies.
Her Ivory Brows a Thrown erect,
To arbitrate betwixt each Lovers Sect.
Her Footstool with Majestick Arch is deckt,
It frowns to death Loves wanton Heresick.
Descending hence a little, grows
A lovely Gnomon, rustick call'd the Nose,
Each side two blushing Hemispheres disclose,
Where th' Lilly's youthful Bridal with the Rose.
Her Lips like Gates of Rubies show,
And opens where two sets of Pearl doth grow,
In Coral Sockets, bending like a Bow,
Whose worth the Lapidaries do not know,
Hence breaks a Voice such harmony,
Is able to transform a Dicty,
And cause the dead to live, the living die,
Orpheus and *Amphion* at it mute doth lie.
Have you not seen at Sacrifices,
How chafted Incense with brew'd Spikenard rises,
In Clouds of Perfumes, or in flaming Spices,
Just so her breath my senses each surprises.
But on her Breast two Hills advance,
Would cost a Pilgrim an eternal Trance,
On this the Nymphs, on that the Graces dance,
Here *Cupid* lays his Bowe, there *Mars* his Lance,
Beneath this Vale's a Plain reveal'd,
Eden it self no such delight doth yield,
Where the bold Champion, though his back were
steel'd,
Sounds a Retreat, but vanquisht quits the field,
O stay *Olympia*, I have not done,
These Plains I wander are *Elizium*.

Oh

Oh let me herein blest for ever rome,
Whilst in a Babe we met, *Olimpia* come.
This is the Theatre of Love,
In this sweet Lab'rinth let me endless rove,
And like the Orb about the Center move.
So I'le not change my Sence to be a Jove.

Song 191.

COme will you hear a merry Jest,
That of a truth of late was play'd,
The story to you I'le relate,
Between the Mistress and the Maid.
Not far from hence a Lawyer dwelt,
Which had a neat and handsome Wife,
This Lawyer he was struck in years,
But yet he lov'd her as his life.
This Lawyer had a handsome Clark,
That for his Master us'd to write,
On him his Mistress often would,
Cast many an amorous sight.
Like *Adonis* that spruce Youth,
Was bashful when fair *Venus* smil'd,
It seem'd in him but cowardize,
To shew himself so like a Child.
Had war like *Mars* been present there,
He'd not have dallied with Loves Queen,
But straight the Fort he would have scal'd,
And Master of the same have been.
But time doth matters bring about,
Young things you know delight to play?
And Love hath many Stratagem,
(Though ne're so close) to find the way.
As Fortune smil'd, the Lawyer had
Occasion out of Town to ride;
To have her opportunity,
This witty Wife her senses try'd:
This Mistress had a Waiting-maid,

As many other Maidens be;
Betwixt them both a Plot they laid,
And now hear how they did agree.
The Mistress sitting by the fire,
The Man and Maid, then standing by,
Quoth winking *Moll*, here's *John* our Clark,
I think he hath adocity.
You are deceiv'd the Mistress said,
The still Sow all the Draught doth eat,
I'le warrant you let *John* alone,
For he knows how to do the feat.
'Tis very like then answered *Moll*,
A Wager with you I will lay,
Were he in bed between us both,
That still all night he would not lie:
I do believe it to be true,
The Mistress unto *John* did say,
I am afraid to lie alone,
A Wager with you I will lay.
And you shall lie between us both,
But if that you uncivil be,
Forty shillings you shall pay,
Next morning gentle *John* to me.
'Tis done, sweet Mistress, then said *John*,
And so to Bed this Couple went,
But he thinks of a cunning Trick,
His Mistress Plot for to prevent.
Straight to his Thigh his Nag he ty'd,
With a silk Garter presently,
Quoth he, revenge on thee I'le take,
If that thou wilt not quiet be.
Stripping himself to Bed he went,
And down betwixt them both he lay,
But *Moll* she slipt the running Knot,
And so poor *John* she did betray,
The Spirits move him to the quick,

His Nag being at liberty,
Then he began for to grow bold,
And on his Mistress face did fly.
Resting a while, he at the Maid,
Like to a Dragon straight he rusht;
Quoth he, revenge on thee I'le take,
But still the bad him do his worst.
This night poor *Jobn* had little rest,
For he had work enough to do,
One Woman it is hard to please,
Yet he was forc'd to please the two.
Next morning did his Mistress rise,
What Woman can believe a Man?
You were uncivil all the night,
The Wagers lost, say what you can.
Not so, sweet Mistress, then said *Jobn*,
Your words I utterly defie,
But when my Master doth come home,
He shall be judge 'twixt you, and I.
Nay, *Jobn* I hope you'l be more wise,
Than once to let your Master know,
Nay, by my troth, then answered *Jobn*,
I do intend it shall be so.
Next morning came his Master home,
To wait at Table was his Task,
Now good Sir, may I be so bold,
Onely one Question now to ask?
A man of late a Nag ty'd fast,
Hard by the Corn, where it did grow,
The party that did owe the Corn,
Unty'd the Rope, and let him go.
This Nag being left at liberty,
Upon the Corn then did he grase,
And who can blame the Nag for this,
He did his kind, although he strays.
Now who the Trespass did commit,

Resolve me Sir, I do you pray.
The party that did owe the Corn,
The Lawyer unto him did say,
Lo Mistress, I've your Wager won,
A crimson blush her Cheeks bespread,
Although the Wager I have lost,
It doth not grieve me much, she said.
And thus all parties were agreed.
But little did the Lawyer think,
The crafty Cat could catch a Mouse,
When that she did but seem to wink.

Song 193.

WHen I go to revel in the night,
The Brewers Dog my brains did bite,
My Head's too heavy and my Heels too light.
And I like my humour well, well,
And I like my humour well.
With *Ipse 'ke* I live my Head,
My Hostess Cellar is my Bed,
The World's our own when the Devil's dead,
And I like, &c.
Then I fall to talking of the Court,
Or of the taking of some Fort,
And I swear a lie for a true report.
And I like, &c.
Then from the Wars I came, I swear
How I made a Fellow die for fear;
And how many I kill'd that I never came near.
And I like, &c.
If mine Hostess bids me pay the score,
I'le stand if I can and call her Whore,
Or stumble and reel out of the Door.
And I like, &c.
The Cape of my Cloak hangs all on one side,
My Hatband is lost, and my Hose are unty'd,
My Heels on the ground begin for to slide.
And I like, &c.

Then

Then juſtle with every Poſt I meet,
I kick the Dunghils about the ſtreet,
I trample the Kennels under my Feet.
And I like, &c.
The Conſtable then I curſe and ban,
He bids me ſtand if I am a man;
I tell him he bids me do more than I can.
And I like, &c.
If I fall to the ground, the Watchmen ſee,
They ask me if I Foxed be?
I tell them it is my humility,
And I like, &c.
If I chance to juſtle with a Taylors Stall,
My Noſe to the ground doth catch a fall,
We kiſs and be friends, and ſo we part all.
And I like, &c.
When I come home my Wife doth ſcold,
It is my patience makes her bold,
She'l rail the more I bid her hold.
And I like, &c.
When I go to Bed I looſe my way,
Forgetting where my Cloaths I lay,
And call to drink before it be day.
And I like my humour well, well,
And I like my humour well.

Song 294.

SHall I woo thee lovely *Molly*,
She's ſo fair, ſo fat, ſo jolly,
But ſhe has a trick of Folly.
Therefore I'le have none of Molly, *no, no, no, no, no,*
I'le have none of Molly, *no, no, no.*
Oh the cherry Lips of *Nelly*,
They are red and ſoft as Jelly,
But too well ſhe loves her Belly,
Therefore I'le, &c.
What ſay you to bonny *Betty*,

Have you seen a Lass so pretty,
But her Body is so sweety.
Therefore I'le, &c.
When I dally with my *Dolly*,
She is full of Melancholly,
Oh that Wench is pestilent holy.
Therefore I'le, &c.
I could fancy lovely *Nanny*,
But she has the love of many,
Yet her self she loves not any.
Therefore I'le, &c.
In a Flax-shop I spy'd *Rachel*,
Where she Tow and Flax did hatchel,
But her Cheeks hung like a Satchel.
Therefore I'le, &c.
In a corner I met *Biddy*,
Her heels were light, her head was giddy,
But she fell down and somewhat did I.
Therefore I'le, &c.

Song 295.

THere was a Puritan Cat,
Was looking for her prey,
Being in the House,
She kill'd a Mouse,
Upon the Sabbath-Day.
Her Master being moved,
At such a Deed profane,
Being at his Book,
The Cat he took,
And ty'd her in a Chain.
Thou wicked damned Creature,
Thou Blood-sucker (said he)
Enough to throw,
To Hell below,
My holy house and me.

But

But be thou well assured,
Thou blood for blood shalt pay,
For spilling of
The Mouse's blood,
Upon the Sabbath-Day.
Oh then he took his Bible book,
And earnestly he prayd,
That the great sin,
The Cat was in,
Might not on him be laid.
So then to Execution,
Poor Pussee, she was drawn,
Where on a Tree,
There hanged she,
And left her life in pawn,
For since the Act of Puritans,
Since they did bear such sway,
You murther must,
Nor Mouse, nor Louse,
Upon the Sabbath-Day.

Song 296.

SPeak *Chloris*, if thou canst not love,
Or if I am not he,
That can in thee such Passion move,
Speak then, and set me free:
I hate to court and keep a pother,
To make you game some for another.
These ten days past, that I have lain,
Before thy Lips and Eyes,
Hath been long time enough to gain
A far more glorious Prize,
But I'me content you make your boast,
That I my time, and you me lost.

Song 297.

IF the Season proves unkind,
The Bees will yield no Honey,

And if you'l lie with me to night,
You must give me your Money;
And under the Mos the Mine grows,
And under the Mine the Money.
And under the Waste,
The Belly is plac'd,
And under that;
I know not what.
But I think they do call it a —— Coney.

Song 297.

WHen *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had youth and beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported,
And her Charms were ever new;
Conquering Time doth now deceive her,
Which her glories did uphold,
All her Arts can ne're retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia*'s growing old.
The Airy Spirits which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more,
And those eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.
Want of these abate her merits,
Yet I've passion for her name,
Only kind and am'rous Spirits,
Kindle and maintain a flame.

Song. 298.

A Lover I'm born, and a Lover I'le be,
And I hope from my Love I shall never be free,
Let Wisdom abound in the Grave Woman-hater,
Yet never to love is a Sign of ill nature.
But he that loves well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.
With hopes, and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing and ever in motion,
When our passions are pal'd, and our Fancies would fail,

Then

Then some little fresh quarrel supplies a fresh gale,
But when the doubts clear'd, and the jealousy's gone
How we kiss and embrace, and can never have done.

Song 299.

WE'l call for our Barge, and to *Lambeth* we'l row,
The Fishes our Foot-men shall be,
The Swans that now silently swim to and fro,
Shall die with their sighing to thee,
We'l row, and we'l rest, we'l smile, and we'l kiss,
And *Neptune* himself, shall envy our bliss.
Our drink shall be that which the Gods do delight in,
But Nectar beyond any their's,
Our Servants shall tipple Canary, till fighting,
Who shall pledge thee, and thine Heirs,
See! each hath already his Cup to the brim,
And all our Attendants in Liquor shall swim.

Song 300.

ON the Bank of a Brook, as I sate fishing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew on the side,
Jover-heard a Nymph, and Shepherd wishing;
No time nor fortune, their loves might divide,
To *Cupid* and *Venus* each offer'd a Vow,
That they wou'd love her, as they loved now.
Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh't, what a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd between Lovers alone.
Love must be secret as Fairy Treasure,
When once discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone;
For Envy and Jealousie, where they do stay,
Oh, it will soon at last make a decay.
Then let us leave the World, and Care behind us;
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand,
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
In some far Desart, we'l seek a new Land;
And live from Envy, and Jealousie free,
And a whole World to each other we'l be.

Song 301.

I Always resolv'd to be free from the Charms,
That Love with its subtility e're could invent,
I kick'd at his Deity, scorn'd at those harms,
That he could inflict to abridge my content,
But now I do find,
Though the God he be blind,
The mark he has hit, and has changed my mind,
Though a God thought he be,
Yet his Manhood I see,
For with one poor shaft he has conquered me.
I likewise before such Beauties did see,
With Charms on their Tongues, and Darts in their Eyes,
Who strove by their wiles to intoxicate me,
But never till now my heart could surprize,
Yet now do I see,
That a slave I must be,
To that which before was a Servant to me;
For the angry Gods Dart,
Hath so pierced my heart,
No Balm that's apply'd but encreaseth my smart,
And thus being plung'd in this love in a maze,
This place is a Labyrinth where I reside,
Whose windings and turnings have so many ways,
That none can get out unless by a Guide.
And my Gide's so coy,
Though my Soul I employ,
To lie at her feet yet my hopes she'l destroy,
But much rather than I,
Will keep parly with her Eye,
To add to my Bonds, I'm resolved to die.

Song 302.

WHere ever I am, and Whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is still in my mind,
When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themselves the way find.

Unknown

Unknown to my self, I am just at the Door,
And when I would rail I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind.
When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my breast,
And the love I would stifle is shown,
Asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
When from my Eyes *Phillis* is gone,
Sometimes a sweet dream does delude my sad mind,
But when I awake, no *Phillis* I find,
How I sigh to my self all alone,
How I sigh, &c.
Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He should offer his Treasure in vain,
Oh! let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again;
Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind,
I would to a Desart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Realm,
And envy no, &c.
Alas, I discover too much of my love,
And she too well knows her own pow'r,
She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour,
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* though false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

Song 303.

SInce you will needs my heart possess,
'Tis just to you I first confess
The faults to which I am given,
It is to change much more lookt'd
Than Weather, the Seas, or Wind,
Or ought that's under Heaven.
Nor will I hide from you this truth,

It

It hath been from it's very youth,
A most egregious Ranger,
And since from me it often fled,
With whom it was both born, and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.
The Black, the Fair, the Grey, the Sad,
Which made me often think 'twas mad,
With one kind look would win it,
So naturally it loves to range,
That it hath left success for change,
And what's worse, glories in it.
Often when I am laid to rest,
It makes me act like one possest,
For still 'twill make a pother,
And though 'tis you I most esteem,
Yet it will make me in a Dream,
Court and enjoy another.
And now if you are not afraid,
After these truths which I have said,
To take this arrant Rover,
Be not displeas'd, if I protest,
I think that heart within your brest,
Will prove just such another.

Song 304.

'TIs Liberty alone brave,
I am so airy minded,
Restraint to me is like a Grave,
I hate to be Confined;
Until Death doth me arrest,
And says I must be going,
Yet I'le drink and sing,
Till I feel its sting,
For I fear no undoing.
Then let us ne're our selves deny,
That which is call'd a pleasure,
Wine, and Women, still Lory.

On

On Earth's the only Treasure
We poor mortals can enjoy,
While we stand stifly to 'em,
For, for half a Crown,
I'le have black or brown,
And ne're spend time to woo 'em.
He that doth mispend the day,
To court a thing call'd Woman,
Is a mad man you will say,
Now they are grown so common;
They, poor Souls, we cannot blame,
Since for their recreation,
The veriest Fact,
Which they sometimes act,
Is but Predestination.

Song 305.

GReen was the Garden, and pleasant the walk,
The Fruit trees all bending their heads,
When *Damon* and I. did privately talk
Of our loves; and thus he proceeds,
My fair one, quoth he, be not cruel,
Denials augment but my wo,
And then he began,
To bear up like a man.
But was quasht with a No, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
Recruiting himself, he renew'd the discourse,
No Listners were nigh but the Birds,
He zealously did the main Argument force,
And often repeated his words,
Oh! *Phillis* Denials will kill me,
My Dearest ne're answer me so,
And then with his hand,
He thought to command,
But was quasht, &c.
I modestly blusht, and left him alone;

But

But was by him straight overtook,
Quoth he, my delight is utterly flown,
When once I by you am forsook;
My love to you, fairest, is real,
Then be you no longer my foe,
Let each others bliss,
Be seal'd with a kiss.
But I answer'd him No, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Song 305.

I Pass all the night in a shady old Grove,
But I live not the day that I see not my Love,
I survey every walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think there's no Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.
But each Grove, & each conscious bank when I find,
Where I once was happy, and she hath been kind,
And spie where her print in the green doth remain,
And imagine the pleasures may yet come again.
O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think no joys above,
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of love.
But while I repeat to my self all her charms,
She I love may be look'd in another mans arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and so false may she be,
To say all the kind things, she before said to me.
O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think there's no Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.
But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such innocent passion so kind without Art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be,
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.
O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think no Joys above,
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of love.

Song

Song 307.

ALl the flatt'ries of fate,
And the pleasures of state,
Are nothing so sweet, as what Love do's create,
If this you deny,
This time I should die,
Kind Death's a Reprieve if you threaten to hate;
In some close shady grove,
Will I wander, and rove
With the Nightingale, and disconsolate Dove,
With down-hanging Wing,
I will mournfully sing,
The tragick Events of unfortunate Love,
With our plants we'll conspire,
To heighten Loves fire,
Still vanquishing life, till at length we'll expire,
And when I am dead,
In a cold leasie Bed,
Be interr'd with the Dirge of a desolate Quire.

Song 308.

I'Le go to my Love where he lies in the deep,
And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep,
When we awake the kind Dolphins together shall throng,
And in Chariots of Shells shall draw us along.
The Orient hath Pearls, which the Ocean bestows,
All mixed with Coral a Crown to compose, (blis,
Though the Sea-nymphs do spite us, and envy our
We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to kis.
For my Love lies now in his watry Grave,
And hath nothing to show for his Tomb but a wave,
I'le kis his dear Lips than the Coral more red,
That grows where he lies in his watry Bed.

Ah, ah, ah, my Love's dead!
There was not a Bell,
But a Tritons Shell,
To ring, to ring out his Knell.

Song

Song 309.

I Tell thee *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen,
Oh things beyond compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found,
In any place in Engliſh ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.
At *Charing-Croſs*, hard by the way
Where we thou know'ſt do ſell our Hay,
There is a houſe with Stairs;
And there did I ſee coming down,
Such Volks as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in pairs.
Among the reſt one peſt'lent fine,
(His Beard no b gger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the reſt;
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.
At Courſe-a-park without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town;
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.
But wot you what? the Youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing:
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the Maid.
The Maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
For ſuch a Maid no *Whitſun*-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

Her

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on, which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look't like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colts neck.
Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But *Dick* she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an *Easter-day*
Is half so fine a sight.
He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in sight;
And then she look't, as who would say,
I will do what I list to day,
And you shall do't at night.
Her Cheeks so rare a white were on,
No Dazy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone:)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine*-pear,
The side that's next the Sun.
Her Lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
(Some Bee had stung it newly)
But *Dick* her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.
Her mouth so small when she doth speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get,
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The Parson's self had guilty been,
(She look'd that day most purely)
And did the Youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.
Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that should be thought upon,
I trow besides the Bride,
The business of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there deny'd,
Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice,
His Summons did obey,
Each Serving-man with Dish in hand,
March'd boldly up like our Train'd-band,
Presented and away.
When all the Meat was on the Table,
What man of Knife, or Teeth was able,
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The Company was seated.
Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The Brides come thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
(And who can help it *Dick*?)
O'th sudden up they rise and Dance,
Then sit again and sigh, and glance,
Then Dance again and Kiss;
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every Woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By

By this time all were ſtoln aſide,
To counſel, and undreſs the Bride,
But that he muſt not know;
But 'twas thought he gueſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind,
Above an hour or ſo.
When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay,
Like new-faln Snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon he gave, as who ſhould ſay,
God b'w'y' with all my heart.
But juſt as Heavens would have to croſs it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Poſſet,
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;
For had he left the Women to't,
It would have coſt two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.
At length the Candles out, and now
All that they had not done they do,
What that is, you can tell;
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I have done before,
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

Song 310.

COme hither young Sinner;
Thou raw young beginner,
I'le ſhew if thou canſt underſtand me,
All the ways of a Wench,
Be ſhe *Engliſh* or *French*,
More than *Ovid de Arte Amandi*.
I'le teach thee to know,
Both the who, and the how.
And the when, and the where to delight,
If ſhe ſimper or Saint it,
Or patch it, or paint it,
I'le warrant, &c.

If

If she jogg with her Thighs,
Or twinkle with her Eyes,
She bids you come on if you like her,
If without Joys, or Fears,
She can laugh and shed tears.
'Tis the only true Trick of a Striker.
If she sighs when she speaks,
Or doth use many freaks,
She is deeply in love. By this Light,
If you tread on her Toe,
And she answer thee so,
I warrant, &c.

She'll smile and she'll frown,
She'll laugh and lie down,
At every turn you must tend her;
She'll peep in her Glass,
And dispraise her own Face,
On purpose that you may commend her;
With Love-tales and Fancies,
Pickt out of Romances,
She'll angle to try if you'll bite;
If she speak in a passion,
Or make application,
I warrant, &c.

If she stand at a distance,
There is no resistance,
Her very retreat is a Call,
She'll so stare in your Eyes,
Like a Pyrate for a Prize,
As if she would say, *Have at all*.
She'll shew you her breast,
To guess at the rest,
The Fountain of Love, and Delight!
If she sit in thy Lap,
Beware of a Trap,
I warrant, &c.

She

She'll hit, and she'll miss,
Look coy, and yet kiss,
To try and find out what you are,
One Action shall say,
Pray Sir, *Go your way*,
And another, *Come on if you dare*.
She'll give you a glance,
Like Heaven in a trance,
No Diamond nor Saphir so bright,
If she drink Wine and Burrage,
And kiss with a Courage,
I warrant, &c.

She'll set you more snares,
Than her Tire hath hairs,
She's subtle and swift in invention;
If you jest, and mean loosely,
Though ne'er so recluſely,
She'll shew you her quick apprehension:
Her Plots are abounding,
She fits hath of sounding,
If she call on your Name in the fright;
Blind *Cupid* hath hit her,
And you too may fit her,
I warrant, &c.

When *Noll* stole the Scepter,
She canted in Scripture,
And went to St. *Antholines* Lectures,
But now she doth trade,
Like a right Reformade,
And is a Decoy to the Hectors;
She'll swear she is free
From all men but thee,
And blush like a Bride the first night.
If she squint through her Hood,
'Tis to heighten thy blood,
I warrant, &c.

Her

Her turns and her windings,
Are past your out-findings,
She hath so many changeable tempers;
She'l give you a look,
Like a Virgin forsook,
With another Command like an Empress;
This Sign never misses,
If she squeaks when she kisses,
And glimmering like Stars in the night;
If she give thee a trip,
With her loose lower Lip,
I'le warrant, &c.
She'l kiss and cry quarter,
Unlooseu her Garter,
That you may tak't up as a favour,
When you ty't on again,
She'l cry, *What d' ye mean?*
You're a man of a loose behaviour;
Yet thus will she play,
To direct you the way,
To the Center and Seat of delight,
If she's troubled with qualms,
Or sweat in her Palms,
I'le warrant, &c.
She'l bid you forbear,
You're uncivil (my Dear)
She tempts in her very denial;
When her tongue cryes *be gone*,
Her looks cryes *come on*.
These ticklings are only for tryal,
When Rams do retreat,
More courage they get,
And tilt with a redoubled might;
No fight can so move,
As the Land-skips of Love.
I'le warrant, &c.

She'l

She'l give you to wear,
A Bracelet of hair,
And that as a Fetter she locks on,
But let me perſuade ye,
One hair of a Lady,
Shall draw more than ten Team of Oxen.
Thus have I in brief,
Told the marks of the Thief,
That filches affections by ſlight,
But if ſhe prevail,
Thou'rt a ſlave in a Gaol,
And Honour will bid thee good-night.

Song 31.

WHat Empire (*Celia*) equal'd mine,
When I alone reign o're all thine;
When all thy Glories did as aptly wait
On my devotions, as my thoughts would ha't;
When both thy heart and eyes,
All other Objects did deſpiſe,
And like a ſacred Votary did make
Me thy dear Saint, and thence thy bleſſing take.
Then! in what pride I liv'd, to know that thee,
Whom our whole world ador'd, was rul'd by me.
But now like Forainers, thine eyes
Do gaze on all to take a prize.
Thy Beauty too, which center'd upon me,
Is now diffus'd, and ſo ubiquity.
Thy Vows and Tears paſs'd by,
But knew (vain *Celia*) that I,
Can quietly into my ſelf retire,
With the danger of a ſecond fire,
And ſcorn thy parcell'd Love, 'Tis rarely known,
A Prince admits a Sharer to his Throne.

Song

Song 312.

NOw God alone that made all things,
Heaven and Earth, and all that's in,
The Ships that in the Seas do swim,
To keep our Foes from coming in,
Then every one does what he can,
All for the good, and use of man.
And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leather Bottle.

Now what d'ye say of Canns of Wood?
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good,
For when a man for Beer doth send,
To have them fill'd he doth intend,
The Bearer stumbles by the way,
And on the ground the Beer doth lay,
Then doth the man begin to Ban,
And swears 'twas long o'th' woodden Cann,
But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
It had not been so, for all had been well,
And safe therein it would remain,
Until the man got up again.
And I wish, &c.

What do you say to Glasses fine?
Faith they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a man's at Table set,
And by him several sorts of meat,
The one loves Flesh, the other Fish,
Then with your hand remove a Dish,
Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
The Glass is broke, and nought left in,
The Table-cloth though ne'r so fine,
Is soil'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine,
And doubtless for so small abuse,
A Servant may his Service loose,
And I wish, &c.

What

What say you to the handled pot?
No praise of mine shall be its lot,
For when a Man and Wife's at strife,
As many have been in their life,
They lay their hands upon it both,
And break the same, although they'r loath,
But woe to them shall bear the guilt,
Between them both the Liquor's spilt,
For which they shall answer another day,
Casting so vainly their Liquor away,
But if it had been Leather-bottell'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tug'd till their hearts should break
No harm the Leather-bottle could take,
Then I wish, &c.

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine?
Why faith they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
To have them fill'd he doth intend,
The man with a Flagon runs away,
And never is seen after that day,
The Lord then begins to swear and ban,
For having lost both Flagon, and Man;
But had it been either by Page or Groom,
With a Leather-bottle it had come home,
And I wish, &c.

And when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out o'th' side you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shooes when they're worn out,
Then hang the rest upon a pin,
Twill serve to put odd Trifles in,
As Rings, and Awls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners have such things,

And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell.
That first devis'd the Leather Bottel.

Song 313.

IF any man doth want a House,
Be he Prince, Baronet, or Squire,
Or Peasant, hardly worth a Louse,
I can fit his desire.
I have a Tenement, the which
I'me sure can fit them all;
'Tis seated near a stinking Ditch,
Some call it *Cony Hall.*
It stands close by *Cony Alley,*
At foot of *Bully-Hill,*
This House is freely to be Lett,
To whomsoever will.
For tearm of Life, or Years, or Days;
I'le Lett this pleasant Bowre,
Nay rather then a Tenant want,
I'le Lett it for an hour.
About it grows a lofty Wood,
Will save you from the Sun,
Well watre'd 'tis, for thorow out
A pleasant Stream doth run.
If hot, you there may cool your self,
If cool, you'l there find heat,
For greatest 'tis not too little,
For least 'tis not too great.
I must confess my House is dark,
Be it by night or day,
But when you're once got but therein,
You cannot loose your way.
And when you are in, go boldly on,
As fast as e're you can,
For if you go to the end thereof,
You go where ne're did man.

But

But though my House be deep, and dark,
'Thas many a man made merry,
And in't much Liquor has been spent,
More precious far than Sherry,
Thus if you like my *Cony Hall*,
Your House-room shall be good,
For such a temper as you find,
Burns neither Coal, nor Wood.
For if it rain, or freeze, or snows
To speak I dare be bold,
If you keep your Nose within the Door,
You ne're shall feel the cold.
But I must covenant with him,
That takes this House of mine,
Whether it be for term of Life,
Or else for shorter time,
See that you dress it twice a day,
And rub it round about,
And if you do dislike of this,
I'le seek a new Tenant out.

Song 314.

NOw the weather is warm,
There's no catching of harm,
And I am resolved to venture,
I'le go get me a Wife,
She shall lead such a life,
She shall never have cause to repent her,
All night in my arms,
I will keep her from harms,
And thus with my Charms will I win her,
In the morn e're we're up,
Chocolat a quart cup,
We both will drink off before dinner,
And after Noon-tide,
Both I and my Bride,

To Tavern we'l ride and so brave it,
With Fiddlers a Score,
Twelve dishes and more,
We ne're shall be poor while we have it;
Before it be dark
To a Play, or Hide-park,
And home by Spring-Garden we rattle,
Whilst our Neighbors with Wine,
Do tipple like Swine,
And their Wives are as drunk with their prattle.
When our Children are grown,
And their humours are known,
To follow blind Fortune her ranges,
The Boys shall be such,
They shall humble the *Dutch*,
And our Wenches shall sow on the Changes.

Song 315.

I Have been in love,
And in Debt, and in Drink,
This many, and many a year,
And those three Plagues,
Are enough one would think,
For one poor Mortal to bear.
'Twas Wine made me fall into love,
'Twas love made me run into debt,
And though I have strugled,
And strugled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.
There's nothing but money can cure me,
And ease me of all my pain,
'Twill pay off my Debts,
And remove all my Letts,
And my Mistress that would not endure me,
Will love me,
And love me again,
O then I'le fall to loving,
And drinking amain.

Song

Song 316.

HOw hard is an Heart to be cured,
That is overwhelmed with despair,
'Tis a pain that by force is endured,
Which despiseth our passion, and laughs at our care.
Then since nothing but death can untie,
Those Fetters with which you ensnare me,
For your sake, I am not willing to try,
And if you are unwilling to save me,
I am not unwilling to die.

But how much were it better complying,
With the sighs, and the tears, and the groans,
Of a poor distress'd Lover dying,
And give ear to the voice of his pittiful moans,
Then your slave shall in Triumph be led,
To shew the effects of good Nature;
And it shall for your honour be sed,
'Tis true, she kill'd a poor Creature,
But she rais'd him again from the dead.

Song 317.

I'Le bark against the Dog-star,
And crow away the morning,
I'le chace the Moon,
Till it be Noon,
And I'le make her leave her horning;
But I will find bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
And seek what e're betides her,
Yet will I love,
Beneath or above,
That dirty Earth that hides her.

I'le crack the Poles asunder,
Strange things I will devise on,

I'le beat my brain against *Charles-Wain*,
And I'le grasp the round Horizon;
But I'le find, &c.

I'le search the Caves of slumber,
And please her in a Night Dream,
I'le tumble her into *Lawrences* Fenn,
And hang my self in a Sun-beam.
But I will, &c.

I'le sail upon a Mill-stone,
And make the Sea-Gods wonder,
I'le plunge in the deep till I wake all asleep,
And I'le tear the Rocks in sunder.
But I will find bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
And seek what e're betides her,
Yet will I love,
Beneath, or above,
That dirty Earth that hides her.

Song 318.

Almanz. HOw unhappy a Lover am I,
While I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain,
All my hopes of delight,
Are another mans Right,
Who is happy while I am in pain.

Queen. Since her Honour affords no relief,
But to pitty the pains which you bear,
'Tis the best of your fate,
In a hopeless Estate,
To give o're, and in time to despair.

Al. I have tried the false Medicine in vain,
For I wish what I hope not to win,
From without my desire,

Has

Has no food to its fire,
But burns and consumes me within.

Queen. Yet at last 'tis a pleasure to know,
That you are not unhappy alone,
For the Nymph you adore,
Is as wretched, or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

Almeas. O ye Powers! let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'le lie,
I'le reign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

Queen. What her Honour denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your love,
Such a flame is as true,
After death shall renew,
For the souls to meet closer above.

Song 319.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most neatly look'd her braded Hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad;
Upon her Lips do all the Graces play,
And on her breasts ten thousand *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
From seventeen to twenty one,
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she, forsooth, affected none,
One was not handsome, the other was not fine,
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th'other day it was my fate,
To pass along that way alone,
I saw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies marry, marry whilst you may.

Song 32c.

HOw severe is forgetful old Age,
To confine a poor Lover so,
That I almost despair,
To see even the Air,
Much more my dear *Damon*; Hey ho.

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
I am trac'd so where-ever I go,
That some treacherous Tree,
Hides this old man from me,
And there he counts every Hey ho.

How shall I this *Argus* blind?
And so put an end to my woe,
For whilst I beguile,
All his frowns with a smile,
I betray my self with a Hey ho.

My restraint then alas must endure,
So that since my sad doom I know,
I'le pine for my Love,
Like the Turtle Dove,
And breath out my life in Hey ho.

Posies for Rings, or other things.

'Tis only you, whom I pursue.
Blest be the Powers, that made me yours!
Our constant Love, shall ne're remove.
I'le rejoyce, in thee my Choice.
'Tis thou art mine, and I am thine.
When this you see, then think on me.
In such a Rose, is sweet repose.
Health and good Wives, do lengthen lives.
That love is strong, that lasteth long.
Distance ne're parts, two constant hearts.
This Gift of mine, is ever thine.
I do but show the love I owe.
The Lord above, improve our love.
If I neglect thee, then disrespect me.
Your Denials were my Trials.
This, and true Friends, do know no ends.
Be thou not coy, we'll get a Boy.
I can fancy, none but *Nancy*.
'Tis thee my *Fone*, I love or none.
I still muse on my dear *Susan*.
Time ne're shall vary, my love from *Mary*.
When Hearts combine, true Love will shine!
I can't contain, my love to *Jane*.
My Heart and this, do crave a Kiss.
'Tis your consent, gives me content.
The Gods combine, to make thee mine.

Superscriptions.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty.
To the Queens most Excellent Majesty.
To the most Illustrious Prince.
To the Right Honourable Earl.
To the Honourable Sir *A. B.* Knight and Baronet.
To the Right Worshipful Sir *A. B.*
To the Worshipful *A. B.* Esquire.
To his well beloved Dear Father.
To his Loving and Dear Mother.
To his dear affectionate Sister.
To his dear and loving Wife.
To his most kind Uncle.
To his very loving Cousin.
To the Honourable Colloncl.
To his honoured Friend.
To his respected Friend.

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FINIS.